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FABULOUS HISTORY

OF

Ancient Cornwall.

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THE

FABULOUS HISTORY

OF

THE ANCIENT KINGDOM

OF

CORNWALL.

BY

THOMAS HOGG,

MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, TRURO;

Author of "Institutes of Mathematical Geography;" "St. Michael's Mount;" "The Influence of the Holy Bible;" and "A Manual of Mineralogy."

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1827.

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TO

SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS, BART.

OF

TREWITHEN,

M. P.—F. R. & A. S.

THROUGH WHOSE FRIENDSHIP

MATERIALS WERE SUPPLIED

FROM MANY SOURCES,

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FABULOUS HISTORY

OF

Ancient Cornwall,

IS

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

HIS OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

January 1, 1827.

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PREFACE.

It is incumbent on an Author who writes a History of Cornwall, to state from what sources he presumes to give information of events which, by some historians, are acknowledged not to have been within the reach of their literary enquiries; and which, by others, are altogether unnoticed.

The first part of the History of the Ancient Kingdom of Cornwall, gives an account of the settlement of colonies of Greeks, Trojans, and Phœnicians; and of the religion they, respectively, introduced.

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The second part describes the religious rites and ceremonies of the Priests of Apollo, or Druids; and the incantations and superstitions supposed to have been practised by the Priestesses of Diana, or Druidesses.

The third part relates to the times of King Arthur, and includes the interesting, but long forgotten, story of Sir Tristrem de Leonès, of La Belle Isonde, and of Marc, King of Cornwall.

The authorities from which this History has been compiled, have been procured by access to Libraries, which other writers, with equal assiduity, might have obtained. The diligent enquirer may still find wherewithall to repay his trouble: many details remain to be given; numerous facts to be related.

Access to Libraries has, of late years, been granted with a facility which encourages research, and with a liberality that deserves every praise.

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Those, particularly alluded to, are the late King's magnificent Library at Buckingham-House; that of the British Museum; and the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh.

The introduction of the Christian, or, as it was called, the new Religion; and the opposition it met with from the believers in the Druidical faith, forms an epoch in history. The one was supported by a belief in the agency of demons, of spirits, of witchcraft; the other was founded on the interposition of Divine Providence, of Angels, of Saints and miracles.

These supernatural agencies of good and evil spirits; and the contest, as it were, between Heaven and Hell, have given rise to the most beautiful passages in the poems of Tasso, and to the most sublime in those of Milton.

The Dragon being one of the symbols of the ancient Religion, the Christians typified that faith by the Dragon, or the Devil.

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The Dragons of the following history, however formidable in appearance, and, in olden time, destructive of whole countries, are generally overcome by Saints, and drowned in waters; the obvious meaning of which is, that the Heathens were converted to Christianity by Baptism.*

The giants make, perhaps, too great a figure in this history to be left unnoticed. For the sake of the gentle reader, I shall suppose giants to be so called, not from their supernatural stature and physical strength, but from their moral qualities, and moral influence.

History informs us, that the same person is described, by one writer, with all good qualities; and, by another, as a terrible giant.

Harrison, who wrote in 1630, speaks of a giant sixteen feet high; but this only denotes

* See Proofs in the Notes.

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his credulity, and does not make any exception to the concurrent testimony of history. "Giant" and "gigantic" are still used in a moral sense; and the expression, "as a giant refreshed," means only as to moral qualities.

At the decline of the Roman Empire, and in the infancy or weakness of modern Governments, an institution of Knighthood sprang up in Europe; the objects of which were to relieve the distressed, to protect innocence, and to redress injustice. This institution, though it arose simultaneously, and without any bond of union, very early formed laws of honour for its governance, which the Knights were bound to obey. Men were admitted into the order of Knighthood by devout and pompous ceremonies. Every person of noble birth courted that honour. Princes, and even Kings, were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

These Knights were ambitious to signalize

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their youth, by seeking adventures in distant and foreign countries; hence, they were called Knights-errant.

Kings were accounted fortunate, who, by their own merit, and by the favours they could bestow, attached to their service the greatest number of these Knights.

Histories of the lives and adventures of Knights-errant were written in the Latin language, and translated into French, for the gratification of the Court of our first Henry, and of the Kings of France; and, for centuries, these histories formed the literary entertainment of civilized Europe. As manners underwent a change, the histories of King Arthur, of Sir Lancelot du Lake, Sir Lamrake, Sir Tristrem de Leonès, &c. ceased to excite the curiosity of youth, or to be quoted as examples for imitation; even the supposed supernatural powers of Merlin, of Morgan la Fèe, of Vivienne, of Berasine,

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no longer cast the spell of their enchantments over the mind.

These histories having lain dormant in libraries for the last five hundred years, literary curiosity has again brought them to light, and they are found to give an interest, hitherto unnoticed, to the early history of Cornwall.

To which is added, from Icelandic manuscripts, collected and published by the Rev. Dr. Johnstone, some time Chaplain to the British Embassy at Copenhagen, an account of the arrival of Olavus, a pirate King of Norway, at the Scilly Islands; of his conversion and of all his followers to the Christian Religion; and of his marriage with Gyda the Queen of Cornwall.

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THE

FABULOUS HISTORY

OF THE

ANCIENT KINGDOM OF CORNWALL.

Introduction.

As labour toils, through midnight-gloom,
For treasures hid in Cornwall's womb;
And, patient, from the depths profound,
Ascends to day, with riches crowned;
So we, through regions, pathless, drear,
For ancient Truth, adventurous, steer.

But, what is Truth?—Bland nature's child,
Luxuriant decks she waste and wild.

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To pardon, as compassion warms;
To reverence justice; shield from harms
Is equally the Indian's aim,
With nations loftier raised by fame:
Her moral sway, like light, pervades
The world, though various in its shades.

Historic truth, of different mien,
Is limited by time and scene;
And, as she meets the painter's view,
Wears summer's garb, or autumn's hue.
The deeds of warriors, and the fires,
Pure patriotism's breath inspires;
As nature, undisguised, appear;
And leafless, as the battle-spear.
Majestic-robed, in gorgeous state,
As Fancy chooses to inflate;
Arrayed in rhetoric's richest flowers;
Heightened by judgment's noblest powers;

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Or flaunting in the witchery wove,
By Muses in Pieria's grove;—
They, attitude assume and tone;
Truth shrinks abashed upon her throne;
Resigns the gaudy, transient, hour,
To spruce romance, and fable's power.

Heroic manners, modern decked,
Appear, as History's bark lay wrecked;
The great original defaced,
To gratify misguided taste,
Is giving modes, which now prevail,
To warriors armed with casque and mail.

While others clothe in tawdry dress,
To humour weak capriciousness,
Remotest periods; and impose,
For sacred truth, romancing prose;
Proclaiming, to a credulous age,
As History, their fancied page;

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False ornaments we cast aside;
Draw water, by pure springs, supplied;
Prove, Britain to the Duchy owes
The beam which first from History flows.
We bid the portals wide unfold,
Whence waves of light, erst, copious rolled,
But which, long, unbelief has locked,
And clouds of ignorance vainly choaked.

Old Cornwall's fame, to genius dear,
Boasts wreaths of History's vernal year:
The task be our's that never fade
The beauties, whilom, they displayed.
A tribute chaplet, in its prime,
We add, unsullied yet by time:
The flowers, we gather, may diffuse
Fresh fragrance 'midst the morning dews;
And ages, as they roll away,
Smile on the Duchy's blooming day.

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Of authors, in the great detail,
Who plough the deep with crowded sail,
Some are, who, scorning wealth and ease,
Have voyaged far the misty seas;
And, when returned, have spread the shores,
With volumes of their weighty stores.
Some have their goods and acres sold;
And, fame to gain, bestowed the gold;
And, when were cooled their printing fits,
Mourned fortune lost, renown, and wits.

Our short excursions follow them,
Whilst we collect an ocean-gem:
Their lofty prose we, weak, dilute,
In simple strains, with Doric flute:
Rewarded, if a future age
Hid truth discover in our page.

Or, if Knight-errant, in our way,
Hang up his armour in display,

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Defiance boasting, we advance,
Fearless with him to break a lance:
If he, or we, unhorsed must yield,
Let Truth, our mistress,—on the field,
Repay the conqueror with her charms,
The vanquished lost to fame,—and arms.

Should it be asked, why we presume
To wave in verse, the Cornish plume?
We answer,—armies marched along,
In other years, as rolled the song;
Great Homer, with a poet's hand,
From flaming Ilium, snatched a brand;
Æneas lands, in Maro's strains;
And empire founds in Latium's plains.—
Where breathes the man that e'er forbade,
To lead by authentic History's aid,
The remnant of the Trojan blood,
From Greece, across the ocean-flood,

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Until they land at *Totnes* town;
And Cornwall raise o'er Troy's renown?
Display her on her ancient scale,
While yet secure from sea and gale;
Sketch, faintly, how her noblest boast,
Her beauteous plains were deluged,—lost!

In every age, in every clime,
Withstood has song the grasp of Time;
And kept alive are martial fires,
Proportioned as the Muse inspires.

In song, have been transmitted down,
The valorous deeds of old renown.—
Fierce Norway's Scalds awoke the strings,
In honour of her pirate Kings;
Whilst they rejoiced in festive hall,
O'er spoils from Britain brought, or Gaul.
Assembled bards, in lofty strains,
Of heroes sang on Norman plains.

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The minstrel harp; the poet's lay,
To valour smoothed war's rugged way;
Spread martial fields with glory's fire;
Could courage, warm; the weak, inspire.
The meed, to which proud victory aimed,
Was in the song to be proclaimed.

High chivalrous deeds of knightly fame
Once filled the land, with loud acclaim:
The listening crowd enraptured hung,
While o'er his harp the minstrel sung
Of captive, beauteous, dames, relieved,
By exploits the errant chief achieved.

Thus, Tasso sings, how Salem's towers
Were won from th' unbelieving powers;
How waving banners far displayed
The conquests of the armed crusade.
The warriors, when returned they home,
Exhibited, through Christendom,

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In metrical, symbolic plays,
As wondering throngs assembled gaze,
The combats, sieges, marches, grand,
They practised in the Holy Land.

The scenes they acted, deep impressed,
Eternal reign within the breast.
On festive days, the Cornish swains
Recal famed Palestina's plains;
Perpetuate, in the Christmas-hall,
Their fathers' glorious deeds,—and fall!

A son of song, whose heavenly fires
T' immortalize, each muse conspires,
Quotes plays, in an enchanting tome,
Which cheer the Duchy's Christmas-home:
" The rhymes St. George's prowess show,"
He writes, " o'er Mahommedan foe;
" Accoutered,—armed,—for martial games,
" The champion enters,—and exclaims,

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"Here come I St. George,
"That valiant champion bold;
"And with my sword and spear,
"I've won three crowns of gold.

"I slew the dragon, he,
"And brought him to the slaughter;
"By which I gained fair Sabra,
"The King of Egypt's daughter."

(The pagan enters.)

"Here come I the Turkish Knight;
"Come from the Turkish land to fight;
"——————————— bold;
"And if your blood is hot,
"I soon will make it cold!" *

* "*Christmas Carols*," by DAVIES GILBERT, ESQ. M. P., F. R. S. and F. A. S.

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THE

FABULOUS HISTORY

OF THE

ANCIENT KINGDOM OF CORNWALL.

PART FIRST.

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THE

FABULOUS HISTORY

OF THE

ANCIENT KINGDOM OF CORNWALL.

PART FIRST.

Argument.

Our fabulous page unfolds to view
Lights, by which pilgrims may pursue
Their zealous path through giant-bands;
Heroic times; Elysian lands;
Unpublished annals; battles dire;
And floods engulphing half the shire.

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I.

Original Inhabitants of Albion.

The isle of Britain, sages hold,
Peopled with giants, shook, of old:*
The wonderous origin we trace,
Thus, of the fell primeval race.

In Lemnos isle, King Thoas reigned;
In peace and war high fame, attained;
And once, when he a rival race,
Wished to subdue in distant Thrace,
His sons-in-law, to shine in arms,
Left, three long years, their spouses' charms.

The princesses, as rage inflames,
Vowed they had married foreign dames.

* Chronicles of the Kings of England.

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Supplanted, thus, as they believe,
Who would in passive silence grieve?
When, on the shore, infuriate,
For their return they vengeful wait,
Comes Jason, with the flower of Greece,
Venturous to seek the *Golden Fleece.* *

Landed on Lemnos shore, when shone
The chief for high achievements known,
The heroines around him press,
And hospitable words express;
Obsequious damsels on him wait;
Conduct him to the palace gate;
When ushered to the Royal hall,
The princesses assembled all,
From her bright throne before the rest,
Hypsipile him thus addressed;
"None, gentle stranger, here, remain,
"Friendship to yield thy warrior-train,

* Apollonius Rhodius, Lib. 1.

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" But these around whom you behold;
" And hear, while I the cause unfold.
" Our father Thoas waged with foes,
" In Thrace, 'midst drear Sithonian snows;
" Our husbands, emulous to share
" His fate, to the far climes repair.
" Spring, thrice, has decked the flowery plain,
" Since sailed they o'er the foaming main:
" For kind affection's tokens brought,
" Remembrance of us flies their thought.
" Their home they loath:—have faithless led
" War's captives to the impious bed.
" Discarded, widowed, in disgrace,
" Our wrongs meet no regard in Thrace.
" Our men enthralled, their joys, prolong,
" Midst barbarous dames, the feast, the song.
" But,—'tis resolved:—when o'er the seas
" Thy ship came with the favouring breeze,
" With breasts which, erst, compassion warmed,
" But now with feller passions armed,

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"The shore we trode:—sawest thou return
"Those whom we now from Lemnos spurn?"
Then Jason; "through our devious way,
"No isles such beauteous charms display;
"Such insults never met our ear,
"Compared with those you injured bear:
"Ere sink to sleep the evening gales,
"Expect to see the snowy sails;
"This morn, we passed, and distanced far,
"Ships voyaging from foreign war;
"While you to grief yourselves resign,
"Afford may joy some power divine:—
"The winds th' unfurling canvas swell:
"Our Argonauts embark:—farewell!"

II.

They plough the deep. Th' assembled fair,
As winds toss their dishevelled hair,
Pervade the beach. Soon on their view,
The royal standard waving flew.

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The trembling beam of setting day
Shrinks from the Bacchants' murderous way.
Hypsipile, who midst the crowd,
'Gainst fathers, husbands, death had vowed,
Relenting, Rhodope, commands,
T' apprise King Thoas, ere he lands.
Before she could the water reach,
Their royal sire walked up the beach.
She to him, when retired, reveals
The plot,—the horror which she feels.
The aged King the tidings heard,
While tears rolled down his silver beard.

Eurynome, in fury, flew,
T' enforce what all stood pledged to do;
And seeing him beyond their stroke,
Thus to the Bacchanalians spoke;
" Whilst, with just rage, our bosoms burn,
" These men, unfaithful, dare return;

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" See, how the vessels proudly strive,
" Which shall at Lemnos first arrive:
" Us signal vengeance now becomes,
" For broken troth, deserted homes:
" These,—these ungrateful men, perhaps,
" Think we forget a three year's lapse:
" No:—they dare bring, to greet our eye,
" Fruits of false faith and infamy.
" To flowery Lemnos they convey
" Dames savage as their mountain prey,
" Who, envying the lovely Greeks,
" In frightful colours paint their cheeks;
" Who ne'er partook of richer feasts,
" Than milk in pails drawn from wild beasts;
" Yet who themselves, triumphant, pride
" On honours now to us denied.
" Ah! vengeance! vengeance!—heavy falls
" Night's curtain round our injured halls.
" Us to inspire is nature leagued;
" These guilty men, off guard, fatigued,

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" Our god of Naxos us invites;
" Success awaits us 'midst his rites;
" And stifled, low, will sink their cries,
" 'Midst noise of our festivities;
" In fathers, brothers, husbands, sheathed
" Be daggers;—and to us, bequeathed,
" Of deed so great, through future time,
" The lasting glory, or the crime;
" Example terrible to show,
" He errs who woman makes his foe."

At night, the princes reach the land;
Prepared the Bacchants crowd the strand;
And would, though formed of sterner frame,
Quench in their blood their vengeful flame,
Had not forewarned King Thoas been,
And, braving danger, rushed between.

His Majesty, next morning, went,
In state, to meet his parliament;

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His diadem refulgent shone;
Them, thus, addressed he from the throne.
" My Lords and Gentlemen, ashore,
" Scarce had the barge our warriors bore,
" When furious their misguided wives,
" To murther rushed with brandished knives:
" Our will is, be they forthwith sent
" From Lemnos."—All exclaimed, " content."

III.

When many a distant league at sea,
The captain ope'd the King's decree,
And reads, " Our guilty daughters bear,
" Far as winds blow, or waves appear."

Obedient he his sails ne'er furled,
'Till at the confines of the world.
Learned antiquarians records boast,
Which land them on far Albion's* coast.

* So called from *Albia*, the eldest of the princesses.

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Ne'er mortal visited, before,
That afterwards so famous shore.
The breeze, on balmy pinions borne,
For them perfumes the eve, the morn;
Meek Quiet, as approach they near,
Springs from her couch, with startled ear;
And white-robed Silence, o'er the wild,
Looks serious, as they stray exiled;
Deep musing, in day's ebbing beam,
Hears human voice, by mist-veiled stream;
While on the mirror of her breast
A new creation glows impressed.
In purple robe, and golden zone,
Mild Evening hailed them from her throne:
Rolled clouds, wide fragrance to diffuse,
And bathed them in ambrosial dews;
Illumin'd, modest, from afar,
To welcome them, her silver star;
And loosely hung, with lambent light,
The mantling shades, to cheer their night.

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Refresh'd, soon as themselves they found,
A hill they climb to look around;
And see, surprised, clear rivers run,
And flowery meads enjoy the sun;
And waving forests, mantling, spread
Their umbrage o'er high mountain's head.

So pleased they had been hither brought,
Greece, with her charms, was lost from thought
A wayward fancy bids them stray,
When wavering sprang the flowers of May;
Each princess walked, with snowy plumes,
Midst fragrant meads and vernal blooms.
Such lovely train upon the green,
Rocks, trees, and streams had never seen.
The glorious sun bade nature smile,
Their devious wanderings to beguile:
Polwhele their flowing dress describes;
"These highland nymphs of eastern tribes,

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" Plaids richly wove of hemp and flax,
" Reared in Phœnicia's cultured tracks;
" Those glowing hues the purpura lent,
" Were fixed by tin which Cornwall sent.*"

The arch-promoter of their deed,
With regal plaid, and sylvan reed,
The Devil—alighted, where his eye
Could glance at the lone colony.
Seated in hole of neighbouring rock,
His strains on nature's silence broke.
Below, they halted on the plain,
Ravished with the melodious swain:
As emulous they approach to hear,
Enchantment fills th' enraptured ear.
The vale now cleared, they see enthroned,
The master of the notes intoned.

* *Polwhele's* Historical Views of Devonshire, vol. i. sect. 7.

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Now loftier strains the minstrel blew;
Warbling the airs charmed Echo flew;
The blythsome larks, that climbed the day,
Suspend their song, as swells the lay;
Obsequious to the listening sky,
The crystal rill flows silent by.
Joys, to the fair, so long denied,
Meandering through their bosoms glide.

Revolving suns, slow circling round,
Their anxious wishes blissful crowned;
The fruitful colony, fond, teems
With jolly, swarthy, Anakims,
Who, for green meads, and mossy springs,
When disengaged from leading-strings,
" Nestled," writes *Borlase*, " in the caves
" Which gloomy yawn o'er Cornwall's waves."

From History's tablet, it appears,
King Thoas reigned, one hundred years,

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Ere Greece combined, sailed to destroy
The sacred towers of ancient Troy.
This period long the giants fill,
Sole lords of valley, plain, and hill.

IV.

Brutus.

Such rose the dawn of Albion's day:—
Grey mists of morn soon pass away.
Propitious, mild, th' unclouded skies
Smile, as her destinies arise.

Geoffry of Monmouth † draws aside
The veil hung o'er Time's distant tide.

† *Geoffry of Monmouth* published his *British History* between the Years 1123, and 1128.

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Guided by him, we join the bands,
Fate sent to rule the giant-lands.
Æneas sailed from ruined Troy,
With young Ascanius, all his joy:
Obtains, by conquest, Latium's throne,
Reward of woes none more had known.
Departed to th' Elysian fields,
The sceptre, next, Ascanius wields:
To him was Sylvius born, decreed,
For youthful follies soon to bleed.
Blinded by pleasure's leering glare,
He wove his own destruction's snare.
The augurs he consults, and hears,
His son would fill the realm with tears;
Would undesignedly, and unknown,
Make vacant Latium's royal throne;
Would cross the sea to foreign realms,
Which giant-host, uncheck'd, o'erwhelms,
The event was as they prophesied;
At his natal hour his mother died;

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And *Brutus* was the princely name,
Given to the deathless son of fame.

Him when awaits the fifteenth year,
As hunters would inclose the deer,
Unwittingly, with coursing hot,
Expectant of successful shot,
He missed of what he rode in quest,
And smote his father in the breast.
His kinsfolk, for his various crimes,
Him banished from th' Italian climes.

Arrived in Greece, 'midst slavery pine,
He sees remains of Priam's line.
In chains Pendrasus† stern, them bound;
Them, daily, doomed to till the ground.

† After the death of Achilles, the bravest of the Greeks, on which the fate of Troy depended, his son Pyrrhus, in revenge, brought into Greece many Trojans, and condemned them to slavery.

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Grieved, those of such illustrious race,
Enslaved, should languish in disgrace,
Brutus th' assembled sons of Troy
Inspires with hope, inflames with joy:
For loads of sorrow, years of pain,
He promises to break their chain.
Their drooping spirits fame inspires:
Rekindles long extinguished fires.
He to Pendrasus thus complains;
"Great King, it ill behoves, in chains,
"To bind, and as your slaves, employ,
"The illustrious race of ancient Troy:
"They, sooner now than draw your teams,
"Will feed on plants, and drink of streams."

In wrath he read such letter bold,
From those whom, erst, his nod controll'd.
The Trojan bands his camp pervade,
And plunge in sleeping Greeks their blade.

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For counsel, Brutus makes request
Of those, experienced years invest,
How to secure their future peace,
Dispose he of the king of Greece.
Nor, long, opinions wavering float;
Agreed 'tis by the general vote,
He from the captive King demand
His daughter, fair Ignoga's hand.

V.

Oppress'd with grief, the King arose
Before his stern and crafty foes:—
"With your demands forced to comply,
"Th' alternative, or yield, or die.
"Constrained, my daughter I resign
"To th' invading chief of Priam's line.
"Should you resolve to leave our shore,
"Ships shall be manned to waft your store;
"Rich silver bars, and sums untold,
"Shall she receive of massive gold;

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"Corn, wine, and oil, I give besides,
"For your support on ocean's tides."*
The terms accepted, he equips
A numerous fleet of gallant ships.
All, who to Troy could lay a claim,
Embark for future fields of fame.

The snowy sails spread to the wind;
When leaving Grecian hills behind,
Ignoga, pale, with humid eye,
And heaving breast, and silent sigh,
Fond, lingering looks, cast from the stern,
When none their summits could discern.
As all, to Fancy, disappears,
Down her wan cheek roll crystal tears;
A death-like mist obscures her charms;
She, swooning, sinks in Brutus' arms.

* Geoffry of Monmouth.

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VI.

Morn, following morn, sees th' ample sails,
Obsequious, spread to favouring gales;
When Leogeira, far, attracts;
And, there to land, the admiral tacks.
That isle, which pirate-swarms infest,
Not one inhabitant possessed.
Of venturous warriors, chosen bands,
To reconnoitre, Brutus lands:—
They nothing see the shores around,
Save flocks of fowl, and deer which bound.
They, loaded, hastening back with game,
To a town in grass-clothed ruins came,
Where, solemn in a shadowy wood,
Fair temple of Diana stood.
The virgin-goddess they invoke;
And, as they vow, the statue spoke.
Her accents, thought they, threats convey,
And hasten, with their spoils, away.

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On favouring Heaven the chief relied,
Escorted, lands with bowmen tried.
Approaching, he selects for prayer,
Twelve ancients, and a wise soothsayer.
With garlands they their brows entwine,
And bend before Diana's shrine.
With leafy boughs a fire they made,
And supplicant, a victim, laid.
The flames ascend in spiral folds;
Before the altar Brutus holds
A sacred goblet, that contained
Wine and blood, from a white hart, drained.
At awful distance meek he stands,
The golden vessel in his hands.
As rose the statue 'midst the smoke,
On bended knee he silence broke:

" Protectoress of the woods! whose sway
" Extends to Erebus from day,

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" O deign assistance us t' afford,
" None more in need thee e'er adored.
" In what far country lies our home?
" Say, where shall we erect a dome,
" Where sacrifices 'midst the fires,
" May blaze perfumed by virgin-choirs?"

Nine times he prayed with suppliant sound,
While thrice, the altar goes he round.
As flame, the sacrifice, devours,
The wine he on the victim pours,
The snowy skin, before it, placed;
And there composed his limbs to rest.

At that dead season of the night,
When visions on the mind alight,
And wakening dreams, without controll,
Reign undisturbed o'er all the soul,
The goddess came in solemn state,
T' unfold the hero's future fate;

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Attended by her sylvan train,
She towered majestic o'er the plain.
Her golden quiver, as she moves,
Rattling awakes the silent groves.
Whilst Brutus, favourite of the skies,
Wrapt in sleep's downy mantle lies,
She to him, thus, prophetic spoke:
"Where, prone, tired Phœbus' axles smoke,
"Loading with dew, the languid ray,
"Perched on the closing gates of day,
"An isle, which azure ocean laves,
"With emerald tides, and snowy waves;
"Where giants o'er the mountains roam,
"Lies destined for thy royal home;
"Thy sceptred race shall, there, enjoy,
"In endless sway, another Troy.
"For ever,—ever,—their domain
"Extend shall o'er the land and main:
"Their laws revered, their language known
"Shall spread around day's blazing throne;

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" On every accent, winged shall fly
" The sacred sound of liberty,
" Diffusing, o'er the human mind,
" A freedom rivaling thought, or wind.
" That era shall confer thy crown,
" Through *Trojan blood*, transmitted down,
" On a wise prince, whose glorious reign,
" Appears in fate's refulgent chain:
" His deeds of war; his classic taste,
" Refined more than e'er Monarch graced;
" His love of science, patronage
" Of literature, will raise the age
" Above all former, as the throne
" Of Jove transcends the starry zone;
" Remote the time, but come it will,
" And every word, I speak, fulfil."
Enraptured with th' imperial theme,
Awakes he from his midnight dream;
And, grateful, prays, on bended knees,
He frustrate not th' unveiled decrees;

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Then, to his chiefs the whole, relates;
And they, while joy their breast elates,
Urge, as assured of heaven's high care,
He for departure prompt prepare;
Make vows, as oracles command,
To pay, when reached the promised land.

VII.

On freer waves the navy rides;
Bounds o'er th' Atlantic's azure tides;
Climbs hills of foam; through deeps below,
Rocks, rushing, 'midst the living snow;
Or buoyant on the glassy main,
Ploughs furrows but to close again.
If threatening rolled, with waving crest,
A surge half-veiled in hoary mist;
If squalls should blot, with treacherous breath,
The heaven above, or seas beneath,
In winning snares the dexterous sails
Charmed to repose the fickle gales;

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Lulled dragon-wings of storms asleep,
Traversing safe the spell-bound deep.
In silent majesty they ride;
An azure radiance bathes their side;
Till gallant streaming on the day,
They emblazon wide Pyrene's Bay.

The banner on a warrior's tent,
Invites the heralds Brutus sent.

The realms, he hears, pleased and surprised,
Four Trojan nations colonized;
Now, *Corinœus* brave presides,
And, their bold enterprises, guides.

This son of Troy, and heir of fame,
To whom old Cornwall owes her name,
Joins Brutus, with his martial host,
In search of th' unknown island-coast.

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VIII.

The hills of Aquitain soon meet
The view of Troy's united fleet:
They anchor cast, where Loire pours
His mighty waters o'er the shores.

Geffarius Pictus filled the throne,
When reached Gaul's coast the fleet unknown.
He, by ambassadors, demands
What motive brings them near his lands?

Then, Corinceus, "We must know
"What numbers handle the spear and bow."

Three days, the Trojans ne'er relax,
To guard 'gainst unforeseen attacks.
The mural forts scarce felt the breeze,
When martial airs swept distant leas;
And bannered Gaul her front displays,
Plumes nodding o'er the steely blaze.

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As onward rolls the tide of war,
The rear, in mist, gleams from afar.

Now front to front the armies stand:
His warriors, as brave Brutus planned,
Commence th' attack; an arrowy vault
Rose under heaven at their assault.
The whizzing shafts, with mortal wound,
Spread thousands on the weltering ground.
The murderous shout, the clash of arms,
Spread through the foes fear and alarms;
Through steely showers; 'midst falchion's reek,
Confused they dash, and safety seek.
Rustling on day their banners flew;
The vengeful Trojans swift pursue;
And Brutus, borne on victory's wings,
Sees melt the strength of Gaul's proud kings.

Returning to the camp, at night,
When slaughtered warriors met his sight,

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The tear of sorrow dimmed his eye,
And foes with friends partook his sigh.
He, his chiefs, informs, enough to fame
Is done, and to their glorious name.
Down to the shore, with thundering tread,
'Midst conquering airs they, joyous, sped.

They heave the anchor; spread the sails;
Kind Eurus sends propitious gales:
With favouring heaven, 'midst ocean's smile,
They voyage to the destined isle.
As Brutus o'er the murmuring seas,
Pursues, in hope, the fanning breeze,
Far distant, joining main and skies,
The misty cliffs of Albion rise.
A flash of lightning crossed his view;
Hills tower 'midst heaven's etherial blue;
A joy unutterable fills
His breast; a sacred transport thrills

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Ignoga's frame: they, hand in hand,
Look, anxious, to the wavy strand.
While they the Deity invoke,
A second flash;—slow thunders broke;
And welcomed by heaven's purest flame,
Totnes receives the son of fame.
Diana, armed, his footsteps leads;
With care divine the shore he treads.

IX.

Nature the godlike man surveyed,
And stood in all her charms arrayed;
The genius of the island came
To welcome sons renowned in fame;
Of stature tall, majestic mien;
Her robe, striped azure, mountain-green;
Her brow with stars innumerous glows;
Her golden hair luxuriant flows;
The heavenly radiance of her eye
Bids smile old ocean, earth, and sky.

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Th' event to crown with lasting fame,
On wings of light kind Memory came:
Destructive Time retires, dismayed,
As round her wand, beams silvery played.
On virgin-scroll, by Totnes-waves,
She, Brutus' landing, deep engraves;
Around a circling glory spread,
Repelling, far, oblivion's shade.

Hail, ancient Faith! Britannia's boast,
Our hold on thee is never lost:
Yes! *Sheringham's** profound research,
The base, found of the royal arch;
Fair Truth in pristine garb, displays,
O'er fiction of degenerate days.
Yes! *Milton*† traced the kingly spawn,
From Brutus to Cassivellaun.‡

* Sheringham de Angl. gentis orig. p. 130.

† Milton's History of Britain, B. I.

‡ Cassivellaunus had the "Summa imperii bellique," in Britain, when Cæsar invaded it.

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Alfred de Beverly, through rage,
Exclaims, " none but a rustic age,
" Dead to renown and Britain's fame,
" Would shun to learn each kingly name:
" Nor can," he adds, " historians shine,
" If ignorant of our Trojan line."

Nennius, more skilled in ancient lore,
Carried his view from *Totnes* shore,
And traced the course of Brutus' blood,
To Noah floating on the flood.

Giraldus Cambriensis, tired
Nought, by research the theme inspired,
Decyphers, clear, the pedigree,
To Adam—root of Britain's tree!

While modern sceptics disallow
The wreath of fame to Brutus' brow;
Nay, vilify,—attempt t' erase,
Foundation of a nation's praise;

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Pronounce, romance and idle dreams,
Long ages of heroic themes:
Polwhele, most valorous, takes the field,
In mail, with adamantine shield;
Omnipotent his magic spear
Untombs the *stone* to Briton's dear;
Dark scepticism's mist, dispels;
O'erthrows whatever doubt rebels;
Monks, Saxons, summons to engage
Shades scowling o'er grieved History's page.
Like vast Olympus, *Totnes-stone*
Shakes to its basis Falsehood's throne;
The flaming sword, an arm of light
Unsheaths, to pierce the reign of night.

Intelligence! Thy holy glow
Supplies our springs like Pindus' snow;
Thy sacred beam alone inspires
Th' Historian's page with living fires.

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Unworthy in so great a cause,
We feebly wield the sword he draws.

" Far, though the sea has fled away;
" Nor visits now her ancient quay;
" True records of past times disclose
" Tall ships, by *Totnes*, moored in rows.
" *Tradition's* voice but echos, here,
" What *Saxon Chronicles* show clear;
" That Albion saw her earliest towns,
" Built, not on north, but southern, downs.
" *Havillan* sings,—a Latin bard,—
" The fact, like one of Brutus' guard,
" The very stone the Trojan trode,
" The fairest leaf in nature's code;
" And *Geoffry's* tome, though, singly, weak,
" Combined, their strength, no force can break,
" We, Saxon Chronicles, 'tis true,
" Without support, might doubtful view;

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"Tradition's voice might not, alone,
"Keep in its place the natural stone;
"And distant Lincoln's sapient monk,*
"Knew not if swam that stone, or sunk;
"Nor has, perhaps, his high renown,
"To this bless'd hour, reach'd *Totnes* town.
"No antiquarian can detect
"Collusion 'tween them, or suspect:
"Proofs, separate, collateral, strong,
"Collected, roll true faith along;
"Compose one system of belief,
"As many stalks compose one sheaf."†

Where breathes the man that dares demur
On proofs, such reasoning makes concur?

* The Saxon Chronicle is said, by some, to have been written by a Monk of Lincoln.—See notes at the end.

† *Polwhele's* Historical Views of Devonshire; vol. I. p. 6.

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Diversifying, multiform;
Eternal truth withstands the storm.
Long comment on the text produced,
So grave, so logical, adduced,
Props from the evidence might take,
Which we support, but will not shake.
Concatenation, brilliant, grand,
Proclaiming to a grateful land,
That to illustrious Priam's race,
The British Monarchy we trace;
And Totnes, and her "precious stone,"
Th' eternal base of Britain's throne,
"Established, ere the Christian light,
"Eleven full hundred years and eight!"

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X.

The First Cornish Wrestling.

The ruddy morn, in smiles, awoke;
Blue, o'er the camp, rolled wavy smoke;
On wings of wide expanding day,
Rode heralds, Albion, to survey.
Whilst pious Brutus, grateful, thought,
He owed unto the powers who brought
Him safely to a place of rest,
Thank-offerings, and a solemn feast.

The willing warriors he invites,
To join in pure religion's rites.
The heroes bathe, and prompt prepare,
Of the high festival to share.
Then meet devotion Brutus pays
To Vesta, and to Ceres, prays;

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To th' other gods bread, humbly, broke;
All standing reverent, as he spoke;
" From suppliant prayer no clime is barred;
" Who honours heaven, heaven will reward;
" Diana led:—the earth and skies
" Confirm the hopes she bade arise."

With thoughts, such as the grateful feel,
Partake they of the sacred meal.

Night scarcely had her curtain drawn,
When they, who were dispatched at dawn,
The tent doors enter. Fond to hear,
All from the table bend their ear.

" Return we, and in greater haste,
" Than due to confidence, thus placed.
" Bland nature decks the rich champaigns,
" With verdant meadows; flowery plains;

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" Unbounded forests swarm with store
" Of prowling wolves, and savage boar;
" Through fertile pastures cattle range,
" Or stray o'er lawns for grateful change.
" Not far we journied o'er the lands,
" When towered enormous giant-bands;
" Some, like huge *Polyphemus*, seemed,
" With one vast orb that fiery gleamed:
" Their thundering tread so shakes the ground,
" 'Twill, you, forwarn, if hither bound."

This heard, the valiant sons of Troy,
Pondering their speech, the time employ;
When, tremulous, the pavilion quakes,
With ringing sword and battle-axe.
Quick every blade, like lightning, flashed;—
The monsters yell; their teeth they gnashed.
The camp resounds with dread alarms,
Prompt, all the warriors blaze in arms;

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And, led by Brutus on the plain,
Defiance bid the horrid train.
An arrowy flight them galls with wounds;
They fly the field with thundering bounds;
And such their lengthy step and stride,
No horse can gallop by their side.
They climb a lofty hill, whose crest,
In moon-light, frowned through hoary mist;
Their bellowing roar, as up they move,
Shakes earth below, and heaven above;
Defiance breathing, in their hands,
Their clubs of wrath seem smoking brands.
Some favoured by the gloom of night
To Cornwall's caverns take their flight:
Their chief, Gogmagog, wounded, strode
O'er moors which trembled with the load.
Monk *Geoffry* writes, as west he flew,
Wounded in heel, him hosts pursue;
Where sedgy marsh, a lake, supplies,
The wary Trojans him surprise.

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And Albion's monarch, now, commands,
They spare his life, but bind his hands:
He, Corinœus, wished to see
Engage such monstrous enemy:
This when the valiant chieftain heard,
O'erjoyed, for combat he prepared;
And down he lays, in grassy field,
His battle-axe, and dinted shield.

Gogmagog wails compassion, o'er
His brethren, weltering in their gore:—
Havillan sings, though bent with woes,
Full eighteen feet in height he rose;
His hair, exposed to sun and wind,
Like withered heath, his head, entwined:
Unarmed, he, like the Trojan, stood,
Their only armour, valorous blood.

A verdant vale, hills winded round,
With woods in waving honours crown'd;

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A circus formed. The champions, there,
For glory's deathless palm, repair.

Brave Brutus, on a rocky throne,
By orient canopy, was known.

On grassy seats, effulgent, raised,
The chiefs, in gold and scarlet, blazed;
The warrior-host, continuous, fills,
The sloping verges of the hills.

Loud trumpets wing their martial sound;
The woodland echoes answer 'round;
Armed guards compose, in plumy train,
The boundary of th' athletic plain.
At points opposed, the ring gives way,
Ushering th' antagonists to day.

Bare to the waist, their feet unshod,
With oil anointed, proud, they strode.

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On tiptoe, expectation stands:—
They advance;—elude each other's hands:—
Their legs extended, firmly, wide,
Prevent decline to either side;
With arching backs from place to place,
They move;—and shun the close embrace;—
Now, emulous, limb to limb, oppose;
But neither, his strong rival, throws.

Their watchful eyes they darting strain,
Th' advantage, unperceived, to gain:
Their labouring souls incessant strive,
To some incautious move to drive,
When from occasion's height secure,
Of conquest each may himself assure.

The ring, impatient of delay,
Urge on, with shouts, the vigorous play.
They rush, impetuous, with a shock;
Their arms, implicit, rigid, lock:—

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They twist:—they trip:—their limbs are mixed:—
As one they move;—as one stand fixed.—
Now, plant their feet in wider space;
Now, sweat, like statues on their base.
'Midst breathing strife, they fall; they roll;
Spring, wildly, unsubdued in soul.
Each stares defiance, sternly-grim,
As if dread Death stood matched with him.

Again, they close:—the cincture grasped,
Behind the neck, his firm hold clasped,
The Trojan, with collected might,
Throws, in all muscular force's spite,
The giant on his back:—his strength
Flies moaning from his staggered length.

Transported, when he sees him thrown,
The king descends the warrior-zone;
Beside the victor takes his stand,
His golden sceptre in his hand.

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The throng with plaudits rend the skies;
The more to please their wondering eyes,
Writes *Geoffry*, "not of life bereaved,
"With giant on his shoulders heaved;
"Runs Corinœus, onward, straight,
"Fast, as allows th' enormous weight,
"To nearest shore, and climbs a rock,
"Against whose brow the billows broke,
"And down Gogmagog, valiant, throws;
"Clouds of white foam to heaven arose.
"The mariners who sailed, at morn,
"Saw, like an isle, his carcase torn;
"And many a day, the fretted flood
"Rolled frothy waves of purple blood."

Tradition, in his cloudy hall,
Witnessed Gogmagog's dreadful fall:—
That, through all ages might remain,
Memorial of the giant slain,

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He condescended to come down,
To a penman rivaling Rome's renown,
Who writes, (his record stands as law,)
Th' immortal place is "Plymouth Hawe."*
Long as the cliff frowns o'er the deep,
Will History hail "Gogmagog's leap."

Borlase, with whom, in visions bright,
Tradition, oft, conversed, through night,
Relates, "the tribe of Anak dire,
"Extirpated" (but not their sire,)
"Were, by the illustrious Trojan race:
"Conspicuous, still, their dwelling place,
"Round Cornwall's shores, as vaulted rock,
"The abode of seals, and feathered flocks,
"Wide yawning o'er the rolling waves,
"Of skilful workmen, show the caves."

* *Polwhele's* Historical Views of Devonshire; vol. I. p. 5, following what Carew had before written.

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XI.

Extent of Ancient Cornwall.

Brave Brutus, bless'd with Fortune's smile,
Now, provinced, wide, the fertile isle;
New towns arose; fields, labour tilled;
Gathered were harvests; granaries, filled;
Ambitious he, of deathless fame,
Resolves to change the kingdom's name;
And *Albion,* henceforth, sunk effaced,
Which *Britain's* loftier sound replaced.

So brave had Corinæus been,
High favour finds he with the Queen;
Who, to the Council, makes request,
He rule what province pleased him best.
They willing grant:—his zeal to show,
He asks that, spread 'neath evening's glow;

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As thither had those giants fled,
Escaping when their brethren bled.

Ignoga, then ;—" in glory's field,
" Immortalize thy sword and shield,
" *First Duke of Cornwall!*—thee, shall grace
" This ostrich plume,—and princely race;
" 'Twill wave thy honours on the gale
" For olive crown from Pisa's vale."*

Soon as he entered on his sway,
He named the province *Corinæ:*
Those lands preserved from ocean's reign,
The name *Cornubia* still retain.

* " The first reward bestowed upon the conquerors, at the Olympic games, was a chaplet or crown, composed of the branches of a wild olive from Pisa's vale. This was a pledge of many subsequent honours."—*West's Dissertation on the Olympic games. Sect.* 16.

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What noble clime obeyed his throne,
Is partly by scant glimmerings known.
"St. Nicholas isle," *Polwhele* relates,
"Was torn away by envious fates;
"The coast once clothed with earth and sand,
"Composed a wide domain of land,
"Till sunk, 'twas fretted, tumbled, mined;
"Divulsed by earthquakes; dashed by wind.
"From Rameshead, winding to the Looes,
"Spread vales of myrtle, lily, rose;
"A league at sea, when day beams, clear,
"Of woods engulphed, thick trunks appear,
"As incorrupt, as when they grew,
"Their waving branches fresh with dew.
"Twelve feet of water intervene,
"Through which the prostrate groves are seen."†

† *Polwhele's* Historical Views of Devonshire, vol. I. sect. viii.

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" Delightful plains, in Falmouth Bay,"
Hals writes, " have fallen to storms a prey:
The Black-Rock, once, an island stood,
" Only when rose the azure flood;
" When, ebbing, sunk the refluent main,
" Around it, spread a spacious plain."
" It," *Leland* to the world has shewn,
" With noble trees, was overgrown,
" And, round th' umbrageous harbour grew
" The loftiest oaks all Britain knew."
There, silent musing by the deep,
Spirits 'midst glooms that seemed to sleep,
With beckoning hand, would Druids, bring
Around the shrine, on ether's wing;
While, to the moon, the waters gleam,
Their robes float in her silvery beam.

St. Michael's plains, extending wide,
Wafted their fragrance to the tide,

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Florence of Worster writes, "six miles,
"South from his Mount's grey rocky piles,"
From Clement's isle to Cadden rock,
On pebbly sands the white waves broke:
Thence, verdant tracts of velvet grass,
Continuous, spread to *Lionesse.*
St. Michael's, 'midst a waving wood,
Bold, lofty, venerable, stood:
In bearded tufts, the lichens flow
O'er graceful tamarisks, below;
The beech coruscant, ash and fir,
The flowering thorn, and sycomer;
The poplar high, the chesnut grand,
The silvery osiers, by the strand;
The aspen trembling to the wind,
And oaks, to fill the scene, combined.
The opening lawns, besprent with flowers,
By suns adorned, refreshed with showers,
Repaying nature's fostering care,
With incense, filled the balmy air,

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What western tracts owned Cornwall's throne,
Glow in the page of *Harrison*:—
" Observant, stationed at Land's End;
" Th' uninterrupted view extend;
" The eye will sweep a level plain,
" Feathered with snow:—'tis now the main!
" Far on the distance, dimly, lies
" A line, where hinge the sea and skies:
" There, Scilly isles,—so called of late,—
" Stand monuments of Cornwall's fate.
" Though great the distance now appears,
" 'Twas otherwise, in former years.
" Unquestionable record shows,
" Towns stood where billows interpose.
" 'Mongst sunny hills, and sylvan scenes,
" Shone towers of kings; smiled bowers of queens,
" 'Twixt *Lionesse* and Scilly-land,
" Flowed a pure brook, yclep'd the *strand*;
" In depth one fathom, ascertained,
" Which the contiguous country drained,

Digitized by Google

"Some places, goats across could leap;
" In others, broader and less deep;
" In summer-eve, borne on their staff,
" Old sires, each side, would talk and laugh;
" While youthful lovers, o'er would fling,
" To each other sweetest flowers of spring.
" Clear evidences of the facts
" Exist in Leases, and learned Tracks.
" And parchments still are in the hands
" Of Lords, whose fathers held the lands;
" And may be seen preserved in files,
" By the owner of the Syllen isles.
" Nothing remains, where corn and grass
" Grew, but the name,—*The Lionesse!*"

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XII.

Lionesse.

The historic muse to regions turns,
Where Lethe's stream fills heroes' urns:
Oblivion's floods for ever press
O'er all once beauteous Lionesse;
No hoarse volcano, o'er her, roared;
Down her green hills no lava poured;
No cloud sulphureous, day's scorch'd eye,
Obscured, amidst the murky sky.
No earthquake, through her yawning jaws,
The paradise of Cornwall, draws.

A sullen stillness, darkling, ran;
The orb of day rose, beamless, wan;
Sighs, such as thrill through winter's hair,
Coldly pervade the shadowy air.

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Portentous heard, deaf murmurs sound,
And thickening darkness lours around.
The howl of hollow winds, now, sweeps,
With fatal rush, the labouring deeps;
Rebounding on the sinking shore,
The loosened flood and tempest roar.
"Th' Atlantic to the greatest length,"
Writes *Whitaker*, "exerts his strength;
"And marching, in one mighty wave,
"St. Michael's plains, whelmed in one grave;
"And ruthless, since that fatal hour,
"Spreads all his anarchy of power."*
With equal faith; in deeper woe,
The *Saxon Chronicles* o'erflow:—
"The mischief—ruin,—havock, great,
"No history can calculate;
"The wild floods round St. Michael rage,
"Unparalleled in any age.

* *Whitaker's* Supplement to Polwhele's History of Cornwall.

Digitized by Google

" To paint the uproar, as they wind,
" Surpasses all the powers of mind."*

Florence of Wor'ster wrings the soul;
His words might melt the frigid pole:—
" Seven score of churches!—glorious stood
" On hill, in dale, in hallowed wood."
The sacred towers, in solemn state,
Each other's view, with reverence met:
Where trophied, through the storied glass,
The orient beams, triumphal, pass;
While glowing radiance warms the floor,
Like rain-bow, based on rushy moor.
" The labouring deep," he writes, " obtained
" Success; eternal conquest, gained;
" In steely gloom his empire frowned
" A sullen joy, the confines round.

* An. Dom. Nov. 11, 1099.—On that day, the Saxon Chronicle says Lionesse was destroyed.

Digitized by Google

"The holy fanes of Lionesse,
"Went down, with every blade of grass.
"As ocean heaved th' enormous wave,
"Which, thundering, sealed the mighty grave;
"All! all! for ever disappeared,
"And waves now roar, where sinners feared."

Ah! sought, in vain, are flowery vales,
Where breezes played; where wantoned gales;
Where fragrance from the morning beam,
With dewy wing, o'erspread the stream!
That harmony; that varied line,
On nature stamped, from Beauty's shrine;
Charms, no two scenes, alike, can boast,
Nor landscape claim, alas! are lost.

Then, triumphed genius on the plains,
Where sea-storms now dispute their reigns;
And would have spurned Time's wasteful frown,
Had fate not rift her victor-crown.

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The skies, their favoured clime o'erthrown,
With tears, bedew their starry zone;
Withdraw, from Fancy's faded eye,
Low bending, as grieved zephyrs sigh;
Dissolved in palid woe, refuse
That comfort due to every muse;
And cloudy sorrow constant, wave
O'er Cornwall's genius in her grave.
Her suns will, frequent, as of old,
The skies autumnal, deck with gold;
To aerial landscapes give a tone,
Like those, which, erst, glowed round her throne.

O *Florence!* Thou couldst high rehearse,
In prose, these themes of lowly verse;
With thunder, couldst have mountains rocked;
Deep vales, with desolation, choaked;
Bade, rushing in devouring train,
Rain follow thunder;—thunder, rain;

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Bade lightnings burst their murky shroud,
And shocks rebound from every cloud;
Bade the vast inundation float,
Baffling descriptive powers of thought.—
Why, bashful, check, by cold control,
The floods sublime, none else can roll?

XIII.

As pyramids, proofs lasting stand,
In history, of the deluged land;
Like beacons blazing through the night,
No lapse of years can quench her light.
Tradition doffed his airy shroud;
Descended from his amber cloud;
Appeared on earth, in human form,
T' attest the vast-destroying storm;
Confirmed the truth with trumpet sound,
Of Cornwall more than half lies drowned;
Threw all his splendors o'er the theme,
Which ignorance styled a monkish dream.

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Borlase,—whose deathless memory, bless'd,
Embalmed, rests in the Duchy's breast,—
Walked where the tender myrtles spread
Fragrance midst dews soft evening shed;
While through the elms, with broken gleam,
Mild Cynthia shot her quivering beam:
He watched the distant silvery ray
Sporting o'er wide St. Michael's Bay,
Studded with boats, which seemed to sleep,
On the calm bosom of the deep.
Moss-coated ash-trees waved around
The reverent church and hallowed ground.
He, thoughtful listening, heard, sublime,
The vespers of departing time;
When, on his peaceful musings, broke
The historic muse 'twas his t' invoke;
Whose base of fame she laid as sure,
And lasting, as his life was pure.
Obsequious to the friendly power,
Resigns he meditation's hour;

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Then said the muse;—" expect a sire,
" Who more imparts than I inspire;
" His name *Tradition;* wisely weigh
" His words."—On night she passed away.

How glows the breast; what transport darts,
Commingling, from congenial hearts!
Tradition,—truth his accents clad,—
To wonderful discoveries led.
" Between Land's-End and Scilly rocks,
" Sunk, lies a town that, ocean, mocks;
" To you the secret I bequeath;
" Nor e'er shall fade th' historic wreath;
" That, which, from ages long concealed
" Has lain, shall, henceforth, rise revealed."†
While in their caves, lulled, storms remain,
Poor fishers on the watery plain,

† *Borlase's* History of Cornwall.

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Through the transparent azure deeps,
Perceive, in piles and scattered heaps,
High chimney tops, and trees sunk down,
And ruins of an ancient town.

T' unfold to man's astonished view
Grand scenes Tradition never knew,
Arose sublime the god of day,
From whom fled lesser lights away,
Bright history's Star:—his piercing eye
Sunk isles, could, well as towns descry.
Wrecked nature rises from her trance,
Like spectres in the wizard's dance.
"The Syllen isles," he writes, "of yore,
"Were one, with one continuous shore;
"Green hills they saw, and vales, extend,
"A frith lay 'twixt them and Land's-End,
"One mile in breadth:—with lofty crest,
"Rose sunny mountains, south-by-west:

Digitized by Google

" Though tall, less noble heights in form,
" Opposed the northern tyrant-storm.
" One in the centre proudly towered,
" O'erlooking plains with woods imbowered;
" And spacious, 'neath its lofty side,
" A populous city spread her pride:
" *Silura* was her name renowned,
" With glittering domes and temples crowned.
" These beauteous plains, as waves o'erflowed,
" Sunk with their architectural load.
" Above the surface of the main,
" High mountain summits, bleak, remain;
" Some rise as rocks; some spread as isles,
" From Land's-End, distant, thirty miles.
" *Solinus*' frith,—the ancient name,—
" In depth continues still the same;
" Between the Long-ships and the shore,
" Flow forty fathoms, as of yore;
" Immediate on their western side,
" Scarce twenty, boasts the highest tide;

Digitized by Google

" Not more than eight rise o'er the plains,
" Where bleated flocks; sang, rural swains."*

XIV.

One evening, by the cloud-wrapt main,
That he, 'mongst antiquarians, reign,
He hoped, permitted 'twere by fate;
He could the history more dilate;
Sat where the ceaseless steely wave
Rolled, slow, disruptured rocks to lave;
Looked on the gloom, with thoughtful eyes;
And saw a form refulgent rise:
Her crown diffused an emerald glow;
Adown her limbs robes purpling flow;
Her beaming eye illumes the strand;
She waves aloft a silver wand;
Advances buoyant o'er the flood,
And, by the Star of Cornwall, stood.

* *Whitaker's* Supplement to Polwhele's History of Cornwall.

Digitized by Google

"Behold," she says, "as thou hast prayed,
"A nymph commissioned to thy aid;
"See, on th' horizon of my light,
"A chariot burst the realms of night."

She scarcely spoke, when round he turned;
The axle, viewed, as glories burned.
Of azure deep, commixed with gold,
On crystal wheels it gorgeous rolled;
Two chosen mermaids, from the main,
Obsequious stand t'obey the rein.
Where deep Trewithian's caverns reach,
Dark yawning on the pebbly beach,
The nymph through midnight gave a stroke,
And, instant, earth's firm surface broke.
An agate pavement opened wide,
Midst coral groves, below the tide:
He joyous mounts:—and her's the care
Of th' impatient nimble-footed pair.

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Affrighted earth, far quaking, rends,
As, fleet, the thundering car descends;
Four Triton-heralds ran before,
Who, darting far, high torches, bore:
Kind Nereus vaults the ocean-brine
To a firmament, clear, crystalline;
And o'er their way the waters rise,
Arched like the concave summer-skies.
The wheels resound below the floods,
Like gathering winds 'midst mountain-woods;
The finny nations, shoal on shoal,
Stream like the aurora round the pole;
While, o'er the mermaids' flowing manes,
The nymph shakes fast the silken reins;
And Cornwall's Star, midst wonders, lost,
Hunts treasures through th' enchanting coast.
Enraptured 'neath the floods divine,
Grand scenes he sees successive shine;
Deep in the tablet of his breast,
Not one eludes him unimpressed;

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Not thrown on fleeting waves of thought,
But with a diamond, lasting, wrote.

More keen, the antiquarian-eye,
For districts, searched which deluged lie;
Oft fancy caught a rich perfume,
Winged from the hills, where myrtles bloom:
Oft when the flambeaux, flaring bright,
On rugged rocks, cast yellow light,
Rose turrets high of barons' halls,
With beauteous *Helens* on their walls.
Where ore-weed edged the journey's side,
He, summer, saw in all its pride;
Could, o'er the level sands, descry
Magnificence in ruins lie;
Whilst grand triumphal arches rise,
And sculptured pillars pierce the skies.

As swiftly roll the glowing wheels,
So swift the sea above congeals;

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And, now, the crystal plains expand
Below Ocrinum's* verdant land:
The coursers, vigorous fire inflames;
They wind, as in th' Olympic games:
The charioteer, now, makes a halt;
St. Michael's Bay rose one vast vault;
As shrink the torches' feebler light,
Groves, bowers, unfold in day-beams, bright;
Approaching, fast, the wished-for goal,
Joy flashes o'er the tourist's soul.

Far northward, on the lofty skies
Like wintery cloud the "Hoar-Rock"† lies;
A vapour of fantastic shape,
'Tis from the view allowed t' escape;
Sublimer objects, far, unfold,
In history's page to blaze unrolled.

* The Lizard.

† St. Michael's Mount.

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"See, on the lawns," he loud exclaims,
"In Tyrian purple, lovely dames!"
The nymph rejoins;—"in western seas,
"Far nobler scenes exist than these:"
Then he; "a lively transcript, this,
"Of desolation, horridness;*
"Where breathes the man that would not weep
"O'er such fine climes below the deep?"

Emerged from day's fast ebbing light,
Again, the torches banish night;
They by the Druid ghosts are seen,
Which tenant thy lone rocks, Trereen!
They glide along the seas enarched,
Wondering what grand procession marched;
"The Star of Cornwall," Ocean calls;—
They pleased regain their cloudy halls.

* *Whitaker's* Supplement to Polwhele's History of Cornwall.

Digitized by Google

'Midst cultured vallies, wooded hills,
Church, after church, the prospect, fills;
The solemn towers, with lichens, grey,
Rise, in succession, on their way:
The verdant ivy waves her leaves,
Redundant to the sloping eaves;
The pointed arch; the circular bow,
'Midst painted windows warmly glow;
Funereal yews; the ash in rows,
O'ershade each fabric, or inclose.—
Hoarse midnight owls assail, afar,
The softened light of Cornwall's Star;
And boding ravens hears he croak
O'er caves, where witchcraft's cauldrons smoke.

When he had the last temple reached,
Where fathers, ancient wisdom, preached;
His strict review, the whole, inspects;
He, *Worcester's* mistake, detects;

Digitized by Google

And says, " the grave historian writes,
" *Seven score* of churches, here, had sites;
" Seven score of churches,—what a host!
" Here, evidence is baffled, lost;
" Seven score, conviction, must preclude;
" The whole I've seen, as first they stood:
" Truth courts the day; dares to despise
" INCOMPREHENSIBILITIES!
" A casual dash his pen creates,
" Excusable when age relates;
" He, in one hundred, errs, no doubt;
" Enough, in conscience, stands without;
" To *forty* dwindles, then, th' amount,
" And forty temples, plain, I count:*

* " The number of parish churches lost, is so asto-
" nishingly great as to baffle the power of evidence,
" to preclude the possibility of conviction. I there-
" fore take upon me to reduce the number from 140
" to forty; to cut off what any dash of Worcester's
" pen might casually have created, the first figure."
(*Whitaker*'s Supplement to Polwhele's History of Cornwall.)

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" Hence, all who on history's sea embark,
" Will faithful note the sum I mark."

XV.

Silura.

As, blushing, when Aurora dawns,
Purpling the hills and dewy lawns;
And bids, in flowing drapery rise
Night's curtain to reveal the skies,
Displaying silent, and sublime,
A new day on the stage of time;
Far 'neath the vaulted crystal-height,
Glows Lionesse in orient light.
Their polished heads, proud turrets rear,
And bright, as distant stars, appear;
Through lucid skies, with glories crowned,
Blaze royal palaces around.

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Towns, blasted by Destruction's eye,
Assume their pomp; majestic lie:
Through willows nodding o'er the streams,
Contentment's peaceful cottage gleams:
Like molten silver, sparkling rills
Fall through the shades of distant hills.
Upon their wings, bland zephyrs bore
Perfumes enlivening every shore.
Through avenues of genial planes,
Of maples rich with fleckered grains;
Soft lindens high; umbrageous oaks;
Unknotted firs on shelving rocks;
Of ash, the source of martial spears;
Of palm which victory's favourite wears;
Of bay with purpling berries crowned,
And chesnuts floating o'er the ground;
Of stately elms embraced by vines,
And ivy-wreathed ascending pines,
They to *Silura* hold their way;
Her pomp, wealth, crowded streets, survey;

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Her mounded walls with ramparts crowned,
Where warriors walk their glittering round;
Her citadels; aerial spires,
Beaming on heaven, like kindling fires:
O'erwhelmed, the sage's eye grows dim,
Through seas of bliss his senses swim;
With frantic bound the car he quits,
Leaps,—sings,—with no well-balanced wits.
Meanwhile, the nymph drops loose the rein;
The blue-eyed sisters of the main,
Who, with the rapid journey, smoked,
From the resplendent pole, unyoked,
Repose, within a verdant square,
And comb, refreshed, their dewy hair.

O who can paint the wondrous throng;
The spacious streets ghosts poured along,
  Of all who drowned had been:
In occupations, some employed,
Day, pass, as when they, erst, enjoyed,
  On earth, life's busy scene.

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Anointed with th' athletic oil,
Strong wrestler-shades prolong the toil;
The unsubstantial ring
Sit gazing, on a grassy mound,
And, that the conqueror's brow be crowned,
Some, palms triumphal, bring.

In cars, some guide the flowing rein:
Bright warrior-lines spread o'er the plain:
The martial airs ascend:
The silken banners, rustling, fly:
In halls, bards, cheered by Beauty's eye,
In minstrelsy, contend.

Priests, who, on the cathedral tower,
Had, whilom, breathed life's latest hour,
Amidst their watery grave;
And Bishop, whom the deafened bells
Warned of his doom, as falls or swells,
Destruction's roaring wave,

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Now, round the shadowy banquet sit,
Enlivening, by their polished wit,
  Their solitary home:—
When Cornwall's Star appears, they hope,
Arrives His Holiness, the Pope,
  Bearing the Keys from Rome.

Poor colony of souls ne'er lay
In purgatory, long, as they;
  Their joys unbounded flow;
Then, with nectareous goblets, flushed,
Anticipating grace, they rushed,
  To kiss the Pontiff's toe!

  As strolled he on, soon meets his eye,
What gave to fame the Tyrian dye;
A massive cauldron stood of tin:—
On, snow-white webs, to it cast in,
The purpura's blood, which boiling, mixed,
Was, by metallic virtue, fixed;

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Hence, issued forth the scarlet robe
For kings who ruled the ancient globe.

He ascends the throne where with address,
Went up the peers of Lionesse.
" Kings of the earth," he shouts, elate,
" I envy not your lofty state;
" When Europe lay a barbarous waste,
" This chair with Majesty was graced."

His main design was to procure
Old records, ocean-floods immure:
In vain he searched; whilst anxious grew
The nymph, as hours in waiting flew.
She mounts the chariot;—rode in quest
Of the long gone enthusiast;
And meets him at the college gates,
Whilst with himself he warm debates:
Then says, " the time, by fate decreed,
" Has nearly passed;—unless you speed,

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"The crystalline, frail, arch may fall,
"And whelm you, and your conquests, all."
He, bold, replies with kindling ire,
"O for a horse,—or wings of fire!
"The little space to me allowed,
"Is sun-beam through a wintery cloud."
Her mild entreaties, he resists;
And, on a longer stay, insists.

XVI.

Witchcraft.

The frith of deep Solinus laves
Dread threshold of fell witchcraft's caves;
Within Tolpedon's airy view,
Their orgies, now, the hag's pursue;
And, in their midnight cell intent,
Sap ocean's vaulted firmament;

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Ingredients in the cauldron throw,
Of Cornwall's Star to damp the glow.

"What," one a sister asks, "expects
"He? prowls he seeking lost effects?
"No; he ransacks Silura's domes,
"For Tyrian manuscripts and tomes:
"Our grand-dames, nobly, formed that tide;
"Bade navies o'er sunk castles ride;
"Let loose the winds with lawless sweep;
"Whelmed forests, churches, in the deep;
"Destruction, drove, with flowing reins,
"O'er Lionesse and all her plains;
"Their spells,—by us long sought in vain,
"May meet his search below the main."
Then the elder weird, "if such his aim,
"I'll drown him, or consume with flame;
"Though nature all, his empire own,
"Nor twinkle one star before his frown."

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In night she plunged, resolved to foil
The antiquarian's anxious toil.

He, disobedient to the nymph,
Had strayed far in a lake of lymph:
A wonderous space, where, uncontroll'd,
The waves, distilled, of ocean, roll'd;
As *Whitaker* relates, " nor land,
" Nor waters, round his way, expand,
" Nor liquid air; of each composed,
" Th' enchanted medium interposed."

Before him towers and pillars lay;
Triumphal arches, sculptured, grey;
The vestiges of squares thrown down
Bespoke the court-end of a town.

" Alas!" said he, " these ruins lie,
" Inspiring deep soliloquy;

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" To mind, each scattered fragment brings
" Mutation of terrestrial things.
" Ye consecrated domes of faith,
" Where piety's ambrosial breath,
" Symphonious, rose in columns rich,
" Round every god, in every niche.
" Ye halls of eloquence, which rung
" With speeches in old Cornwall's tongue;
" Ye palaces, and princely walls,
" Where levees thronged; assembled, balls,
" I give to you compassion's tear;
" Perhaps, transformed to a diamond clear,
" May Ocean, more himself to deck,
" Suspend it from his pearl-graced neck.
" Hark! through the watery realms profound,
" The ruined vaults of fanes resound;
" O'ergrown with weed of vitreous green,
" Lie broken arches, mixed between.
" Oh! Nineveh; walled Babylon,
" Like you, in former ages, shone;

Digitized by Google

" Oh! Carthage, forty miles, erst, round,
" Like you lies sunk in sea, or ground;
" The hundred noble towns of Crete,
" Nor vestige boast of square, or street;
" Proud Memphis? Famed Palmyra, where?
" Persepolis?—dispersed in air.
" Troy, Lacedæmon, Salem's pride,
" Like shadowy glories, past me glide,
" Sepulchered even their ruins sleep,
" Like thee, Silura! 'neath the deep.
" The dazzling pomp of triumph fled,
" On canvas may the wrecks be spread:
" Wealth, banquets, beauty, deluged saints,
" Your fame a lasting moral paints!"

XVII.

A congregation gathered 'round
Of all the fishes in the Sound;
He northward looked; saw, with amaze,
A shoal, like day's mid-radiance, blaze;

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The splendours of the fishy wall
Spread glories as a fairy hall.
The pioneers who marched in van,
Seemed air invisible to fan;
Instead of flying or eschewing,
His path whilst he the scene went viewing,
They sail courageous through the flood,
Respectful halt:—intent he stood,
Watching their curious,—steady eyes:—
"Melpomene, sweet Muse," he cries,
"Thine is the power, by fate's decrees,
"T' inspire mute fishes of the seas,
"And give their organs utterance;
"O leave not my research to chance."

The willing muse soon as he spoke,
Grants what his fervent words invoke.
Inspired, her power a *Dory* owns;
And cries, "here stood the queen of towns."

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The sage, its silver tongue untied,
On information great, relied:
Asks "if it can obliging show,
"Where tomes of history lodge below?
"Or any antiquarian lore,
"To prove how Cornwall shone of yore?"
To practise nascent elocution,
John answers, by circumlocution;
"Deputed by so sweet a muse,
"No favour asked can I refuse.
"Learned *Diodorus* you have read;
"He of our family stands the head;
"The wrecks of time has he survived;
"From his famed name is our's derived;
"Thus, *Diodorus* clearly gives
"*Dorus*—which, pure in *Dory*, lives;
"The cumbrous first *D* we erase,
"That classic *io* freely blaze;
"The schoolmen this, long years, ago,
"By *Antithesis*, transformed to *Jo*;

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"More lengthened, as rolled ages on,
"Sage antiquarians named us *John*;
"Should *Diodorus* e'er be lost,
"In each *John Dory* swims his ghost.
"By this you know why I appear,
"T' assist you in your learned career."
(He bows, respectful, wondering, none
E'er noticed such fine *Etymon*;)
"When thundering, ice-disruptured plains,
"Our nations, free, from winter's chains,
"We to this ruined *Athens* come;
"Travel improves us,—though we're dumb;
"Our student-van,—the rear winds far,
"In straggling groups to th' artic star,—
"You, distant, yonder see appear,
"Shy, as they see a Bachelor here;
"Ere the great body onward roll,
"Follow, I'll show an ancient scroll."

John swims sedate through gothic cells,
Transformed, now, to ethereal wells,

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Then disappears ;—with pilgrim-zeal,
The Star of Cornwall, down a huel,
His head, in marble closet, dipt,
Where lay a Tyrian manuscript.

O'erpowered with joy, at what he found,
Losing his poise, he near was drowned.
Two ambush'd crabs, in armour bronzet,
Spring valiant for the martial onset,
But fail, though they like Spartans raced,
Their attic salt to bid him taste.

Proud of his trophy he returned ;
The Nymph with strong impatience burned.
Remounts he with the dripping roll,
Obedient to her mild control.
But great alarm o'erspreads her face ;
In vain can they their course retrace ;
Since he had left her guardian care,
Portentous shocks convulsed the air.

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The spell-armed weird, with ruthless stroke,
The skies o'er doomed *Silura* broke;
Descended 'midst a rushing sound
Of clouds on clouds tossed, surging round.
The friendly nymph says, heaving sighs,
"The way be ours that shortest lies;
"East to Solinus' frith, the rein
"I guide, to save you from the main."

XVIII.

Disruptured, heaven's wide concave pours
The torrent seas, as thunder roars.
Along the swimming plains they dash,
Whilst sleety lightnings, vivid, flash;
And, when *Solinus'* frith they reach,
The heaving tide clad either beach.
"That frith," he shouts, "'tis learnedly shown,
"Ere Lionesse was drowned, o'erthrown,
"More than a mile, extended wide,
"Too deep for knight across to ride."

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"Talk not of knights!"—The moment seize,
"On it hangs Cornwall's destinies;
"Ruin increases, as we go,
"From heaven above; from earth below;
"Mark, how th' unsteady chariot reels,
"'Twill soon be floated off the wheels;
"Nor dare I venture on the coast,
"Else fate decrees, all will be lost."
"Nine furlongs to the very brim,
"What antiquarian e'er could swim?
"The channel narrows to the east,"*
Rejoins he, as his fears increased.
At last the conscious mermaids stood,
Where on the frith sand-banks protrude;—
And bidding her a kind adieu,
Himself into th' abyss he threw,

Like Cæsar with his Latin roll,
He braves the deep with dauntless soul.

* *Whitaker's* Supplement to Polwhele's History of Cornwall.

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Oaring his way with lusty strokes,
Till reached he, safe, Belerium's† rocks.

The nymph, when he had gained the land,
Congratulating, waves her hand;
And, like a star in evening dew,
Swift o'er the roaring waters flew.

Absorbed in thought, he slowly paced,
'Midst rolling mist, the heathy waste.
All nature listening passive lay
Drenched, as around, dash clouds of spray.
A haggard form, before him, stern,
Sat on a storm-defying karn;
Her elflock-hairs, tossed, waving, fly,
And break the glare shot from her eye.
"Hail Star of History!" rising slow,
She said, "like morn thy glories glow;

† The Land's-End.

" Thy travels deck thee with a crown,
" Heaven fell to crush ;—seas rose to drown."

O'er the bleak heath he bent his way,
For laurels knowing no decay.

The lightnings beamed a lurid light,
When, at the cave, arrived the sprite ;
The sisters met her with a yell ;
" Would thou wert scattered with thy spell!"
Then she as fierce ;—" the wondrous man,
" With antidotes, withstood my plan ;
" No herb of grace, no holly-branch,
" Waved in his hand, heaven's fires to quench ;
" No amianthus with him, bore,
" A circle round my way to score ;
" No betony-blossoms, in his breast,
" He stuck, that I o'erawed desist.
" Impregnable, high towers his mind,
" Like castle, with battalions, lined."

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Scared Nature, as their jarrings cease,
Beholds the welcome dawn of peace:
The glooms disperse on wings of night;
The hills rise tipped with golden light;
The thunders die; the winds are laid,
And sun-beams, o'er Silura, played.

XIX.

Melcarthus.

The sage, with antiquarian care,
Evolves, in temperate-favouring air,
The ancient *skin*:—free from decay,
'Tis welcomed by the smiling day.

"Three thousand years have circled round,"
Polwhele writes, "since Phœnicia found

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"The Syllen isles, and gave the name
"Of Cornwall's Stannaries to fame."

Melcarthus, Tyre and Sidon's shores,
Enriched, first, with her mineral stores.
Of flocks, Phœnicia's hills, which crowned,
His the most numerous, most renowned.
In wool, his bleating sheepfolds reared,
With murex tinged, her chiefs appeared.
'Twas he first gave the crimson tint,
The great result of accident.
Of his attendant dog he viewed
The mouth, with purpling stains, embued;
These, he on search, surprised, beheld,
Had, from the wounded murex, welled:
On woofs the glowing dye he spread,
While Tyre shone in the pomp of trade;
Hence, rose her towers of costly stones;
Her merchants, from their radiant thrones,

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Frequent her marts, and to her shores,
Arabia, Kedar, bring their stores.
She, of the waters, sits as queen,
The world, admiring, crowds the scene;
And Lionesse, her tin, supplied,
To enrich the shuttle's flowery pride.

"All time," shouts Cornwall's Star, "shall know,
"What thanks I good *John Dory* owe;
"Melpomene!—At every board,
"Where this is read, will he be adored:
"Thy gift, by him, confirms mankind
"In truths, no former age could find."

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XX.

Letter of Melcarthus,

The first Phœnician who landed in Cornwall, written from Silura, the capital of Lionesse, to the senate of Tyre, one thousand two hundred years, before the Christian era.

The distant land, whose spreading fame,
Through Gaul, to learned Phœnicia came,
Have I, Melcarthus, fortunate found;
And, to the senate, full, relate
Effects which on a voyage wait,
Fate, favouring, with success, has crowned.

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Those colonies, our fathers led,
When they from Joshua's vengeance fled,
  Around our sea's extensive shores,
Surviving in their sons, conspire,
To emulate distinguished Tyre,
  And waft o'er earth her purple stores.

Grateful for pure religion's boon,
Two columns to the sun and moon,
  The pious nations, reverent, rear;
Fires, which perpetual on them blaze,
Symbolic, through the starry ways,
  Lead minds to heaven with holy fear.

The Baleares show a zeal,
Congenial with our common weal;—
  Thence, favoured by propitious gales,
I, onward, steered:—Tartessus port,
The last to which our ships resort,
  Received, with joy, th' embroider'd sails.

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The cedar masts, whilst billows swell,
Prone, as on Lebanon they fell,
  Moan 'midst the tempest's dragon-wings;
Caution, which th' Arvad pilot arms,
To sleep, the storm of ocean, charms;
  Us to Gadira, safely, brings:

There, on the eastern side sublime,
To welcome day's refulgent prime,
  A fane of true religion stands;
Though worshipped be the heavenly host,
The pillar-fire, devotion, most,
  From th' assembled multitude, commands.

Gadira, all her sacred place,
The thought of earthly things t' efface,
  With glass, in rich Mosaic, paves;
The floor expanding to the view,
Seems water tinged with heaven's own blue,
  Which pious breathings form in waves.

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Two columns, in her temple, rise,
To yonder lights which rule the skies,
  Where, holy fires perpetual blaze;
The symbol of the parent sun
Is massive gold; as ages run,
  The type of glory ne'er decays.

The emblem of the paler moon,
Is vitreous stone; as evening, soon,
  Light bursts through every flaming pore:—
Devotion-songs, symphonious, rise;—
And, when day's orb ascends the skies,
  Crowds, through his type, again adore.

T' exhibit attributes to sense,
Conferring virtue, eloquence,
  Towers sun-browned statue, in the air,
Bald,—the remaining hairs are grey;
His furrowed features, 'midst a ray
  Of wisdom, rise, bespeaking care.

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Chains, from his lips in radiant glow,
Of golden links and amber, flow,
To lead the captivated ear
Of numerous groups, who crowd around,
Courting the fetters;—to be bound,
Emulous, hastening, some appear.

This, enigmatic, shows to day,
What grateful thoughts these shores convey,
For wise Phœnicia's lasting care,
That, by her institutions, laws,
And mild persuasion, friendly, draws
Man, every social bliss, to share.

Gadira stands another name
For earth's extent, and Tyrian fame;
There, navigators, suppliant, slay
The sacrifice:—with duteous mind,
I, in the solemn office, joined;
Then, venturous, held my destined way.

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Artabrium, next, our stay, invites,
Where pillared fire, 'midst holy rites,
  Religion's faithful sons adore:—
Thence, by the stars, our friendly guides,
We voyage far the pathless tides,
  To distant Gallia's western shore.

Th' inhabitants, expert, reduce
Metallic ores the mines produce:
  Tin, o'er the blushing copper, spread,
Profusely flowed in liquid streams,
Emitting rays, like silvery beams,
  And, as a plate, congealing clad.

Their splendid instruments of war;
The shield, the spear, the battle-car,
  Shine, dazzling, by the skilful art;
The harness of the noble horse,
With orient light illumes the course,
  As Gaul's plumed warriors onward dart.

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To a deity, they, Vulcan, name,
From whom the useful knowledge came
Of raising ore, and to refine,
They temples rear;—and spoils acquired
By war, in festive garb, attired,
They, grateful, offer at his shrine.

The isles of Tin, (where now I write,)
Soon rose upon the longing sight:—
The deities, here, first, revered,
Were trees, and water-pools, and lakes,
Or marsh that 'neath the wanderer quakes;
There, priest and people met and feared.

A Grecian colony them taught
Faith, with sublimer tenets, fraught;
One Great First Cause of things they own;
Conforming to the Grecian mode,
The attributes of nature's God,
To various forms they've moulded down.

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Some isles, near Gaul, and Albion's coast,
No human habitation boast;
  Priests, some, and priestesses, contain;
And others have derived their name,
From heroes of distinguished fame;
  Those of kind Genii some retain.

To cleanse the soul from what defiles,
Their dead they burn on funeral piles;
  Death, as a passage dark, they view,
Conducting to another state,
Where deified, the good and great,
  Hymns, supplications, fond, pursue.

The sovereign traces his descent
To those whom Greece had, whilom, sent;
  O'er independent states, wall'd towns,
He chief presides; deputed, they,
O'er th' inferior provinces, bear sway,
  And wear as fiefs their vassal-crowns.

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He, with his nobles, came t' inspect
Th' embroidered sails, and benches deck'd
With ivory;—I, at his desire,
Described the golden pomp,—the thrones,
Radiant 'midst gems and starry zones,
Of Ocean's queen, commercial Tyre.

Impressed with pure Phœnicia's creed,
He, tolerant, offered to concede
Isles, where I, peaceful, might erect
Religion's shrine:—in these shall burn
The pillar-fires, till I return,
And faith's refulgent chain, connect.

Tin, plentiful, the land, o'erspreads,
As grains of sand, the river beds:—
Long, as the rites, I plant, endure
In neighbouring isle, (on me bestowed,)
Treasures, as vast as ever flowed,
Hiram bids me say. I now secure.

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The fruitful plains show nature's care;
The meads are flowery; bland the air;
The Grecian colony, exiled;
And intercourse with foreign shores,
Wafting their ships for mineral stores,
Have made the barbarous nation mild.

XXI.

Locrine and Guendolon.

Brutus, through years of smiling peace,
His kingdom, raised, to rival Greece.

When he the debt of nature paid,
Locrine, his son, the sceptre, swayed.
Few years auspicious hailed his reign,
When hostile navy ploughed the main.

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Humber, its chief, with barbarous bands,
Invades, lays waste, the northern lands.
Locrine marched numerous troops to meet
Those landed from the hostile fleet.
They fought upon a barren heath,
Where Humber's strength lay stretched in death.
The victor king, prompt, gave command,
To wreck the vessels o'er the strand.
His warriors 'midst the plunder find,
A captive who in sorrow pined;
And her, deputed heralds bring,
A present to the youthful king.

Her high accomplishments evince
The daughter of a German prince,
Whom Humber seized, 'midst weeping bowers,
When he had burned her father's towers.
Her modest mien; her opening charms,
Repay Locrine for late alarms;

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Her ivory neck; her eyes of sloe;
Her bosom rivaling new fallen snow;
Her ruby lip; cheeks, where repose
The lily's hue and blushing rose;
And her whole form, and speech, combine,
To win the chief of Britain's line.
Estrilda was the fair one's name,
Who thus inspired so sudden flame.—

Around the land it soon was known,
He meant to raise her to the throne.

Meanwhile, the duke, with wise intent,
Rules Cornwall through her wide extent;
Good customs grew; laws, he enacts;
Affairs of state, with skill, transacts.
High castles rise on strengthened hills;
New towns, thronged population fills.
Round all her coast outstretching far,
Were subjects trained for peace and war.

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Reward of toils, to crown his rest,
His halls, one lovely daughter graced.
And solemn promise made had been,
She should be Britain's future queen.

When to her father 'twas conveyed,
Locrine made vows to foreign maid;
Against the sovereign high incensed,
The distant journey he commenced;
And hastening to the royal tent,
Showed he such measures would resent.

"You mean, on Britain's throne to place
" A captive of a barbarous race:
" Was it for this," he cried, " I bled,
" In doubtful wars your father led;
" Brought him victorious on his way,
" To land, as king, at *Totnes* quay;
" No, Sir, long as this right hand shakes,
" With pristine strength, my battle-axe,

Digitized by Google

" Shall other queen adorn your bed,
" But she to whom first vows you made."

On that, his red eye darting fire,
The fatal weapon, raised he higher.—
Blood to prevent, and future woes,
The nobles, wisely, interpose;
Oblige Locrine, his sword, upon,
Swear to keep faith with Guendolon.

Then Corinœus homeward flew,
To acquaint her of the interview:—
And graceful, she, with heart elate,
Prepares herself for royal state.

O'erawed by battle-axe and blade,
The king foregoes the foreign maid;
But wall of steel, or hedge of spears,
Damps not the love, for her, he bears.

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In secret vale, where high woods frowned,
Retreat was for Estrilda found;
And 'twas proclaimed, the silent grove,—
So intricate the wiles of love,—
Is consecrated, as th' abode
Of calm Devotion's rural god.

In princely pomp and splendour meet,
He goes on board his royal fleet;
And favouring breezes, soon, convey
The vessels to Val's ample bay.
From Cornwall's ducal towers, are seen
The sails which long to waft the queen.

'Twas Autumn. On the heaving tide,
With winding sweep, the gallies ride;
As th' oars 'midst wakening sun-beams rise,
Along the shores light, streaming, flies.
Refulgent, when the noontide ray
Drove, hovering, slow, the shades away,

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Oaks spread their boughs o'er nature's breast,
Where, now, Tregothnan rears his crest;
Whilst stately on the azure floods,
Where mirror'd sleep the checkered woods,
To the smooth beach, waves, emulous, bring
The British court, and bridegroom-king.

Steep, grassy, broad, the castle mound,
Encircled, bold, a rising ground;
Within, of rugged grandeur, high,
The turrets pierce the misty sky;
Below the floating banners, grand,
Smiled Truro castle o'er the land.
Obsequious, as their lord ordained,
In loop-holed towers, stand archers, trained:
The moaning gates, slow, opening wide,
Show Cornwall's duke, and blooming bride;
He welcomes in the royal guest;
Her homage, kneeling, she expressed.

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When day had sunk below the main,
And stars besprinkled heaven's blue plain,
A hoary Druid, late ordained,
To see religion's lamp maintained,
United, for the British throne,
Locrine, and beauteous Guendolon.

XXII.

Years roll away. With feeble pace,
The duke walked forth his frame to brace;
The beam of day descending shone,
In vain to cherish vigour gone.
A few succeed:—then dawned the morn,
When he was to the burrow borne.
As th' earthy pile rose higher heap'd,
Surrounding crowds more sadly weep'd.
The grass,—the heath,—now, fresh, appear,
As watered, first, by sorrow's tear.
The worth and fame his Grace possessed,
A sigh, raise in the monarch's breast;

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But hidden joys supplant his grief,
He from restraint now finds relief;
Expels, relentless, from the throne,
Without protector, Guendolon.

Stung with revenge, she, dauntless, flies,
And on the duchy's love relies.
The peers informed, forthwith, unite
To vindicate her injured right:
The lion-standard, which, long, hung,
Rolled up, is o'er the ramparts flung;
And bannered lines, are, marching, seen,
Brave, to befriend the suffering queen.
The plains of Lionesse, extolled
For loyalty, and warriors bold,
With armour ring:—'midst loud applause,
Their chiefs espouse the noble cause.
Of their attachment, spreads the fame;
Her bosom glows with grateful flame;

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And, to distinguish them in fight,
She gives a banner snowy-white,
Which, waving o'er the army's breast,
Fanned martial fire; and love, increased.

Far from such warlike attitude,
Estrilda leaves her cave and wood;
Conducted by the British king,
She, honoured, wears the nuptial ring.
Her various fortune she recalls,
Since Humber burned her father's halls.
The sad vicissitudes she bore,
Since she debarked on Britain's shore;
A seven year's solitude, unknown,
Where woods resound and tempests moan,
Her softened heart, had melted down,
And veiled the splendours of the crown.

Meanwhile, fly rumours from afar,
How Guendolon prepares for war:

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Locrine resolves t' anticipate
The power of Cornwall, and her hate.
Full thirty thousand, Tamer, crossed,
With glittering spears, and bucklers bossed;
While Guendolon, with promptitude,
Defying, on his marches, stood.
With those already clad in arms,
He joins in battle's dread alarms.
And desperate raged the conflict, long;
The king,—the queen,—their troops, among,
Impel the shock:—no quarter given,
The field, with blood, smokes up to heaven:
And *Geoffry*, with a master's fire,
Thus paints the thousands that expire:
  Like sheaves, which harvest-labour reaps,
Brave warriors lay in slaughtered heaps;
Like welling brooks down mountain's side,
Gushed through the ranks death's purple tide,
Like feathered waves on wintry seas,
Plumes flitted o'er the quivering leas.

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The sun descends the western skies;
Aimed at Locrine, an arrow flies;
Entering the mail, it pierced his breast,
And death's dark shades, his eyes, invest.
Where battle-waves, tumultuous, swell,
On the drenched plain, he lifeless fell;
And, ere the day's eventful close,
Had Guendolon dispersed her foes.

XXIII.

Immortal *Milton!* thou, a lay,
Owest to Cornwall's early day;
Thy *Comus* draws ethereal fire
From Guendolon's vindictive ire.
We fearless, in return, presume
To snatch a feather from thy plume.
Ere she, her ruthless rage, appeased,
She marched; and meek Estrilda, seized;
One moment's grace to her, denied,
And whelmed her in the neighbouring tide;

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She, 'midst the foam which murmuring rose,
Her child Sabrina, likewise, throws.
The river-nymphs, with pearled wrists,
Caught th' infant on their snowy breasts;
And to their father's hall, conveyed;—
The god, her, then, immortal made;
And, in compassion of her fate,
Deigns, her, a goddess, to create.
Hence, oft with gentle pace, at eve,
The swains, from omens to relieve,
She walks the flowery meadows bland,
Scattering soft dews with lily-hand.
They, as her crystal currents flow,
Pinks, daffodils, and pansies, throw;
And, sporting in mild Cynthia's beam,
Orisons, offer, by her stream.*

* Guendolon published an edict through all Britain that the river should bear the damsel's name: so that to this day the river is called in the British tongue *Sabren*, which is corrupted into *Severn*.
(Geoffry of Monmouth.)

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Superior, now, to fortune's frown,
Queen Guendolon enjoys the crown:
Her virtues beamed so pure, and far,
Posterity made her a star,
Which, radiant, issuing from the throne,
Has, since, on her successors, shone.

From rolls, engraved on Elis' plains,
To wrestle taught she rustic swains:
A fondness for th' athletic games,
The Cornish bosom, still, inflames.

END OF PART FIRST.

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THE

FABULOUS HISTORY

OF THE

ANCIENT KINGDOM OF CORNWALL.

PART SECOND.

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THE

RELIGION

OF

ANCIENT CORNWALL.

PART SECOND.

Argument.

The gods, whom Cornwall first embraced,
Were pools, spread o'er the fenny waste;
Phœnicia taught her faith to soar,
And heaven's resplendent host t' adore;
Her priesthood awed th' ethereal plain,
And, as they list, night's queen enchain.
Rome launches thunder that o'ertakes
The Druid goddess armed with snakes.
Released from fell enchantment's power,
The moon smiles through each leafy bower.

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I.

Religion of Ancient Cornwall.

Bright orb of day! when Truth decayed,
The grateful east, as nature swayed,
'Midst shadowy faith, tenacious, clung
To symbols of the Godhead, lost;
In chief, thy majesty engrossed
The highest powers of mind and tongue.

Pure pillar-fires embraced the sky,
Perpetual in the all-seeing eye,
Which beamed, as from a tent divine;
Thy incense was the fragrant air;
While rose an universal prayer,
From Asia's climes, thy hallowed shrine.

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When from her star-encircled throne,
The queen of night benignly shone;
To her, Devotion's voice was raised;
With splendid ceremonies, priests
'Midst music, dancing, kept her feasts;
While to her honour, altars blazed.

These deities, whose glorious sway
Extends through night and busy day,
Were Baal and Ashtoreth named:
The noblest objects of the eye,
From serving them, by the Most High,
Could scarcely Israel be reclaimed.

Their powerful monarch, who had reared
The Temple, where assembling, feared,
The Tribes, creation's sovereign Lord,
Enslaved by sense, alas! was seen
'Midst worshippers of Sidon's queen;—
Ashtoreth, he confessed,—adored!

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Protected by Jehovah's shield,
If Israel, oft, preferred to yield
  Obedience to material things;
What power,—what empire, uncontroll'd,
Must have obtained heaven's orbs which roll'd
  O'er Persia's sataraps,—Egypt's kings!

Of all the nations, none could boast
A service, paid the heavenly host,
  So pompous as proud Tyre displayed:
Grafts, fruitful, from the parent tree,
T' o'erspread the earth, by fate's decree,
  Were, by her purple sails, conveyed.

II.

The first Phœnician, who unfurled
Sails, on the pathless, watery, world,
  Was *Usous*:—by precaution, led,
To shores remote he venturous steered;
To fire, to wind, he altars reared,
  As, wide, religion's conquests spread.

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On these he ordains, as means of grace,
The blood of victims from the chace,
  Shall, 'midst the sacrifice, be poured;
Phœnicia's faith he propagates;
'Till, in proud temple by the Straits,
  Heraklean pillars rise adored.

No statue yet of any god,
Found place within th' august abode,
  'Twas the sole reign of holy fear;
Filled with the Majesty Divine,
Pure, typified by fires which shine,
  Perpetual, through the rolling year.

From Gades, like refreshing rain,
The doctrine spread o'er fruitful Spain,
  Ere Greece could boast a nation's name;
Her *Hercules*, in after time,
Was but Phœnicia's creed sublime,
  By fiction, dressed for empty fame.

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Even o'er Pyrene's mountains, darts
Phœnicia's light, diffusing arts,
  Amongst the hordes of barbarous Gaul;
Ferocious manners, calm, subside;
In council, justice, peace, preside:—
  Phœnicia taught them towns to wall.

III.

Then, Cornwall's faith was gloomy, dark:
Strayed notions of the Deluge-Ark,
  Made, holy, desert isle and fen;
Priests practised, through the moonless nights,
In these drear shrines, mysterious rites,
  Concealed, secure, from human ken.

Such worship how could Cornwall gain?—
Of ship escaped the stormy main,
  She, 'midst the sacred cargo, sees
Three grains of wheat, (Phœnicia's fruit,)
And, of her Arkite faith the root,
  A triad of Sidonian bees.

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Borne 'midst her own created foam,
A hispid sow, broke loose to roam,
  The ship, to wondering Cornwall, seems:
The triple number of the grains,
An allegory hid, contains,
  That, with the Arkite doctrine, teems.

Implying, like th' imported seed,
Her sons will hail the nascent creed,
  Spreading, luxuriant, o'er the land;
The bees, symbolic, indicate
Nymphs, who, by hallowed waters, wait;
  Or, minist'ring, in temples, stand.

The cargo of religion, sent,
O'er ocean, gained the world's assent;
  The allegoric sow became
Sacred to earth's kind fostering power,
Ceres,—who, that she blessings shower,
  Through harvest, saw her altars flame.

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To stagnant pool; to barren rock;
To lonely rill; to spreading oak,
  At first, the suppliant Arkites bowed;
Noah, they thought, on sun-beams, rode;
And to the noon, as his abode,
  Borne on the flood, they, altars, vowed.

IV.

The eastern nations knew but one
Depository, where the sun
  Of science lodged his hallowed beams;—
The priesthood; they, th' illiterate throng,
Swayed, as are passive leaves, along,
  Borne down the vales, on autumn's streams.

Phœnicia's priests, with holy zeal,
Through all her colonies reveal
  The true religion they professed;
And Cornwall, when they reached her shore,
Sublimer objects, taught t' adore,
  The sun and moon and stars, addressed.

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When known the blessings they bestowed,
Their worship, like pure rivers, flowed
O'er Britain from her farthest coast:
Sacred to Hu the isle became,
Long, as his all-inspiring flame
Presided 'midst the worshipped host.

V.

Two systems, different; now, combined,
In Cornwall, awe the public mind;
To idolatry the Arkite clung;
The Deluge, Noah, and his race,
On earth, and through the starry space,
Were symbolized, adored, and sung.

The other mode, dissimilar far,
Saw in the sun, the moon, each star,
Intelligence, eternal, reign,
That animated every sphere:—
Believers, with a holy fear,
Them worshipped o'er the heavenly plain.

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Their ritual, soon, precedence, gained,
Yet never, victory full, obtained;
The Arkite seed, commingling, grew,
Amidst Phœnicia's loftier trees;
And tenets, as they sprang from these,
From each a various tincture, drew.

VI.

As ages slow, progressive, rolled,
Earth saw the mixed belief unfold,
In sects of wide-extending fame:
The *Bards* possess poetic ground,
Where Rhetoric, and Music's sound,
And Divination, welcomed, came.

Fathers of verse! 'twas your's t' explore
The sacred entrails; and adore;
By you, were praises,—curses, sung;
You, 'ere the Muses rose, refined
The yielding taste, whilst th' enraptured mind,
With all her powers, suspended, hung.

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The learned *Saronidæ* impart
Theology, each useful art,
That can, in active life, adorn;
The *Samothëi*, unconfined,
A discipline, exert o'er mind,
To reverend age from youth's gay morn.

The *Druids* far above the rest,
Astrology, and charms, professed;
To them the healing art belongs;
The laws of morals they define;
They even assert a power divine,
T' avenge an injured nation's wrongs.

By them the snowy victims bled;
By them were fellow mortals led
To holy, sacrificial, stones;
By omens, drawn from limbs, convulsed,
They hoped, they danger had repulsed;
And man for fancied ill atones.

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For marshy fens their sires revered,
The Druid priests hill-altars reared;
Or standing 'neath a shadowy oak,
Of mansions, destined for the soul,
When freed from earth and death's control,
To th' assembled throng, sublimely spoke.

The funeral pile, all debts, effaced;
When, there, the dead they mournful placed,
To vanish 'midst the cleansing flames,
The cancelled bond was, freely, thrown,
That higher boon, in world's unknown,
Might be received for temporal claims.

One power, invisible, supreme,
Was, of all prayer and praise, the theme;
The orbs of heaven his emblems stood;
The humbler multitude retained,
Oft blended with the faith they gained,
Faint notions of the Ark and Flood.

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They, least from Sidon's ritual swerved;
More pure, more splendid, they preserved
  The worship of the heavenly host;
In long succession, through them came
That learning, *Cæsar* gave to fame,
  When landed on Britannia's coast.

Congenial ties; matured regards,
Induced the soul-inspiring *Bards*,
  T' unite their talents, fortunes, laws,
With those who highest reverence gained;
Hence, in the college, they remained
  Recorders of the Druid-cause.

Antiquity, to her priesthood, owed
All learning that, through ages, flowed;
  They, music, masonry, professed:
Perpetual in succession, lay,
Through them, the march of mind.—Their sway,
  Superb cathedrals, still, attest.

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The *alphabet*, proud Sidon's boast;
Trade's *numeral* signs, from coast to coast,
  Tyre bade her various ships convey.
With studious care Phœnicia's sons
Imparted light that, vigorous, runs
  Through ancient Cornwall's lengthened day.

When to her shores th' adventurers sailed,
The mineral kingdom, grateful, hailed
  The chemic skill of liberal Tyre;
Her hidden treasures copious rose;
And, freed from dross, tin brilliant flows
  Amidst chark'd piles of liquid fire.

VII.

Time's ancient patriarch,—the sun,
Soon saw the Druid tenets run,
  Diverging, in a wildered course;
Olympian Jupiter;—the host
Of gods, whom Grecian fables boast,
Flowed emanations,—he, the source.

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His hallowed sway; night's paler queen,
Amidst religion's varying scene,
  View rites assuming modern names;
Apollo's priests, the old, supplant;
Diana's priestesses, now, chaunt
  In fanes, and feed her altar-flames.

Inventor of the generous vine,
They him Bacchus called;—before his shrine,
  Symbolic of the Ark, they raised
A sacred Bull; with ivy crowned,
A stony bourne they circled 'round;
  And, dancing, him invoked and praised.

A dragon's form they next invent;
To Bacchus as they vows present,
  To it they daily worship pay:
To usher in the infant year,
Disguised in masks, or skins, they appear,
  Of beasts they on his altar slay.

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The shrine, two patient oxen drew,
In May:—when it appeared in view,
His annual festival began:
To sense was no excess refused;
His rites, a zeal most wide, diffused,
At setting day, and early dawn.

VIII.

The earliest symbol of a god,
To which man felt he reverence owed,
Was a crook'd serpent; next, was placed
Th' äerial eagle on a ball,
The sun's dominion to recall,
Whose spreading rays, the world, embraced.

The priest and priestess of the shrine,
To represent these types divine,
To serpents, bulls, or eagles, changed,
By figured robes, impressed such awe,
Th' astonished crowd believed they saw
The gods around the altar ranged.

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Hence, Rome's Decrees, in after times,
Prohibiting, as heinous crimes,
  Men, women, to parade as beasts:—
T' eraze the thorns she strove in vain;
Among the Catholic states remain
  Old Druid types, at Christmas feasts.

IX.

'Tis said, nine priestesses, engaged,
In nightly songs, the Flood, presaged;
  Hence, poetry and music sprang;
Societies, which branched from these,
In isles, by lakes, 'midst willow trees,
  In concert, sacred verses, sang.

The temples of the moon were placed
On hills, or by the watery waste:
  As offerings to religion due;
And to the Ark's symbolic sign,—
The stagnant pool,—to them divine,—
  The people, choicest presents, threw.

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The lunar goddess of the place
Stood naked, with a virgin's face;
  Two serpents, wreathed about her frame,
She grasps, as to prevent her fall,
When flying round earth's night-veiled ball,
  'Till back she, to her temple, came.

The damsels, to the shrine, attached,
The Druid mystic-cauldron, watched;
  There, Cornwall's anxious tribes convened;
While by the maids the stars were scanned,
They, to inform th' expectant land,
  A glimpse of future seasons, gleaned.

In th' isle of Sain, as Ceres mild,
Protecting fruits before her piled;
  The statue of the moon is placed;
The robes the goddess which enfold
Are white; with sandals, formed of gold,
  And dazzling bright, her feet are graced.

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At table, whilst she graceful sits,
To dogs th' attendance she commits,
Which she, amidst her rites, requires;
Nine maids, o'er th' oracles, preside:
And good, or ill, as they decide,
Approaches mortals, or retires.

Displeased, by charms they, stern, unrein
The winds and storms, to vex the main;
Or, frequent, care of mortals take;
Incurable diseases, heal;
And injured rights, to their appeal
Off, hard oppression's grievance, shake.

Whilst they performed their magic rites,
Amid the gloom of moonless nights,
Would ancient Cornwall, fearful, view
Them posting through the troubled air,
On *broomsticks*, children, to ensnare;
And fairies, for the prey, pursue.

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By herbs, they charmed, on fateful days,
(Th' auspicious hour the moon displays,)
They would themselves to beasts transform;
Could, souls of death-wrapt babes, revive,
And bid the moon, on earth, arrive,
To flog dissenters to conform.

X.

The queen of night, more frequent, sent
Demons, her power, to represent;
She, who performed the chief behest,
Stood stationed, hid in cloudy gloom,
When relatives, into the tomb,
'Midst sorrow, sunk the mould-wrapt chest.

One foot this demon had of brass;
With th' other, o'er the church-yard grass,
Dreaded by all, she hobbled slow;
And, in an instant, pallid fear
Saw her, like ox, or mule, appear,
Or mastiff, clad with fiery glow.

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She, oft, as *Saxmen* writes, would deign,
From ill, believers, to restrain;
Her softened whispers, those, who hear,
By sudden gaze, they cast around,
Announce her presence; whilst the sound,
By tinkling, wakes the startled ear.

XI.

Strabo relates, by Cornwall's shore,
An island lies, which never bore
The foot of man;—there, women meet
To offer sacrifice; unknown
Their rites, except what he has shown;
His learned account we, full, repeat.

"Of their devotion to give proof,
"Each year, the priestesses unroof
"The fane of Bacchus, all their care;
"And, ere the stars of evening rise,
"Sister, with sister, emulous, vies,
"The sanctuary to repair.

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" If any, with her load oppressed,
" Should drop it, for a little rest,
" The others, her, in pieces, tear;
" Their orgies wake with music's sound;
" And whilst the fane, they dance around,
" Her mangled limbs, they joyous bear.

" Yet, ever at their annual rite,
" Such hap occurred to glut their sight;
" Then o'er th' ox-stall,—quadrangular close,—
" The verdant boughs of trees they spread;
" And, seated in their holy shed,
" Supplied her place,—ne'er deem'd a loss."

Cocked shapernouttes, the priesthood wear,
Like *shovels*, employed the stall to clear;
Them, necromantic stoles surround:
The priestesses inspire such dread,
The people think, their daily bread
They give, and flocks to graze the ground.

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Transformed to stone, these maidens nine
Stand, shrivelled, in a lengthened line,
On high St. Columb's heathy waste;
Long, as proud Cornwall, them, retains,
Her fabulous history boasts remains
Of faith, far as the Arkites, traced.

XII.

As witches, though these maids were viewed,
By the prevailing mode, subdued,
Females of rank partook their feasts;
Nor less their husbands, fond, believed
Predictions they, by night, received,
At th' ox-stall, from Diana's priests.

The council of *Aussere* forbade
Wild strolling troops, in masquerade;
"If, in a stag's, or heifer's, skin,
"Any, on new-year's-day, be found,
"Three years shall sackcloth, them, surround,
"As pennance for the crying sin."

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Charlemagne's Capitularies said,
These priestesses eat men like bread,
And, under name of Lamies, ran,
By night, through houses; at their ease,
Themselves, into wine-casks, would squeeze;
O'erturn bread-baskets, crock and pan;

Would, though the nurses sleepless watch,
From cradle, sobbing children, snatch;
Illume the candle on the board:
Then, to the chambers, softly, creep;
And sharply pinch those, wrapt in sleep,
Whose thoughts did not with their's accord.

Burchard, the canonist, relates
Decrees, Rome sent the Christian states,
Against the female troops who rode
Long courses through the midnight air,
Under Diana's guardian care,
Obsequious to her sovereign nod.

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Their husbands, sleeping, left in bed;
Through fastened doors these women sped;
  Pursued, on clouds, aerial ways,
Across the sky; by wounds unseen,
They kill those who baptized had been,
  And eat them, Christian faith t' craze.

Sometimes they opened those they killed;
Plucked out the heart; and, artful, filled
  The vacant space with bundled straw;
And laid the body, neatly bound,
In recent, consecrated, ground,
  To caution converts who it saw.

'Gainst those, they courses undertook,
Whose higher fame they could not brook:
  When demon, demon, met, in air,
Each dealt dread wounds, and wounds, received:
Excuse, no female troop, relieved;
  All, danger; and all, victory, share.

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XIII.

Saint Peter's chair, at last, resolved,
Earth should from sorcery lie absolved;
Conservans' Statutes, strict, enjoined
" All persons, neither to divine;
" Nor prophesy at heathen shrine,
" Though legions, them t' inspire, combined."

" No female shall her name inscribe,
" Henceforth, among the goddess tribe,
" Nor, with Diana, ride through heaven;
" With wild Herodias chase a cloud;
" Nor join the witch Benzezia's crowd,
" Whom to perdition Rome has driven.

" The incantations, largely, used,
" When seeds are o'er the soil diffused,
" Are vain illusions, wizard charms;—
" One, of a devil possessed, may keep
" Mere herbs or stones, and not o'erleap
" Decrees, framed as a shield from harms.

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"The sun, the stars; Egyptian days;
"The moon, as through the skies she strays;
"The Calends of the opening year,
"Exert no influence o'er the mind,
"Which, to the future, ever blind,
"Must wait events in Christian fear."*

XIV.

Thus, papal thunder-bolts dispelled
Chains which, the moon in bondage, held;—
To earth they, metamorphosed, fall;—
The Graces seized the magic spoils;
And wove them into silken toils,
For lady's bower, and baron's hall.

* Although the opinion is absurd that the stars can influence human conduct, such a persuasion induced men to watch the motion of the heavenly bodies, and probably occasioned many important discoveries in astronomy. It was to astrology that the Egyptians, Chaldeans and Greeks, originally owed the accuracy and extent of their information,

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Delightful change! Now, as of yore,
On *broomsticks*, coasting Cornwall's shore,
No midnight witches spread dismay;
Th' enchanting smile; th' angelic face;
The form divine, supply the place
Of hideous spectres, passed away.

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The Roman Period.

Julius Cæsar made his first appearance in front of the cliffs at Dover, on the 23d of August, 55 years, *ante Christum*, according to the Calendar now in use; and after three o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, sailed with the tide eight miles, before he landed. Hence, we have only to determine, which way the tide was running at that time. Now, the moon, when full, souths nearly at midnight, and it is certain, that such was the case within three or four minutes, either way; and allowing 3 hours, 10 minutes, for the difference of southing in four days, (47¼ min. *per* day,) the moon would south on the 23d, at 8 h. 50 m. P. M. Hence, according to the rules laid down for calcu-

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lating the time of high water, it was low water, at Dover, on the above day, at 2 h. 8 m. P. M. Therefore, by three o'clock, especially if accelerated, as was the case, by a favourable wind, the flood tide would be sufficiently up, which, running northward, as it does on the coast of Dover, carried Cæsar and his fleet, that way.

Consequently, the plain open shore where the landing was effected, was north of the cliffs, in the Downs, eight miles from Dover, and between the South Foreland and Deal.

Thus, the place of Cæsar's landing is almost as capable of demonstration as one of the propositions of Euclid, says *Thelwall.*

Bucherius, (*Belgium Romanum,* p. 147,) ita disputat; " cur Caligula, aut Claudius, " in Britanniam primi post *Cæsarem* cum " exercitu transmissuri, alium portum a " *Cæsariano,* nullo adhuc experimento cog-

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" nitum, prætulissent? Cur supra *Julium* " sapere voluissent?" Rutupiæ (on the west of Sandwich) was the first Roman military station. Rutupias nulli fere Romanorum scriptorum, qui res nostras attigerunt, intactas præterierunt: illæ a Lucano, Juvenale, Ausonio, decantatæ; a Tacito, Ammiano, Orosio, memoratæ; in Ptolemæi quoque Geographia; in Antonini Itinerario; in Anonymi Ravennatis indice; in Tabulis Peutingerianis; in Notitia provinciarum, locum habent.

Julius Cæsar's description of the island is familiar to every one, at all conversant with Roman literature. Tacitus says, " potest videri ostendisse posteris non tradid- " isse."

Herodian, (Politiano interprete,) Lib. III. writes, Siquidem Britanniæ pleraque loca frequentibus oceani alluvionibus paludes-

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cunt Per eas igitur Barbari ipsi natant, excursantque ad ilia usque demersi, ac pleraque corporis nudi cænum contemnunt. Neque enim vestis usum cognoscunt, sed ventrem atque cervicem ferro incingunt: ornamentum id esse, ac divitiarum argumentum existimantes. Quin ipsa notant corpora pictura varia, et omnifariam formis animalium: quocirca ne induuntur quidem, videlicet picturam corporis ne adoperiant.

In *L'Histoire Romaine par les* PP. *Catrou et Rouillé; Tome* XX. is the following description of the Britons, at the arrival of the Romans. "Les habitans de l'isle Britannique intérieure paroissoient féroces et barbares. Rasez par tout le corps, hors les cheveux et les moustaches, ils se peignoient les membres et le visage d'une couleur bleuâtre, assez approchante du verd de mer. Ce coloris les rendoit affreux. Accoûtumes

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à ne vivre que de lait et de chair crûë ils négligeoient la culture de leurs campagnes, et leur seule occupation étoit le maniment des armes. Ce furent là les ennemis qui dèfendirent la Tamise, et qui disputerent le passage."

What was the state of Ireland at that period? *Solinus*, (cap. 22.) informs us; "Gens inhospita et bellicosa. Sanguine interemptorum hausto, prius victores vultus suos oblinunt. Puerpera, si quando marem edidit, primos cibos gladio imponit mariti, inque os parvuli summo mucrone, (auspicium alimentorum) leviter infercit, et gentilibus votis optat, non aliter quam in bello et inter arma mortem oppetat. Qui student cultui, dentibus mari nantium belluarum insigniunt ensium capulos. Navigant autem vimineis alveis, quos circundant ambitione tergorum bubulorum: quantocunque tempore cursus tenebit, navigantes escis abstinent."

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What a contrast does the ancient Kingdom of Cornwall form with these barbarous nations!

Strabo describes the dress of the Danmonians as consisting of a long flowing robe, made of wool, reaching down to the feet, and having sleeves that were fastened round their wrists.

An Author, mentioned by *Dr. Borlase*, represents the Druids, as sitting on thrones, and living in large palaces.

Mr. Polwhele says, "In the great room of the lord's mansion was his armory; the weapons of his fathers; the gifts of his friends; the spoils of his enemies, being disposed along the walls."—"In some dignified part of the sounding hall, surrounded by his guests and family, the British chief took his seat, and listened to the melody of the harp, the songs of the bards, and the tales of other years."

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The Romans held possession of Britain, about 500 years. I do not presume to call any part of that period *fabulous;* a knowledge of which can be obtained from their own noble historians. The third part of the Fabulous History of Cornwall, begins, therefore, at the time when the Romans left the island: An. Dom. 448.

END OF PART SECOND.

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THE

FABULOUS HISTORY

OF THE

ANCIENT KINGDOM OF CORNWALL.

PART THIRD.

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THE

FABULOUS HISTORY

OF THE

ANCIENT KINGDOM OF CORNWALL.

PART THIRD.

Argument.

Cornwall, the Saxon arms, defies;
On Arthur, Britain's hope relies:
The history, deeds of chivalrous knights,
With his immortal fame, unites.
Olavus, prince from foreign land,
Receives the queen of Cornwall's hand.

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I.

The Saxons.

Constrained, when Rome's provincial bands,
Ne'er to return, left Britain's lands;
And swelled their ranks with choicest swains
That graced her hills, and populous plains;
The silent isle, deserted, lay,
To barbarous clans, an easy prey.

Of turf, ere they depart, they build
A wall, the nation's northern shield;
Array the towers with spears and bows,
Defying Scotch and Pictish foes.
The chain of ramparts, frowning far,
Inspire th' undisciplined to war.
Those, erst, who ne'er in armour shone,
Hurl darts on martial Caledon.

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In vain: the eagles scarce from view,
Their homeward course, intent, pursue,
When hordes, on hordes, impetuous pour,
And force the mound from shore to shore.

The Britons, from the battlements,
Their plains, see, spread with Pictish tents.
To castles, which, deserted, stood,
Fly the defenceless multitude;
Through gloomy loop-holes, bend their eyes,
As flames, from pillaged towns, arise.
While the barbarians scale the wall,
Some, dashed to earth, unpitied, fall;
Some, facing brave the arrowy shot,
Sink, slaughtered, in the castle moat.
Tumultuous rushing to the shore,
Their way with carnage stained and gore,
Innumerous masses fly: the main
Repels them on the foes again,

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Heaven-piercing shrieks, th' earth-shaking groan,
Thicken around the fated throne.
The assembled states, in deep distress,
Their hopes direct to *Lionesse*;
Unanimous, the sway, confer,
On Cornwall's Duke, brave Vortiger.

By him invited, Saxons come,
In place of warriors, marched to Rome.
Hengist and Horsus, bold, displayed
The banner of the foreign aid.
As, artful, Hengist had contrived,
In fleet, that subsequent arrived,
His daughter, fair Ravena, came,
Whose beauty spread on wings of fame.
To a banquet he the king invites;
And, in the midst of festive rites,
She, courteous kneels, with Paphos-eye,
And, wine, presents to his Majesty,

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Charmed, from the fair, the cup, he takes;
Each fond desire, inflamed, awakes;
The devil into his bosom stole,
And placed it under love's control.*

The queen, from his embrace, removed,
Yields to a pagan more beloved.
Succeeding this alliance, swarms
Of Saxons, land in shining arms.
The fort, the tower, the rampart strong,
Hengist mans, with the martial throng.

Th' assembled states expose to view,
What fatal issue may ensue;

* "Vortiger being now intoxicated with the variety "of liquors, the devil took this opportunity to enter "into his heart, and to make him in love with the "damsel. It was, I say, by the devil's entering into "his heart, that he, who was a Christian, should "fall in love with a Pagan."

(*Geoffry of Monmouth*, B. VI. c. 12.)

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And advertise, as *Cooper* writes,
The king, where end may his delights;—
In vain:—he, their remonstrance, spurns:
Ravena, with resentment, burns;—
And, to display her lofty state,
Befriends she more whom Britons hate.
Assembled, prompt, resolve, the peers,
T' avert the nation's spreading fears;
And save the realm from future woes,
They, with regret, the king, depose.

II.

While, high, conflicting interests run,
The queen, divorced, lives with her son,
Secluded in Tintagel tower,
As fair Ravena blazed in power.

Prince Vortimer obeys the vote,
The heralds from the council brought;
Farewell, bade to his mother, lone,
And hastens to ascend the throne.

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The Saxons, in their strength, confide,
And Britain's armies stand defied.
Led by brave Vortimer, the realm,
They save from woes which flow t' o'erwhelm.
In frequent fields, the bloody day
Sees Pagan myriads melt away.
The hostile chieftains, foiled, subdued,
Fly, by the British bands, pursued.

Hostilities, the king bids cease,
And fosters, mild, the arts of peace;
Those fanes which ruined lay, defaced,
Repaired he, or, with sculpture, graced.

Ravena's mind, by day,—in sleep,—
Raged troublous as the stormy deep.
Frowning, terrific o'er the rest,
Revenge swayed her impassioned breast;
The pious deeds, the king performed,
Pierced her more deep than castles stormed:

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From him she hates, her Pagan faith,
No compromise, will own, but death.

At dead of night, infernal, came
A fiend, on wings of sulphurous flame:
His fiery eyes upon her roll,
Congenial to her savage soul:
Exclaims, as he, her ire, excites,
"For thy commands, wait fateful sprites."
Ere day's bright orb began to shine,
She rose t' accomplish her design.
One, to the king, procures access,
As quick arrived from *Lionesse:*
News of his mother whilst he caught,
In wine was pour'd a poisonous draught;
The cup, he drinks, midst falseful news;
Th' engredients raise death's frigid dews.
A lifeless corpse the monarch falls,
While echoing moan the trembling halls.—
And, as his fate, the kingdom mourns,
The crown, to Vortiger, returns.

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Hengist, who from the isle had fled,
For fresh attack more troops, conveyed.
Again, the British lines, in sight,
Stand marshalled, him t' oppose in fight.
With deep dissembled purpose, stands
He, to ensnare th' inconscious bands;
He treats for peace; dares to propose,
His troops, unarmed; unarmed, his foes,
Meet, on the plain around Stone-Henge,
A lasting treaty, to arrange.
Writes *Hardinge*, on the treacherous field,
" Knives in their hosen, his troops concealed."
With olive-boughs to th' interview,
Their march the British lines pursue;
And, instant, fall the noblest lives,
Stabb'd by the murderous Saxon knives.
Four hundred sixty earls, betrayed,
And barons, in the dust, were laid.
The king was spared to see disgrace,
And ruthless rage, his realm, deface.

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Constrained, reluctant, lays he down
The brightest honours of his crown.

In long succession, Saxon hosts
Possess, unchecked, the ravaged coasts.
This barbarous *Conquest*, long, withstood,
Thirteen brave kings of British blood.
While provinced England lies enslaved,
The storm, heroic Cornwall braved.

III.

Fairies.

As Christian light, the land, pervades,
The ancient faith, retiring, fades.
Divinities, whom Greece,—whom Rome,
Had worshipped in the marble dome,

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Degraded, sink. Some lurking seed,
Prolific, of the Druid creed,
Lay scattered round;—and oft, would blow,
Luxuriant weeds, o'er flowers below.
Those streams, which flowed to purify,
Took, from the soil, a tincturing dye.
Credulity, in witchcraft's cell,
With magic, shunned the day, to dwell;
And at the period, we now write,
In fairies, Britain found delight.
More numerous than the Saxon arms,
In Cornwall sprang enchantment's charms.
On moonlight heath, or dewy green,
By Fancy's eye, their troops were seen:
Their gambols, by the midnight stream,
And dance in Cynthia's silver beam;
The circles, formed, where arms had rung,
Were themes which to the harp were sung.

'Midst mental darkness, pathless, deep,
For ages, whilst the mind, asleep,

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No energies, but those, unfolds,
Required to storm stern chieftain-holds,
The harmless raced coral dance,
Through happy vales of ignorance;
And towering heights, would, often, climb,
For beauty's form, or the sublime.

IV.

The Royal Castle of Tintagel.

Of those who owned a patriot's flame,
Uther Pendragon shines in fame:
By Merlin's aid, (ne'er father owned
The seer, through ages, feared, renowned,)
He marched against th' usurping foes;
Their choicest warrior-lines, o'erthrows.
Returned on Victory's wide-spread wings,
Chief sits he midst the British kings.

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They, in his prowess tried, confide,
To lead in war; in peace, preside.

Another battle, with success,
He fought with troops from Lionesse;
Their duke Gorlois, through the ranks,
Conveys the sovereign's grateful thanks.
The Saxon power by him repelled,
Their hostile efforts, long, lay quelled.
To celebrate the great event,
A summons through the land was sent,
That nobles meet in royal hall,
To keep a solemn festival.
To give th' occasion loftier tone,
Assembled beauty greets the throne.
The feast so splendid was, and grand,
As if no foes infest the land.
Of all the ladies who resort,
To constitute the brilliant court,

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Duchess *Igrene* from Cornwall's coast,
For charms, attire, all thoughts, engrossed.
Th' enraptured Uther soon descries
The heavenly radiance of her eyes:
Though welcomed every noble guest,
Her lovely form sways all his breast.
This, Gorlois witnesses, in rage;
Retires without, or squire, or page.
The king displeased at such neglect
Of courtesy, and disrespect,
Commands, that for affront so high,
His vassal make apology.
The Duke, regardless, disobeys:
Resentment, fierce, the king betrays:
Refusals, brought, him more incense;
In buckled mail he meets th' offence.
His bands attempt to waste, with flame,
The noblest towers of Cornwall's fame.
Gorlois, unable them t' oppose,
Sullen, retreats before his foes;

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Botreaux brave lines, th' attack, withstand,
In hopes that Irish aid may land;
Whilst, in Tintagel castle strong,
He placed Igrene, secure from wrong.

V.

Tintagel! day's pure ocean light
Ne'er rolled o'er such poetic height;
The seasons, led by nimble hours,
Ne'er circled stronger spell-bound towers;
Spring wafts perfumes on zephyr's wings,
O'er no such dome of ancient kings;
The broad, blue, vault of summer's sky,
Embrac'd ne'er such woven witchery;
With spiky garlands, autumn, crowned,
Ne'er nodded o'er such magic ground;
'Midst such enchantments as dwelt there,
Ne'er winter stalked with tinkling hair.
Red lightnings flashed, and thunder roll'd,
As wizards licensed, or controll'd;

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Or vanished from this scene of things,
The wonderous seat of Cornwall's kings.
  Tintagel's ruined ramparts, fosse,
Spurn bards who court a bank of moss;
Bold thistles bending to the wind,
Bear sway where Britain's chiefs combined:
  Ah! time has been, where sea-pink, now,
Deck's the peninsula's crimson'd brow,
When beauty's plume of snowy white,
Invited warriors from the fight:
Through mouldering walls, soft evening's glow
Steals to the shadowy vale below.
Their walk the harmless sheep have made,
Where, erst, blazed far the armed parade:
Tall blades of grass, luxuriant, stand,
Where heroes waved the flaming brand;
The sea-mew wings her airy flight,
Where love inspired the gallant knight:
Fierce birds of prey their victims tear,
Where queens reposed the harp to hear:

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Hoarse gulls invade, with ceaseless scream,
Tintagel,—once the nation's theme.

Alas! no more th' heroic wire
Resounds on Cornwall's vocal lyre.
Hark! footsteps pass along the earth,
Wild laughter, and terrific mirth:
In battered casques, chiefs, rattling, fly,
On steeds iron-harness'd, while the sky,
Damped, by dark vapours from their shield,
A pall, hangs, o'er the tuneless field,
Wrapt in pale Cynthia's silvery shroud,
They frequent leave their silent cloud;
Hail, in the living sea of glass,
Their ruined castle, as they pass;
And list, as on Midsummer-eve,
To wizard harps the billows heave.
On mist-wrapt hill; on heathy plain,
They act heroic deeds, again.

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VI.

William of Wor'ster,—sage renowned,—
Records, Tintagel ramparts frowned,
Far o'er blue ocean, and the land,
As Corinœus, skilful, planned.
'Twas his the arduous task t' impose
On Cornwall's conquered giant-foes.

A forest deep of branching trees,
Waving her umbrage to the breeze,
Of three days' journey o'er a plain,
Extending by the northern main,
Around it stood. Through rude hewn rocks,
O'erhung with elms, and shadowing oaks,
The entrance lay, so strait, confined,
Three men defy could, troops, combined.
This passed, a lengthy bridge, and drawn,
By chains, clanked to the castle lawn.
Of massive blocks, quadrangular towers
Confessed the might of giant-powers.

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Their chequered sides appeared afar,
Of azure blue, and cinnabar.
  The fort, immediate, below,
Where moaned the portal, opening slow,
Nature her flowery carpet spreads
Of beauteous lawns, and spacious meads:
With game the forest wide abounds,
By fowler sprung, or chased by hounds.
Broad crystal rivers roll their way,
Where trout and salmon, sportive, play.
At distance, ere the forest ends,
A league of warren-waste extends.
  The northern front, washed by the main,
Rose lofty o'er the azure plain;
Received, safe, undisturbed, supplies
Of ocean fish, and merchandise.

  The wonderous fabric, twice a-year,
From nature's face would disappear.

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At Christmas-eve, when blazing fires
Illumed the halls with wreathing spires,
Dissolved in clouds, it passed away,
Like mist before the morning ray.
When vernal flowers perfumed the plain.
The pile, majestic, towered again.
When vaulted rose the summer skies,
Again, it fled from mortal eyes:
And heaven's broad canopy of blue
Hung bootless o'er the vanished view.
Skilled natives of the neighbouring place,
No vestiges, could ever trace:
By landmarks, permanent, they told,
Where would arise the enchanted hold.
Hither Igrene, secure, retires,
From Uther's arms, and wasteful fires.

VII.

Before Botreaux, while Uther lay,
Blocked up defile, and broader way,

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Ulsius, his confident, in haste,
Brings tidings o'er the heathy waste;
" An aged man, whose silver hair
" Floats streaming on the breezy air,
" Makes promise, he by means, unseen,
" Can give access to fair Igrene;
" The plan he will to you reveal,
" In person;—else from all, conceal."
Th' impatient monarch rose with day;
The faithful Ursius leads the way:
When to th' appointed place they came,
An old man meets them, blind and lame;
They, intent when gazing, with surprise,
The enchanter Merlin, recognise.
" Hail, king of Britain," he exclaimed,
" From thee a son, descending, famed,
" Shall spread the splendours of his reign,
" Far as yon meteor's blazing train."—
(They look:—o'er heaven's light-deluged blue,
A flaming meteor rapid flew.—)

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" Thy kingdom, wet with nightly tears,
" Trees, nurtures, destined for his spears;
" T' unfold the fates requires my aid;—
" Wilt thou?"—his nod, assent, conveyed.

The seer, to crown Pendragon's joys,
His hidden art, alert, employs.
Weird sisters, called from neighbouring down,
The destiny, weave, of Britain's crown;
The leaves, the roots, the stalks, they bruise
Of potent herbs; concoct, infuse:
Applied, their virtues soon displace
The features of king Uther's face;
And, gradual, he acquires the look,
And lineaments of Cornwall's duke;—
That voice accord with visage fixed,
He drinks a potion Merlin mixed;
Who, Ursius and himself, attires,
Like two of Gorlois' trusty squires.

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Thus metamorphosed, secret, went
The king and pages from his tent.
Through camp his confidents convey,
Affairs of state him call away.

Duke Gorlois, promptly, at the news,
Th' advantage, as he hoped, pursues;
A sortie, makes;—and bravely falls,
As Uther reached Tintagel walls.
The bowmen-guards, submissive, stand,
Obsequious to the known command;
The massive, moaning, valves unfold,
As night's dark clouds, in silence, rolled.

Ere radiance, from the morning sky,
Illumed the castle turrets high,
Heralds, dispatched, impatient wait,
For entrance at the drowsy gate.
Announced when 'twas the duke lay slain,
With gallant warriors on the plain,

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Pendragon hastens to the field,
And from Igrene the event, concealed.

VIII.

Prince Arthur.

Grey stones form on the dreary heath,
The narrow house, and home of death;
Piled high the circular burrow rose
To guard her tenant's lone repose.

Pendragon holds his royal way,
Brave Cornwall's castles to survey.
Th' attendant peers, who there sojourned,
When to Tintagel he returned,
Advise, for Cornwall's weal, Igrene
Distinguished, rise as Britain's queen.

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Enraptured hears he them approve
Of her, where centered all his love.—

Tintagel towers, with music, rang;
Hymns nuptial, airy concerts sang;
Deft fairy troops, in green array,
Spread o'er the lawns on Cynthia's ray;
In gambols by the silver floods,
They congregate in Moray woods;
Heedless of guards in arms, unseen,
Gallop o'er bridge and castle green;
Resign their steeds and gossamer rein;
And, laughing, trip the flowery plain;
And, soft as downy footed hours,
Dance through the halls and lofty towers.
Their noisy mirth and revelry,
Merlin beholds, with fondling eye;
His wand he waves;—obsequious, all,
With roses, strew the nuptial hall.

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Pendragon, and his blushing queen,
Regard, surprised, the magic scene.

IX.

Suns rolled away;—'midst nuptial joys,
He, respite from war's toils, employs,
T' establish for Igrene's repose,
An order known 'midst Britain's foes:
Like those who shone in Saxon fights,
Creates he, at Tintagel, knights,
Who, courteous, brave to check alarms,
When he departs to fame, and arms,
Attend the queen.—In velvet hood,
And buckled mail, they search the wood;
Thence, damsels, who had shelter fought,
They, to Tintagel castle, brought.
To seek the hospitable board,
Fled many from the Saxon sword.
The sobbing breast; the streaming eye,
Excite Igrene's warm sympathy:

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The charity she, kind, bestows,
To her babe, unborn, instinctive flows.

Yes! *Arthur*, in succeeding years,
Was spring's kind beam 'midst winter's tears.
We, ere we bring him on the scene,
Unfold events which intervene.
He, soon as he beheld the light,
By Merlin, was conveyed from sight;
And, destined fallen times to repair,
Consigned to knighthood's earliest care.

X.

A cave, adorned with wizard skill,
That far extended 'neath a hill,
Where beech and fir trees towered,
Was Merlin's frequent, calm, retreat,
When courting rest from magic feat,
Where opening knighthood flowered.

Digitized by Google

Seen, distant, in the woody vale,
As night mists, hoar, or darker gale,
  Which battle towers surround,
Sir Hector's halls on Saxon war,
From all their turrets frown afar,
  With skilful archers, crowned.

Placed 'neath Sir Hector's guardian care,
  By Merlin's counsel sage,
Young Arthur's virtues opened fair,
  Like morning suns on age.

When shepherds drove their bleating flocks,
Safe from wild cliffs, or headlong rocks,
  As wintry torrents roared,
Would Arthur wish he were a man,
To save the nation, in the van,
  From Saxon foes, abhorred.

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Oft would he, when fierce tempests blew,
His way, to heath-crowned hill, pursue;
And o'er the main, below,
Would view the billowy mountains rise;
Would, as they sunk, with straining eyes,
Observe the waves of snow:

Then, down to Merlin's cave he'd hie;
And, whilst the winds rushed whistling by,
His withered hand, would squeeze;
And ask, if tents, on battle fields,
Where warriors fight with spears and shields,
Wave, white, like storm-tossed seas.

When Merlin would, the tale, prolong,
For captive queens, how giants strong,
Their swords in combat, clashed,
His ardent mind glowed at each stroke;
Young thunders, round th' horizon, broke,
And embryo lightnings flashed.

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When squadron'd fairies, clothed in green,
  Their bridles ringing shrill,
Galloped, as scarcely to be seen,
  Around the laughing hill.

When martial shouts came on the gale,
He longed for helm; he longed for mail,
  Impatient of control:
Sir Hector's care, or Merlin's art,
As soon might stay the flying dart,
  As curb young Arthur's soul.—

As circling suns fulfilled their round,
  And years rolled swiftly on,
Pendragon, whom brave Britons owned,
  The bulwark of the throne,
Now sleeps in death;—the silent place
Beholds him, of the royal race,

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The last; while whelming bands
Of stern invaders, round the shore,
Secure, the flag of conquest bore,
And colonized the lands.

Disjointed factions vainly strove,
Long to obtain the people's love,
By some pretending heir;
And long the realm, 'midst bloodshed, groaned;
Whilst this was crowned; or that, dethroned,
By sword and falchion bare.

XI.

'Twas autumn, when the cooler breeze,
With umber, paints Tintagel trees;
Igrene, attended, rode,
With squire and page, fleet in the chace,
While knights, their martial minds, unbrace,
As vale and mountain glowed.

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With hound and horn, through plain and wood,
Down sunny glade; o'er splashing flood,
In green and scarlet gay,
They swift pursue the bounding deer,
Till mountain shades float on the rear,
And lengthened march of day.

Fatigued, the queen leaves off the course;
Gives, to her faithful page, her horse,
Beside the verdant wood:
Descending, swift, the airy hill,
And bounding o'er the tinkling rill,
A youth before her stood.
His auburn locks, like tendrils, hung;
His eyes were like the sloe;
And in his hand he bore, unstrung,
With ivory tipped, a bow.

When he observance, duteous, made,
A purpling blush, his cheeks, o'erspread:

Digitized by Google

Igrene, him, thus addressed;
" Fair youth, thrice welcome art thou here;
" Thy generous visit may me cheer,
" The short time while I rest."

Beneath a spreading oak, alone,
When seated on a moss-clad stone;
She asks him who the parents were,
To whom he owes his birth?
" For sure, such noble mien and air,
" Bespeak high name and worth."

" Behind yon distant hill, whose crest
" Reposes midst a lake of mist,
" Shine, far, my father's halls,
" Sir Hector, he a valiant knight,
" Ne'er backward to engage in fight,
" When injured beauty calls.

Digitized by Google

"A seer, whom, years have rendered, hoar,
"Draws from his fount of ancient lore,
"What may prepare me for the stage
"That waits, he says, a riper age;

"My name is *Arthur*.—Scarce had morn
"Beamed thro' the clouds, when hunter's horn
"Dispelled night's fading frown;
"And I, unbarred the castle gate,
"Climbed, 'midst the fern, with heart elate;
"And, though I posted, fleet, as wind,
"The chace still left me far behind,
"On yonder dewy down."

Him, she regards with anxious look;
Quick blushes rose;—as quick, forsook
Her countenance intent;
Sighs, heaves she, as her heart is wrung;
To emotions deep, her faultering tongue,
Abruptly, thus gives vent:

Digitized by Google

"Unchristen'd, carried was my babe,
"To fairy land, by elfin Mabe;
"And, if I reckon true,
"Such would have shone his comely grace,
"And opening bloom, as those I trace,
"My generous youth, in you.

"As token of my dear regard,
"Your innate sympathy's reward,
"Accept this ancient ring;
"Let it, your youthful hand, adorn,
"As it has mine; erst, was it worn
"By Britain's noble king.

"Tintagel towers o'er ocean green,
"Lone dwelling of a widowed queen:—
"In peaceful times; in sorrow's hour,
"High welcome waits thee at my bower."
She said, and seized the flowing rein,
As back, the knights rode o'er the plain.

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XII.

Young Arthur knows not what may mean
Tintagel, or a widowed queen;
And, as day's setting beam
Plays, sparkling, round his golden gift,
Him, Merlin hailed, from rocky clift
That overhung the stream.

Th' adventure, Arthur full relates;
While Merlin summons up the fates,
Twelve brilliant stones bestud the ring,
Though small as dew-drops of the spring,
And spotless, pure, as they;—
Now, fields, they swell the magic zone,
Where blazoned actions, mirrored, shone,
And battles in array.

Successive, in his wondering view,
Hosts, broken, fly; while hosts pursue;

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There, leagured castles pour their bands,
To whelm fierce foes, from foreign lands:
Here, reapers leave the half-cut corn,
Summoned to arms by martial horn:
In floors, where lay the fruitful sheaves;
In abbey yards, oaks shoot their leaves:
There, welling, down the mountains run
Streams, gurgling in the bloody sun:
Wolves prowl through cities desolate;
Hoarse ravens seize the shattered gate:
Here, towns blaze to the smoky skies,
'Midst mothers' shrieks, and infant cries;
While husbands wet the shadowy plain,
With floods of tears, like moonlight rain:
There, banners wave o'er heath and down;
Here, kneels a youth t' accept the crown;
And, 'midst the desolation vast,
All, on him looks of languor, cast.
Th' inconscious Arthur fancies not,
Such scenes predict his future lot.

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XIII.

Had, many a year, with ruthless hand,
Stern faction torn the bleeding land;
While vacant stood the throne:
And gathering storms still settled round,
And suffering Britons, shelter, found
In Cornwall's forts alone.

To Canterbury, Merlin hastes,
Through Saxon lines, and blood-stained wastes;
Her prelate, tells, on Christmas-eve,
Their woes, a miracle will relieve;
That he, in spite of hostile spears,
Must, then, convene the scattered peers;
The secret great will be revealed,
Who may, of right, the sceptre wield.

As Merlin said, forth mandate went,
That knights, from town and shire,
And lords, attend the parliament,
On pain of curses dire.

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Obedient to the high commands,
The barons met in martial bands:
While, matins and the mass, they sang,
And dome and aisles, re-echoing, rang;
Behind th' east altar, heaved, the mould,
While trembled every tomb;
Then rose, as back the green swaird rolled,
A stone from earth's dark womb:
In it stood sheathed, inscribed with gold,
A burnished warrior's sword,
"Who pulls me out, in him, behold
"Your future sovereign lord."

Ten knights of honour, free from stain,
Purveyed, around the sword, remain,
Expectant, who the heavens beneath,
May draw it from the marble sheath.

XIV.

On new-years' day, the barons bold,
For joust and tournay, stand enrolled.

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That morn, the service past, with shield,
And buckled mail, each rode a-field:
Then came, intent, at tilts to run,
Sir Hector and Sir Kaye his son.
With them, impelled by hidden flames,
Comes Arthur, too, to see the games.
By accident, upon the way,
Was left the sword of young Sir Kaye;
The loss made known; with willing mind,
Rides Arthur back the blade to find:
Arrived, where they had, late, reposed,
All doors were barred; all gates were closed;
He calls, but answer had he none;
To jousting old and young were gone.
Sore vexed, he said, "some other way,
"My brother shall be armed to-day:"
And soon he reached the abbey-yard,
And passed, unarmed, the watchful guard;
By the white marble, takes his stand;
On th' imprisoned weapon, lays his hand;

Digitized by Google

Soon as his touch, the bright hilt felt,
The vigorous hold began to melt.
With valiant pull, the blade, he drew,
While lightnings, round the church-yard, flew.

Sir Kaye, when seen in Arthur's hand,
Knows it to be th' enchanted brand;
Then joyful to his father, flew;
"Behold, to whom the crown is due."

As back returned they to the stone,
Arthur relates what he had done;
And, quick, as oars through billows pass,
He plunged it in the marble mass.
Long, anxious, all assay in vain,
To wrest it from its bed again.

By Arthur's hand, miraculous sight!
It willing rose, 'midst streaming light;

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Inconscious, whilst he waved it high,
And flashes filled the air,
The time approached would not belie
Sir Hector's guardian care;
That warrior-knight, advancing, kneels
Before the martial ring;
And said, "him, whom the sword reveals,
"Acknowledge, Britain's king."

Buchanan writes, th' assembled peers,
Him, crowned, at th' age of eighteen years.

Sir Hector, now replete with joy,
As heaven befriends the noble boy,
To impart his right to royal power,
Embraced the earliest quiet hour;
Relates, how in the Saxon strife,
His father lost his valued life;
How, in Tintagel's distant towers,
His mother passes lonely hours.

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Tears roll, on this, down Arthur's face:—
The huntress, resting from the chace,
Who mourned her son as lost;—bestowed
That ring which on his finger glowed,
Wake filial love:—the crown, he wore,
And sped his way to Cornwall's shore.

XV.

King Arthur.

Tintagel woods, before his view,
In livelier verdure, waving, grew:
Chains, which, in magic, kept it bound;
Wide seas of mist, which surge around,
Disperse, soon as the fiery blast,
Of his horse's nostrils, 'mong them, pass'd.
His heralds wind the portal horn;
'Mongst towers and trees, the sound is borne;

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From their high watch, look bowmen, down;
Whilst rays dart sparkling from his crown;
Through loop-holes, 'midst their armour placed,
Guards, with suspicious eye, him, faced:
Loud asks the trumpeter, across
The deep, wide, intervening fosse,
"Whence, and what are you?"—In reply,
They see a snowy banner fly.

The snowy banner, from the walls,
Is hung, whilst down the drawbridge falls;
Helm, mail, and graith, with dust were spread;
And foam the steeds that fleet had sped.
Without portcullis, whilst they stand,
Arthur, the ring, takes from his hand;
And asks a page who walked the green,
To carry it to the gracious queen.

Igrene, from northern lattice, viewed
The mists roll, fleet, as winds pursued;

Digitized by Google

When, entering the high chamber door,
The courteous page, the token, bore.—
A while, she silent, blushing, stood:—
The comely youth seen in the wood,
With all those generous sympathies,
Which can within the bosom rise,
It brings to mind. She, to her halls,
Orders admittance through the walls.

The ringing arms announce th' advance
Of him she, whilom, met by chance:
She knows not why,—but yearning wrung
Is her full heart:—her faultering tongue,
Her labouring thoughts, fails to convey;
Her breast, a parent's feelings sway.

King Arthur, soon as her he saw,
Doff'd Britain's crown, in filial awe;
"My mother!"—words he found not more,
As hastes he 'long the conscious floor:

Digitized by Google

She faintly shrieks, 'midst gathering tears;
Starts back, o'ercome, with hope,—with fears;
Beholds him with o'erflowing eyes,—
And to his arms, enraptured, flies.
The warrior chiefs, who stand around,
Th' affection caught; in tears, were drowned.

The rose, the lily, and the thorn,
Bibe fragrance from the dewy morn;
Expanding wide their balmy sway,
As o'er the hills, mists pass away:
So, dignified affection rears
Her head, when, cease, the pious tears.

As day, succeeding day, rolls by,
Joy reigns throughout Tintagel high;
And Cornwall to her farthest bounds,
With th' unexpected bliss resounds.

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XVI.

King Arthur defeats the Saxons.

Deep troubles of a suffering land,
Call Arthur from his native strand:
He leaves, to wage with Saxon powers,
His mother in her ancient towers.

That hostile race, soon as they heard,
The crown was on a youth conferred,
Strengthened by troops which recent came,
Prepare t'eraze the British name:
From hill to hill; from plain to plain,
They ride triumphant o'er the slain.
This to prevent, he counsel took
With his cousin Cador, Cornwall's duke.
A thousand men of Lionesse,
With him to meet th' usurper, press.

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They meet.—With wounds, while numbers bleed,
Brave Cador sees his plans succeed.
  Baldulphus leads the Saxon bands,
Who, routed, heed no chief's commands:
Colgrine, his brother, from afar,
Invokes their Pagan gods of war.
To pass th' opposing British line,
Baldulphus forms this bold design.
  Disguised in minstrel's mean attire,
He wakes the chords with music's fire.
Thus, unsuspected, on he strolls;
And Britain's camp, his strain controls.

He strikes the harp:—winged on the breeze,
Flies harmony o'er furze and leas,
  And charms the fragrant air:
Larks, as they climb the noon-tide beam,
Rising to heaven, delighted, seem,
  The swelling notes, to bear.

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He strikes the harp:—stretched on the ground,
The resting warriors listen round,
To the mellifluous strain;
Forget, the while, the toils of war;
The clash of arms; the scythe-armed car,
Rolled o'er the mangled plain.

He strikes the harp:—the distant home,
Where youth, in innocence, would roam,
Starts in the soldier's eye;
The sunny morning of his day
Appears,—and vanishes away,
Amid a stifled sigh:

The minnow-pool; the mossy burn,
That, tinkling, would his rush-wheel, turn;
Wide harvest's blythsome field,
Flow, in succession, from the strings;—
Responsive sounds, each warrior rings,
Rude, on his bossy shield.

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He strikes the harp:—that blissful hour,
Which downy flew 'neath love's soft power,
  Returns midst joys refined;
The rosy cheek, with dimpled smile,
Of maiden true, blooms to beguile
  The hoary veteran's mind.

When he, the British lines, had cleared,
And music's sound, more faintly heard,
He changed his hand:—then loftier rose
Triumphant strains o'er conquered foes.

He struck the harp:—the groan of death,
  And war's terrific clang,
Float undulating o'er the heath,
  As wild, the strings, he rang.

  The light, in *Geoffry's* page, that glows,
Guides us with him through Britain's foes.

Digitized by Google

When near his brother's fort he drew,
The guards, him, by a signal, knew:
Cords, down, are sent; and he ascends
Safe to Colgrine and Saxon friends.
Them, he informs, from German shore,
A numerous fleet, fresh warriors, bore,
To whom he, orders, had dispatched,
T' elude the sentinels who watched,
That sailing 'long the southern coast,
The transports land the valiant host.
As he directed, 'twas obeyed;
Six hundred ships,* armed bands, conveyed
To *Totnes*,—all our history's base,
And honoured by that barbarous race.

XVII.

In vain the Britons, whelmed, retire
From all devouring sword and fire:

* *Geoffry* of Monmouth.

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To fens and woods, the few, who fly,
By hunger starved, more lingering, die.

The ruthless Saxons, breathing wrath,
Victorious, penetrate to Bath.—
When of their progress Arthur hears,
His camp he struck; marched bows and spears,
Nennius records, (he history wrote,
Soon after Arthur's fields were fought,)
Merlin, the valiant king to shield,
Brought magic armour to the field:
The steely mail, in splendour, shone,
Worthy the prince of Britain's throne.
Refulgent helm of gold he wore,
Which, on its top, a dragon, bore:
High waving o'er the lofty crest,
Rose silver hair, like plume of mist,
That, pearly sprinkled, seemed to dance,
As morn's first beams, through night-dews, glance;

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And trembled with soft zephyr's breath,
Dread as the armory of death.
Braced on his arm like kindling star,
Pridwen, his shield, invites the war;
On it engraved, in virgin charms,
Mary, the babe, holds in her arms:—
By Christian emblems, 'twas believed,
Sure victory would be achieved.
With *Calliburn*, his sword renowned,
Avallon's gift, his thigh is bound,
Whose sleeping virtue waked to tame
The hottest battle's raging flame;
From its dread flash, leapt brands around,
Like shivered marble to the ground.
The polished *Rou*, his shining lance,
Supports his terrible advance.

Impetuous, on the Saxon bands,
To rush, the king, his troops, commands,

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Impenetrable long they stood,
As 'gainst the storm, the sounding wood.
While victory hangs in dread suspense,
And battle seems but to commence;
Collecting all his strength, he drew
His Calliburn, whilst lightnings flew:
Prayers to the virgin, then, he made;
And rushed, tremendous, with the blade.
Enchantment spread her wizard wing,
At that dread hour, o'er Britain's king:
And every foe to death is gored,
Where falls his magic-tempered sword.

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XVIII.

Sir Launcelot de Lake visits Tintagel.

Whilst Britain was, again, restored
To her ancient state, and rightful lord;
Arthur returns, with heart elate,
His nuptial rites, to celebrate.

Restormel, Cador's ducal place,
Awaits the sovereign and his Grace.
There, during war, had inmate been
The fair, designed as Britain's queen,
Whom Cador, with parental care,
Caused, with his daughters, equal share,
The education which supports
The royal dignity of courts.
She could her noble lineage trace
Through families of patrician race,

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Her charms and virtuous mind conspire
The youthful king, with love, t' inspire:
And, ardent, longs he to confer
The nuptial ring on *Guenever*.

A valiant youth sailed in her train,
When she, from Latium, crossed the main;
Sir Launcelot de Lake his name,
Destined for future deeds of fame.
By high attention of her knight,
The leaden-footed hours fly light.

Tintagel's fame had reached his ear;
And clad in mail; and armed with spear,
He holds his way to know if true,
It disappeared from mortal view.
The mid-day sun shot down his beam,
When crossed he Camel's sedgy stream:
Ascending, slow, a furzy hill,
His steed, afraid, stands, trembling, still;

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Hot streams of sweat, all o'er him, flow;
The wondering knight, the cause to know,
On stirrup raised, looks forward, keen;
And bramble hedges right between,
Came Merlin. Thrums compose his crest;
His silvery beard o'erspread his breast;
In loosened drapery, hangs down,
With rushes bound, his dew-gemmed gown:
The fires, which from his eye-balls glance,
Raise in Sir Launcelot's hand his lance:
The seer exclaims, with sniggering laugh,
"Reserve for deadlier foe your staff:
"Behold your, and king Arthur's, friend;
"To know more, dare not now pretend:
"On border of enchanted ground,
"Rejoice you've an adviser found.
"Ere yonder sun thrice reach the main,
"Will combat rage, be giants slain:
"Undaunted on your way proceed;
"Nor blame the prescience of your steed."

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Then sat he on a mossy stone,
Whilst darts the knight, like arrow, on.
St. Denis ancient folio says,
One night, he galloped, and two days
Through forests deep, 'midst hungry dreams,
And damsel's shrieks, and sorrow's screams;
On the third morning, near the time,
When rose Tintagel's towers sublime;
Inconscious where he strayed, 'mongst clouds
Of mist which roll like muffling shrouds,
He thought, as loud his horse-hoofs trode,
Along a lengthened bridge, he rode:
When over it, he scarce had passed,
A churl, stern looks of anger, cast;
And rushing at Sir Launcelot,
The panting steed, unfeeling, smote;
Then asks, who there presumes to ride,
Not having, for his leave, applied?
The knight, enraged, would only say,
"I ride, nor shall you answer,"—"nay."

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The furious churl, with sterner voice,
" The will is mine, not thine the choice."
Sir Launcelot heaved his sword, and, down
To the middle, cleaves him from the crown.

From strong barred dwellings, peasants ran,
With execrations 'gainst the man;
Exclaiming, he would rue the deed,
Who made the castle porter bleed.
To hear them, he disdains to wait,
But hastens through the lofty gate:
A spacious court, there meets his eyes;
To ring in wall his steed he ties;
Soon challenged thinks the cautious knight
He may be, and prepares for fight.
From windows, those within, him, spied;
And, fearful for his safety, cried;
" Fair knight, thou art unfortunate,
" Inevitable is thy fate."
These accents, scarcely, had he heard,
When hastening, towards him, appeared

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Two giants, terrible, and clad
With armour, all except the head.
The castle trembled at their look,
As horrible their clubs they shook.
Sir Launcelot, raised his flaming shield
'Gainst stroke from which he backward reeled;
Recovering, ere th' enormous foe
Can meditate a second blow;
Like thunder-claps, his strokes resound,
He cleaves one giant to the ground:
His fellow, when he sees him fall,
With bellowing, shakes the lofty wall;
Runs maddened, far, in dread affright,
And him, pursues, the valiant knight;
And, ere the gate-bolt could be drawn,
He fells him on the trembling lawn.
Their bodies, blood-pools rise between,
Distaining wide the verdant green.

From windows, snowy kerchiefs wave,
'Midst shouts of joy, for deed so brave.

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Before him, ushered to their hall,
The grateful gentlewomen fall:
" Long years," they said, " imprisoned been,
" Have we, beside that bloody green:
" All heiresses to manored lands,
" Bread has been earned by our own hands;
" The silk, weaved in the daily loom,
" Softened, in measure, has our doom.
" Full many a fair and goodly knight,
" Assayed, has, our great wrongs, to right;
" Their generous efforts were in vain;
" They fell, by these stern monsters, slain."

Sir Launcelot, for their sufferings, felt;
And thus accosts them whilst they knelt;
" As recompense for your long seizure,
" Accept their wealth and hidden treasure:
" This castle is not gift of chance,
" The owner's true inheritance.

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" Dark fate, on me, bestows the palm,
" Unknowing where I fought, or am."

Respectful rising, they reply,
" Fair Sir, concealed from human eye,
" Tintagel castle, twice a-year,
" Strong fairy powers bid disappear;
" Or reared 'midst clouds, or sunk in ground,
" 'Tis lost, by their enchantments, bound."

As from a trance, awakened seems
Sir Launcelot, full of airy dreams.
He mounts his steed; his way, pursues,
Through Moray woods, 'midst silvery dews.

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XIX.

King Arthur marries Guenever.

When, at Restormel, he alights,
With worship, hood in hand, the knights,
Arthur, conduct to castle-bower,
Where bloom'd proud Cornwall's sweetest flower.
On verdant deis, sat Guenever;
Like tendrils of the vine, her hair,
In golden ringlets, falls:
The diamond-comb, her hand dismissed,
When sees she mail and nodding crest,
Approach the massive walls;

And rose respectful:—coats of dust,
The armour of the chiefs, encrust;
The steeds, wet, foaming, pranced;
As, o'er her cheek, fresh beauties dawn;
Her king to meet, across the lawn,
She, in form divine, advanced.

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Great was the contrast:—beat with rains;
And scorched with suns, on bloody plains,
The warrior king, her lily hand,
Pressed to his lips;—her countenance, bland,
Where opening roses, modest, blushed,
With spotless innocence, was flushed.

A christian priest with beard of snow,
The first whom Cornwall's converts know,
Whose words still, Druid forms, repeal,
With purer faith, and holier zeal,
Unites their hands:—amidst the rite,
He prays heaven's grace on them may alight.

King Arthur and queen Guenever
To famed Tintagel, now, repair:
The skies are clothed in livelier blue,
As onward they, their course, pursue;
More glorious beams the golden day
On Cornwall's royal-ranged array:

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Dancing 'midst air the banners fly
O'er all the towers in heaven's bright eye.
Gay issuing from the castle-yard,
Obsequious, march, the bowmen-guard.
In garments white, young damsels fling,
Before their path, sweet flowers of spring:
The rapt'rous harps, the soul, inspire:
Loud spousals, sing, the virgin-choir:
Tintagel walls and ramparts strong,
Re-echoing, the high strains, prolong.
Leaning o'er watch-tower, Merlin sees,—
His long beard sporting in the breeze,—
The royal pomp:—then, at the gates,
The grand procession, he awaits:
And, foremost in the sumptuous hall,
Proclaims the marriage festival.

XX.

When on the deis the king sat down,
His robes were purple; gold his crown;

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Gemmed sceptre, in his hand, he bore,
Th' imperial globe, bright, shone before.
On his left, enthroned in lofty state,
The youthful bride, all beauteous, sat:
While Cornwall's dames, in rich attire,
Bloom, each attended by her squire.
White-belted knights, and barons bold,
In armour, blazed, of burnished gold.
At bottom, 'twixt a martial peer,
And Merlin, magic's priest and seer,
Morgan la Fèe, th' enchantress, eyed
Young Guenever, with hostile pride;
His former queen, to Uther, bore
Her, ere he knew the western shore:
Deep skilled, as Merlin, in the art
That passive leads the inconscious heart,
She, plans, contemplates, to destroy,
At future day, king Arthur's joy.

Seven nights in high Tintagel halls,
Are passed in splendid festivals.

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King Arthur, as his sire ordained,
While in the Duchy he remained,
Appoints, that the round table sieges,
Be filled now by his valiant lieges;
And, as by Merlin counselled, calls
Seven score and ten to fill the stalls,
Of honour high, of virtue pure,
Of courage tried, their lives t' inure
To danger, and who, rank, could trace
Through noble line and ancient race.

The knights stand round with hand on sword;
And swear t' obey their sovereign lord;
The crown, defend, and nascent faith,
In midst of perils, war, and death;
To flee from treason and repress;
And succour damsels in distress.
By calliburn, (from foes it slew
Blood fretted the cerulean blue,)

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Placed on his shoulder, each was bound,
To fealty; earth and table, round.
  Sir Launcelot de Lake, reward
Of former times, now meets regard;
On him, as, by the queen, preferred,
Are knighthood's honours, first, conferred.
When calliburn waved o'er his head,
Her eye, on him, mild radiance, shed.
Morgan la Fèe, while pleasures ride
On changeful fortune's flowing tide,
With magic, fills his youthful breast;
And smiles, returned, his joy, expressed.
Th' enchantress, in Guenever's ear,
Suggests, for her, he, spurs, should wear.
  Sir Launcelot, erst, in duty tried,
Before his queen, in grateful pride,
Kneels; and, his services, presents,
In valour, or accomplishments;
Swears, on high honour of a knight,
Her to defend in wrong, or right.

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XXI.

King Arthur marches against the Romans.

Twelve bloodless years the king enjoyed
Repose; his chiefs, the time, employed,
'Midst smiling peace: the Saxons, curbed,
In vain, his government, disturbed.
In arts, or arms, whoe'er had fame,
Invited, to the island came;
The polished manners of his court,
Made it thronged Europe's grand resort.
Barbarians, now, those nations seemed,
Where British knighthood had not beamed.
Crowns, in proportion, glorious shone,
As they claimed friendship with his throne.
Where'er the day could light dispense,
Resounded, his munificence,

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His valour and renown in arms,
Spread, through the world, fear and alarms;
The mightiest kings, with anxious care,
Their cities, wall; their forts, repair,
That they, successful, make defence
'Gainst enterprise of such a prince.
When he, their dispositions, saw,
Pleased he had spread such general awe,
The wonderous purpose does he form,
Europe to conquer, or to storm.

In deeds of arms, his proud career,
Now, witnesses each circling year;
Nor did he cease, until he viewed
All northern Europe lie subdued.
Each province, and each vassal town,
Does homage to the British crown.

When decked with laurels, chief in fame,
He, to his peaceful kingdom, came;

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Twelve ancient fathers, bald, and grey,
Their entrance, make, on high court day;
Lambert Danœus writes, "in hoods,
"And powthered roabes, with purpre studs;"
In hand of each an olive branch,
They, thus, address the royal bench:
"Your acts excite the senate's rage,
"To whom the world owes vassalage:
"From Julius Cæsar's time to this,
"No tribute king has stood remiss;
"Rebellious, you their claims, refuse;
"And Rome's forbearance, dare t' abuse;
"For these, and heavier crimes than these,
"We summon you to cross the seas,
"At her imperial bar t' appear,
"Just sentence for such deeds to hear:
"If you, the sovereign mandate, slight,
"She wields a sword t' enforce her right."

Cador, who sat beside the king,
Feels every nerve with rancor wring;

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Thinks to himself, five men so old
Need not have travelled so far to scold.

Arthur commands, their message, heard,
Whilst answer coolly is prepared,
Them to withdraw:—then every lord,
And chieftain of brave knighthood's board,
In council, meet:—as they advise,
The fathers called, he thus replies;
" We will, that Rome's great emperor know,
" To him, to none, we tribute owe;
" No prince beholds the light of day,
" To whom our crown will, homage, pay;
" The sovereign empire we enjoy,
" A right, descends without alloy;
" Our royal predecessors left
" A title that never shall be reft;
" Tell mighty Rome, our purpose stands,
" To treat her hosts as rebel bands;

Digitized by Google

"To march with our victorious powers,
" And man, with Britons, Latium's towers;
" Tell her to pay us homage due,
" On penalties which may ensue."

Large gifts th' ambassadors receive,
Ere they, the royal presence, leave:
Duke Cador, by the king's command,
Conveys them from the martial land.

Throughout the realm the Roman war,
Soon as announced, grows popular,—
And preparations, vast, are made,
The mighty empire to invade,
The kingdom, ere he warred abroad,
On his nephew Mordred, he bestowed.
And armies, well appointed, sail
In fleets on an unheard-of scale.—

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While Arthur plans his march to Rome,
Digress we on affairs, at home;
And trace *Sir Tristrem's*† brave career,
To chivalrous Cornwall, once, so dear,

† "*Tristrem*" is a name not uncommon in Cornwall, particularly in the ancient family of Thomas Carlyon, Esq. of Tregrehan. For centuries, branches of that house have been called *Tristrem*.

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XXII.

Sir Tristrem de Leonès.

1.

King Felix, Cornwall's sceptre, swayed;
Elizabeth, the royal maid,
  Conducts he, to the main;
Whence messengers, from Leonès,
Her, beauteous, o'er the deep, convey,
  And long attendant train.
Bright, King Melodias' nuptial day
Sheds joy from all his smiling way,
  On baron, duke, and swain.

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Few suns revolved, when, on the wild,
The burrow of king Felix, piled,
  Arose 'midst Cornwall's tears:
His only son prince Marc, whom fate
Denied a tranquil, lofty state,
  The crown, succeeding, wears.

2.

Soft, waving far her umber hues,
The forest shakes the early dews,
  From glistening leaf and limb;
Some crystal globes, they, fond, detain,
O'er which, as in a mirrored main,
  Morn's flitting shadows swim.

Shrill, on th' awakening ear of day,
Resounds the chace of Leonès;
  Fleet, king Melodias rode;
His milk-white stead; his scarlet, gold,
To his distanced court, from plain and wold,
  Through mists of silver, glowed.

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Hushed, sink the tinklings of the rills,
'Midst echoes running round the hills,
To rouse the slumbering deer;
The steed flies, heedless of the rein;
And he, and king, as speed the train,
Like lightning, disappear;
The winding of the huntsman's horn;
The baying hounds which stun the morn,
No longer, reach his ear.

Departing through the devious wood,
Appalled, the anxious knights pursued
Their course, the king, to find;
Their efforts vain:—fatigued, as flies
Hope, they return, when in the skies,
The orb of day declined.

His steed's resistless vigour spent,
Melodias, slow, bewildered went,
Disconsolate and lone;

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And, in a verdant vale, he spied
A female, o'er the meadow, glide,
  Whose brow, with diamonds, shone.

She waves her lily-hand; intent,
His anxious way he onward bent;
  In rosy smiles, she said,
"To yonder tower," (through waving trees,
A tower magnificent he sees,)
  "Advised by me, be led."

The fairy, as they walked the vale,
Unfolds to him her amorous tale;
  Induced, by her address,
Melodias passed the dazzling wall;
She seats him in th' enchanted hall;
  And, 'midst her scorned caress,
He hears the moaning portal fall,
  Denying all egress.

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The love, she proffers, he disdains:
Resentment fires her boiling veins:
  The pomp of grandeur flies;
Rude castle-ruins frown around;
Hoarse winds growl past, or chasing hound,
  While hope of freedom dies.

3.

His youthful queen, with anxious care,
Attendants, few, her journey share,
  All ignorant of his doom,
In search through woods, at noon-tide, strayed,
And, on the turf, fatigued, she laid
  Herself, in evening's gloom.

In anguish, sinking, and despair,
  Whilst her, her train enclose;
She, trembling in the midnight air,
  Feels all a mother's throes.

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—Her strength had fled :—kind duty swathes
Her babe ;—whom she, convulsive, bathes
With tears ;—and 'midst a sigh ;—
" My son ! though much by me desired,—
" Thy mother,—oh !—will have expired,
" Ere hours of darkness fly :—
" Why have ye, cruel stars, conspired,
" To keep him from mine eye !"

Cold dews of death o'erspread her frame ;—
She prays they will him *Tristrem* name,
Memorial of her death;
Then, from her finger, gives a ring
To Rohan, counsellor of the king,
Ere she resigns her breath.—

The infant, to the palace brought,
Was nursed with tender care ;
But, when his eye, a parent, sought,
No parent's smile beamed there.

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Rohan, affectionate, him rears,
  With all observance due;
Informs his mind; instructs his years,
  As he, advancing, grew.

4.

One gloomy night, as thunders rolled;
Melodias burst th' enchanted hold,
  And strayed, as lightnings gleam;
Comes to a shepherd who, his flock,
Had sheltered 'neath the mountain rock,
  That overhung a stream.

Guided by him, he leaves the wood;
Alert, his homeward way, pursued;
  And, mingling grief with joy,
Mourn's loved Elizabeth's sad fate;
Whilst clasping in his arms, elate,
  His youthful, blooming, boy,

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To hunt; to hawk, at purple morn;
To wake the chace with early horn,
  Was graceful Tristrem skilled;
To clothe the harp in heavenly fires;
Or lead sublime the vocal choirs,
  As minstrel, he excelled.

More manly in the bannered field,
  With foaming steed, and spear,
Would, buckled, he, in helm and shield,
  'Midst martial lists, appear.

5.

A ship, from distant Denmark rode,—
Trained hawks, and treasure, all her load,—
At anchor; as the shore he trode,
  His venturous, youthful, mind
Impels him, her, to board, alone,
His purpose, to his friends, unknown,
  Whom far he left behind.

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He, with the master, plays at chess;
Him, every game crowns with success;
  Chagrined, the Dane arose;
Commands his men, they, th' anchor, heave;
Then, th' adversary to deceive,
  Marshals, again, the foes.

Not far they voyaged, when the breeze
On tempest-wing rushed o'er the seas;
  Responsive to the gale,
The Dane's stung conscience, torturing, rose;
Alarms him with impending woes,
  For, treacherous, spreading sail:
Unwilling, still, deep stakes, to pay,
He informs his men, the stranger's stay
  Will cause the winds prevail.

As billowy mountains, o'er them, break;
To save the whole from instant wreck,
  The savage Danes agree,

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T' appease the fury of the blast,
Forthwith the fancied cause be cast,
  Amid the foaming sea.

Ah! fate ordained, his checkered day,
Far other scenes, should soon survey;—
  A vessel hove in sight:
The Danes, his winnings, promptly, pay,
Nor doubt, but that, the storm, would lay;
Then to the stranger, him, convey,
  Who, Cornwall's coast in sight,
Ashore, him, lands:—their boisterous way,
  They steer, with less affright.

6.

When climbing, lorne, a heathy brê,
King Marc, a-hunting, meets his way;
  And finds, from converse short,
His mind, with princely knowledge, stored;
He takes him to Tintagel board;
  And honours him at court.

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Meanwhile, had Rohan, wood and coast,
Searched, anxious for his Tristrem lost;
And search'd, long weeks, in vain,
When tidings reach him, foreign sail
Debarked a stranger, midst a gale,
On shore, far o'er the main.

O'erjoyed with hope, he ploughs the waves,
To Cornwall's yellow strand:—
Two palmers, bending o'er their staves,
Him, guide, across the land.

King Marc approached through Moray wood,
When Rohan doffed his velvet hood,
Obsequious, as he came;
To questions, from the king, replies;—
And manly tears roll down his eyes,
When hears he Tristrem's name.

Digitized by Google

The ring, that queen Elizabeth
Bequeathed, at her lamented death,
  Sighs, from the monarch, drew ;—
" Boughs of our royal lineage gone!
" The offspring, nurtured by our throne,
  " Shall flourish in our view."

With joy, Tintagel turrets ring,
  Whilst Tristrem, there, remains ;—
Returns he ;—and proclaimed is king
  Of Leonès' domains.

7.

Then Anguish, Ireland's sovereign lord,
Swift sailing galley, sends, on board,
  A herald, to demand,
On penalties which may ensue,
The homage and the fealty due,
  By Marc, for Cornwall's land.

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Should he refuse, armed Erin's knight,
Sir Marhause challenge was to fight,
  The chief of Lionesse:
Brother to Ireland's queen was he;
And equal, to his pedigree,
  His valour and address.

Tall, comely, graceful, brave, and stout;
Or clad in armour, or without,
  He, admiration, drew:
Of Erin's sons, 'gainst foe t'advance
On horseback; or, on foot, the lance,
  None more, unerring, threw.

The homage, claimed, king Marc resents;
Sir Marhause seeks his distant tents,
  Impatient of delay;
But Cornwall's sons, than trivial feud,
Career more glorious, now, pursued,
  As *Arthur* led the way.

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Sir Marhause, when no knights appear;
At homage, scorned; and mocked, his spear,
  Denounces vengeful fate:—
Brave Tristrem, then, returns to hear,
For tribute, stated as arrear,
  What woes, the kingdom, wait.

His skill in arms; his polished grace;
His noble mien, in field or chace;
  His snowy streaming plume,
Attracted most the gazer's eye,
While, frequent, rose th' inconscious sigh,
  'Midst beauty's heightening bloom.

He, fired with glory's living flame,
Anxious t' appear in lists of fame,
  Falls prostrate at the throne;
With hopeful ardour, makes request,
That knighthood's honours, him, invest,
  To rise distinguished,—known.

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"Nephew!" the gracious king replied,
"Boon, on such worth,—such merit, tried,
"We, willing, would confer:—
"The tribute, claimed as Ireland's right,
"Might us dissuade to make one knight,
"Thee, to accept, deter."

Rose Tristrem 'midst his uncle's cares;
For knighthood, prompt, himself, prepares:
The morrow crowns his joy:
He scarce received the accolade;
The spurs; the courage-firing blade,
When longs he, it, t'employ.

With high plumed helm; incased in steel,
A second time, he hastes to kneel,
That, supplicant, he gain,
Permission from the king to fight
With Marhause,—that no future knight
May ere, for bravely cancelled right,
From Ireland, cross the main.

Digitized by Google

Marc,—all his knights from combat shrink,
Effeminate,—on peril's brink,
  Sees ancient Cornwall stand;
Reluctant, yields;—a herald, sends,
T' inform Sir Marhause, one intends,
  To challenge his demand,

Th' assembled courtiers, in affright,
Ask, "who is he that powerful knight,
  "Dares undismayed, engage?"
Sir Tristrem, then;—"Melodias' son;
"Marc's nephew, may, ere day has run,
  "Save him from vassalage."

As, from his eyes, darts living fire,
His beauty, they, and form, admire;
  The monarch, him, embraced:
In Moray forest, spread, a plain,
Where chieftains, erst: or chieftains, slain,
  Had, ancient feuds, effaced.

Digitized by Google

The king and peers, there, stand arrayed;
  Bright-armed Sir Tristrem came:
And, worship when he, courteous, paid,
  Stakes with the foe his fame.

Long, strive the knights, with courage high:
Than yield, each is resolved to die:—
  When doubtful hung the fray,
Sir Tristrem's sword resistless forced
Its way, and forth the life streams burst;—
  Sir Marhause faints away.

8.

Sir Tristrem, whilst he victor stood,
Sees, down his greaves, flow purple blood
  That stained the reeking ground;
And soon perceives, the hostile spear,
Upon its point, did, poison, bear,
  That gave the welling wound;
And hears, if he his life would spare,
He to the country must repair,
  Where was the poison found.

Digitized by Google

King Marc, in ringing armour, strode;
  And, of his minstrel, hoar,
Asks, "if the kingdom ever owed
  "Debt, as now claimed, of yore?
"Or if, o'er ocean, ship e'er rode,
  "That, Ireland's homage, bore?"

His silver beard, the son of song
Removes, which waved, the chords among;
  And, as the king ordains;
Through other years, he sang and played,
How England claimed, how Ireland paid,
  Just right, in former reigns.

Digitized by Google

Minstrel's Song.

Lesuarté, England's king, controlled
Ireland, among his fiefs, enrolled;
This, her proud monarch spurns,
Cildadon;—and for tribute, owned,
On th' ambassadors he sternly frowned;
And, challenge bold, returns;

"Go, tell your prince, one hundred knights,
"In martial order, gallant, stand,
"We battle, to decide, demand;
"His hundred, to enforce his rights,
"Bid him array;—if they prevail,
"The tribute, claims he, ne'er shall fail."

Digitized by Google

In youth, Lesuarté ploughed the main,
Adventures, seeking with the Dane
  Who sang 'midst feasts, o'er pillaged foes:
A few plumed knights of courage high,
  His gallant warrior-train, compose;
From helm and mail, on day's bright eye,
  A flood of dazzling radiance, flows.

When landed on the rock-bound shore,
The fiery steeds, them, swiftly bore,
  O'er hill and valley, unrestrained;
Nor halted they, till distant shone
The palace, where, on Denmark's throne,
  King Fregrelona, powerful, reigned.

His daughter, fair Brisena, viewed
Them, from her bower, as they pursued,
  White plumed, their rapid, glittering, way;
And, hastening to the wall, is seen
By prince Lesuarté, on the green,
  As, marshalled, halts th' unknown array:

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The foaming steeds, impatient, prance,
  The course, still, to consume;—
He, to the lady, lowers his lance,
  And doffs his waving plume:—

As graceful bends the opening rose,
Her fragrant bosom to disclose,
  As zephyr, softly, whispers by,
She courteous beckons; whilst a moan
Tells, wide the massive doors are thrown,
  In ancient hopitality.

Assembled round the festive board,
Girt on his thigh each glittering sword,
  Sit martial Denmark's warrior-peers;
Her aged king rose from the deis,
With words of welcome, and of peace,
  As prince, from foreign land, appears.

Digitized by Google

Placed by the monarch, he receives
Attention which, fatigue, relieves ;
His knights commingle, courteous, all,
In friendship with the noble throng ;
Whilst flows the wine ; whilst harp and song
Reign through the high resounding hall.

Lesuarté gazed :—loves, kindling, rush ;
As conscious glowed the mutual blush ;
Confused, Brisena, lost in thought,
Would go ;—delays ;—a thrilling flame,
In pleasing stealth, pervades her frame,
As she, her silent chamber, sought.

Of all the suitors, whom her charms,
With love and hope had fired,
The prince, with nought but horse and arms,
Affection, real, inspired.

Digitized by Google

Denmark consents :—in nuptial bands,
  Are joined the youthful pair ;
And, ere they sail for foreign lands,
  Her warmest greetings, share.—

Deserted, weep Brisena's bowers ;
Old warriors, on th' embattled towers,
  View far the joyous-bridal way :
Converse, as melt they from the sight ;
Winds, blessings, waft, as mountain height,
  Ascends, the lengthened train, on day.

The sails, unfurled, swell to the breeze ;
The curling waves glide o'er the seas ;
  The prince and royal bride
Embark for England's far domains ;
Sea-nymphs swim o'er the watery plains ;
  Sing spousals by their side.

Digitized by Google

When prince Lesuarté reached the land,
Dukes, sable-clad, met on the strand,
  Inform him, dying without heir,
The king, his brother,—that the throne
No glory lose which round it shone,—
  Wills, they, successor, him, declare.—

Amidst congratulations high,
  His dawning reign, which hail,
A stranger knight, with redened eye,
  All clad in dusty mail,
Except the head and hands, appears:
Two squires attend with shining spears:
  Before the king, he courteous kneels;
Presents a letter which he bears,
  Secured with five green royal seals.—

"Let this be read, then 'twill be known,
"Why I approach the English throne."

Digitized by Google

The monarch knew, ere it he read,
'Twas note of credence; gracious, said,
" Thy errand, stranger knight, declare."
" Famengomoden, giant bold,
" Of lake of boiling waters, rolled,
" For combat bids thee, prompt, prepare;
" In his, in name of other five,
" Thee I defy:—to fame alive,
" Cildadan, valiant, leads them on;
" Revengeful, ruthless, they combine;
" Thy death, and that of all thy line,
" Will not, for thy offence, atone;
" Brave Abies, Ireland's mightiest king,
" Fell by thy falchion, slain;
" I, in return, a challenge, bring;
" So, enter listed plain."

Lesuarté then; " pray, let me, hear,
" Where knight may, my acceptance, bear."
" To the deep lake which fretful laves
" Mongaza's isle, with boiling waves."

Digitized by Google

Sir Helispenel ploughs the deep;
  And, through Mongaza, bore
Defiance:—hill and valley sleep,
  Lulled by wide ocean's roar;
He hears, the foe had, Ireland, sought,
  And lay on tented plain;
Resolved, the battle there be fought,—
  He measures back the main:—
Lesuarté, to the place soon brought
  A gallant knighted train.

Two heralds, England's king bids haste,
Of Ireland's monarch to request,
  The law be,—neither lead
More than one hundred on the waste;
  Cildadan, stern, agreed.

The knights of England firm advance,
In solid mass, with couched lance;
  The dauntless king, in centre, rode;

Digitized by Google

The good old Medragan, before
Him, marched, and, the red banner, bore;
His cheek, with vigorous courage, glowed.
In Ireland's van, ten giants bound;
Tremble the plains; the hills around
Far echo, as they, thundering, strode.

The giant of the boiling lake,
And ten tried knights, their station, take,
Upon a neighbouring, verdant hill,
To watch the time, or circumstance,
To seize the prince, or with their lance,
Him to pursue, beset, and kill.

Around, all nature tranquil lay;
The warrior-tread astounds the day:
They approach:—they, furious, meet:
Oh! shield and mail ring with the shock;
Without their riders, horses broke
Away, wild, bleeding, fleet.

Digitized by Google

Lesuarté, brave, aware the blame
Of combat, and the lasting shame,
  Or deathless glory him awaits,
Impetuous rushed, where valiant fought
The desperate foes, in battle hot,
  As arbiters of rival states.

His emulous knights, despite their strength,
With flaming spears of dreadful length,
  The mighty giants, fierce, assail;
He, named from the vermilion tower,
O'ercome by Stanor's deadlier power,
  Falls, bellowing, in his rifted mail.

The giant of the mountain walled,
At Gorlond's thrust, Cildadan, called;
  The king, like vivid lightning, flew;
Venebras hurled his certain spear,
The blow, 'twixt shattered helm and ear,
  Him, from his vaulting charger, threw.

Digitized by Google

Brave Gorlond caught the monarch's sword,
Falls,—else would, instant, have him gored.
  The giant of the lake
Views, from his hill, the doubtful field;
The knights rest weary on their shield;
Their armour broken, and the steeds
Exhausted, as each rider bleeds;
And the reserve, which, with him stood,
Descending, like a mountain flood,
  While rocks, with terror, quake;
"Leave none alive," he, ruthless, cries;
"Seize England's king;—he, instant, dies:"—
  His knights, though pierced with wounds,
Themselves, array, before their prince;
And shout, "first, penetrate the fence
  "Which faithful, him, surrounds."
The giant and his comrades force
The line;—the dauntless guard, unhorse:
  They seize Lesuarté's rein;
Drag him to earth:—Sir Venebos,
Of blood though weakened by the loss,
  Flies o'er th' ensanguined plain.

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That arm, which down his king had dashed,
And holds, he, with his falchion, smashed;
So forceful fell the blow;
He, whom he flew to save, receives
A wound, and, purpling, in his greaves,
Streams, copious, reeking flow.

The giant fled across the plain;
His fount of life, blood-torrents drain;
He, staggering, falls in death:—
Hoarse ravens, to feed upon him slain,
Sail o'er the tainted heath.

Sir Venebos, who far, him, chaced,
Returning o'er the storm-swept waste,
Sees, ride in dread array,
Three black-plumed knights, and giants three,
Hurrying with them, o'er distant lea,
To intercept his way.

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All heedless of his wound which welled,
The king, remounted, far beheld
The heart-appalling scene;
Six knights around him ready stand,
With good Medragan, from whose hand,
The banner, cut had been.

They dart, like night fires, o'er the field;
Their horses hoofs, like thunder, pealed;
Their red plumes in the air,
Seemed streaming meteors:—clouds behold,
Among their murky vallies, rolled
Thus, tortous lightnings glare.

Sir Venebos, from rocky height,
Sees foes;—sees friends, in rapid flight;
His crimsoned helm, he waves:
The signal for assistance, knew
His king;—assistance timely flew;
He o'ertakes the foe,—and braves.

Digitized by Google

Thus rescued, Venebos unites
His valour with his prince and knights;
  Nor would they sheathe the blade,
Till, food for midnight birds of prey,
The giants, in the bloody fray,
  Stretched on the waste, were laid.

  The victors measure back their way;
March to the strand in proud array.
Two Irish knights, besmeared with gore,
With ebbing life, are rowed from shore:

Twelve damsels, clothed in snowy white,
With squires upon the beach alight;
  And, on a signal made,
The boat is sent:—arrived on board,
They, as their cares, relief, afford,
  A joyous grief displayed.

Digitized by Google

Unmoored, the vessels plough the main;
  A flowery isle appeared;
T'allay the wounded warriors' pain,
  They, thither, willing steered.

One in a castle's tranquil tower,
  Whose turrets kiss the balmy sky,
  Lay fostered by meek sympathy:
To th'other in a garden bower,
  As passed on fragrant wing
Sweet consolation's grateful hour,
  Bland zephyrs health would bring.

On beds, which purple, shining gold,
In drapery woven, rich infold,
  They, convalescent, lay;
Fresh vigour every sun, that rolled,
  Wafts on his earliest ray.

Digitized by Google

Recovered, for their native strand,
They leave the fairy isle;†
The vessel steered by elfin hand;
The breeze, their thanks, wafts to the land,
'Midst hoary ocean's smile.

The minstrel ceased. King Marc arose,
And fiercely struck his mail;
The martial sound wild, echoing, flows,
As dies the tuneful tale:
So yields, pursued o'er melting snows,
Young zephyr to the gale.

"Then cease," exclaimed he, "Ireland's claims
"Upon our royal crown,
"Long as the ring of arms, the flames
"Of minstrel-harp, can drown."

† The isle of Lundy lies about seven leagues north-east from Tintagel. In a clear day it is distinctly seen: a slight haziness of the air makes it disappear.

Digitized by Google

9.

Sir Tristrem, when he, Ireland, reached,
For Marhause he be not impeached,
Nor, from relief, estranged,
The minstrel garb;—red belted cloak;
Green faded bonnet; weathered lock,
He wears:—his name, whene'er he spoke,
To *Tramstris*, had he changed.

Disguised, he wakes the vocal string:—
His fame, hears Anguish, Ireland's king:—
Prompt, at the monarch's call,
He strikes the harp; such heavenly fires
Were never known, as he inspires,
Through the delighted hall.
Luxuriant fancy, beaming, dawned,
Like light 'midst morning dew,
As o'er the chords his lofty hand,
In inspiration, flew:
Enthusiasm stood, and fanned
The kindling fires he threw.

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The tempest's voice;—the winds on wing;
The thunder rolls o'er every string,
  Obedient to his sway;
Like silver-skirted cloud which bears
Th' harmonious music of the spheres,
As charmed creation, thrilling, hears,
  The numbers melt away.

La Belle Isonde, the royal maid,
Enraptured, when, the strains, he played,
  For the lorne minstrel, feels;
Bestows the tenderest care to bring
The poison from the deep'ning spring;
  At last, successful, heals.

10.

Sir Tristrem's heart, in joy, enthrond,
He kneeling, thanks La Belle Isonde,
  For life and health, restored;

Digitized by Google

Swears, on high honour of a knight,
Her, faithful, to defend in right,
  Or wrong, by lance and sword;*
And promised, duteous, to her sire,
His gratitude should ne'er expire:—
  Returns he then on board.

By day;—when wrapped in downy sleep,
  Her lovely form appears:—
The dear impression o'er the deep,
  He, fondly cherished, bears.

He hoped the happy morn would rise,
When he, for her kind sympathies,
  Would find a meet reward;
Meanwhile, subservient to the man,
True knightly feelings silent ran,
  And issued in regard.

* The oath of a knight.

Digitized by Google

Tintagel turrets lofty soar
O'er sea of mist that whelmed the shore,
  While, through the refluent surge,
He steers into the neighbouring bay,
As the proud castle, on the day,
  And all her pomp, emerge.

11.

His voyage, in his accents, glows;
While from his eye, joy rapturous flows,
  His praises all combine
T' extol the charms, the seas, beyond,
Of beauteous La Belle Isonde,
  And paint her form divine.

His ardent speech, the king, inflamed:
  Unfixed long had he been;
Resolves he, henceforth, she be claimed,
  As royal Cornwall's queen.

Digitized by Google

He, on Sir Tristrem, of emprize,
And fame, unrivalled, firm relies,
  His object to obtain.—
On the high embassy Sir Knight,
In splendid vessel, gaily dight,
  Glad, measures back the main.

More secret cause lay underneath:
The Irish queen, by her brother's death,
  Might wish, when he appears,
Him, in disaster, to embroil,
And keep one from the duchy soil,
  Marc, as a rival, fears.

His fears were real; but, this, he knew,
  Long after, and, too late:
The plans, he chooses to pursue,
  Their very ends, defeat.

Digitized by Google

12.

A fiery dragon ravaged far,
  Ireland's devoted isle;
The blush of morn; eve's beauteous star,
  Met tears for every smile.

As hissed it, clouds of poison flew;
Consumed the plants with noisome dew;
  Scorched the decaying trees;
Destroyed all cattle: even mankind,
Amidst the air infected, pined,
  And die by quick degrees.

Th' ill-fated country, desert, lay;
  Few inhabitants remained;
Wide suffering nature spread to day,
  With gore, her bosom, stained.

Digitized by Google

By a copious spring,—the crystal source,
Whence a deep river held its course,
  Yawned dread the dragon's cave;
Such the contagion it instills;
Shrank with dismay the tribute rills,
  From the death-bearing wave.

Leagues distant, where the currents run,
  'Twixt nations spreading wide,
The brute creation,—mortals shun
  The pestilential tide.

13.

Sir Tristrem, at this juncture, lands:—
When for the heights he left the sands,
  A weariness he feels;
And lays him 'neath a blossom'd thorn,
Where, sleep, on downy pinions, borne,
    In rest his eyelids, seals.

Digitized by Google

To waking Fancy's watchful eye,
A vision glorious, down the sky,
  Pursues his radiant way:
His purple wings shone fringed with gold;
Refulgent waves, celestial, rolled,
  Far wide, dispensing day.

His heavenly-tempered sword and shield,
With lightnings, far, illumed the field,
  Whilst he, Sir Tristrem, hailed;
"Go forth, courageous, in our might;
"For bishop, and for people, fight:"—
  Through ether then he sailed.

The knight awoke; astonished, found,
Beside him, on the verdant ground,
  A buckler and a brand;
Of less circumference, that seemed;
And shorter this, than blade which gleamed,
  Erst, in his valiant hand.

Digitized by Google

14.

Pondering the vision from him fled,
His way, with th' arms, he joyous sped;
A vigour, ne'er he knew,
Impart they to his glowing frame:—
When mournful shrieks and howlings came,
On every wind that blew.

Across the desert, crowds, in haste,
Fly from the dragon that laid waste
Sad Erin's blasted plains:
Round him the wanderers anxious pressed,
In tears: for thousands, more distress'd,
No way t' escape remains.

He climbs a mountain;—far below,
He sees the dragon's fire,
Deserted villages, o'erthrow,
And mangled heaps expire.

Digitized by Google

Slow, marching down a leafless vale,
With banners floating on the gale,
  A grave procession came,
Loud, chaunting hymns:—with brandished blade,
And shield, on his high arm, displayed,
  He speeds, as clothed in flame.

The mitred bishop walks before;
  The cross unlifted, held;
The priests, tall torches, relics, bore,
  Which, demon-foes, repelled.

Behind the venerable train,
The laity, success t' obtain,
  In martial line, advance;
All emulous of the church's zeal;
And hid amidst the pointed steel
  Of javelin and lance.

Digitized by Google

15.

At their approach, the dragon's ire,
In bellowings, rolls 'midst volumed fire;
Erect, its horrid head,
Like tower in flames, arose:—to spring,
Collected quivering sounds each wing,
O'er spires, tumescent, spread.

Sir Tristrem, at th' envenomed breath,
From th' eminence he reach'd, beneath,
Sees forests tremble 'round;
The bishop,—all, expectant, stand;
The monster, at Sir Tristrem's brand,
Rushed on, with tempest-sound.

He dauntless in the echoing wood,
With arms, ethereal-tempered, stood;
While fiery torrents roared
From the fierce dragon's yawning jaws:
A scaly tail it lengthened draws,
Whence streaming poison poured.

Digitized by Google

The poinard, from his forceful throw,
  Sinks in its arching breast;
The fiery torrents cease to flow,
  Its hisses fail, suppressed.

Advancing, bold; with knighthood's spear,
  He gores its plaited side;
Black venom-currents, boiling, sear
  The mountain as they glide.

The bishop,—people, grateful, kneel,
  All o'er the conscious plain;
Returning as, with reeking steel,
  He leaves the dragon slain.

"The shield;—the sword;" he, them, addressed,
  "To which you safety owe,
"Keep as memorials:—heaven when blessed,
  "On them your thanks, bestow."

Digitized by Google

In frantic joy, the natives wild,
No longer from their homes, exiled,
  Run over waste and wold :—
King Anguish, Cornwall's knight, invites,
To share in the convivial rites,
  For such achievement bold.

Sir Tristrem, 'midst the royal hall,
Unfolds his message; urges all
  Th' inducements Marc had sent:
An ancient throne; far-spread domains;
Walled castles; Lionesse' rich plains,
Where golden crops repay the swains,
  Procure the king's assent.
Deep gratitude, for dragon, killed,
  And realm of wide extent,
La Belle Isonde's warm bosom, filled;
  She, blushing, yields consent,
And glows, with nature's livery, thrilled,
  Like star in morning's tent.

Digitized by Google

16.

The stoled priests, with pious care,
To the cathedral, now, repair,
And, on the altar, place
The consecrated sword and shield;
Then, smiles, as anthems lofty pealed,
Beam'd o'er the virgin's face.

Amidst devotion's sacred strain,
Descends, adown the starry plain,
In native splendours bright,
Th' archangel Michael, and illumes
The odorous fane, with glory's plumes,
Which drown day's feebler light.
Coruscant gold and sapphire-gem,
Blaze 'round the seraph-diadem;
Eternal youth, enthroned,
Sits blooming on his roseate cheek:
Before him, prostrate, falling meek,
The bishop hears him, gracious, speak
These accents, heaven-intoned:

Digitized by Google

" The chief of cherub powers, behold,
" In heaven's resplendent courts, enrolled,
" Who make mankind their care;
" Your altar-incense reached the throne;—
" 'Twas mine your message to make known,
" Of all the angels, there.

" Thou, reverend prelate, now dispatch
" These arms; with holy men to watch,
" On Normandy's far shore;
" Her mount, our guardian care, invites,
" Profaned by heathen-demon rites,
" Distained by human gore."

Saint Michael, when these words he spoke,
Ascends, amidst the incense-smoke:—
And, holy men, ordained,
Depart on his enjoined behests;
While joy divine pervades the breasts
Of those who at home remained.

Digitized by Google

17.

When bridal preparations, meet,
Isonde, for travel, made complete,
  The queen, with anxious care,
Goes, secret, to a weird's retreat,
  Love-potion to prepare,
Which, when they land, dame Brangawaine,
(Isonde's companion on the main,)
  Should cause the lovers share;
That, heightened flow their mutual bliss,
  Without alloy of woes,
And every sun beam happiness,
At rising, or on Lionesse,
  When his prone axle glows.

A fenny wild extended wide,
O'erlooked by a dreary mountain's side;
  And, at the woody foot,
Of mud the wall, with rushes, clad,
By shepherds, shunned, with silent dread,
  Appeared the witch's hut.

Digitized by Google

The queen of Ireland's palfry, shy,
With pricked up ears, suspicious eye,
  Unwilling, paces on,
Regardless of the load he bore,
Starts back, as sat beside her door,
  The weird on mossy stone:

Then sternly, from the place, she rose;
The wicker-gate, stalks to unclose,
As, who approaches, well she knows,
  Th' unruly palfry pranced;
Nor rests, while she thus hoarsely speaks,
" Got shall be what your highness seeks,
  " Ere th' evening star has glanced."
" I want, what lovers' hearts cements,"
Replied the queen, as she presents
  Gold, with her lily hand:
" The wind-borne vessel waft shall sighs;
" They round old Cornwall's throne shall rise,
  " Like clouds of incense, fanned."

Digitized by Google

Returning from the weird's abode,
The queen thinks, as she swiftly rode,
  What penetrating skill
The hag possessed, whose piercing view,
The future, scanned; the past, that knew,
  By dreary fen and hill!—

Next morn, placed by her chamber door,
Unseen the hand it thither bore,
  She found a flaggon sealed:—
In Brangawaine does she confide,
To none, but Marc and Cornwall's bride,
  The secret be revealed.

18.

With sprightly airs, the nuptial train
Cross Ireland's hills:—the azure main
  Lies 'midst day's sparkling beams;
The silken banner, scarlet, white,
Gay, on the breeze it waves t' invite,
  With rustling lustre, streams.

Digitized by Google

Embarked, La Belle Isonde, a sigh,
Heaves; and looks back, with humid eye,
Upon her native bowers:
Connubial life of happy days
Darts o'er her mind, like morning rays,
On April's opening flowers.

When far they voyaged o'er the tide,
Sir Tristrem, to the youthful bride,
Remarks, "the breezes fail:"
Impatient she;—the oars he plies;—
Man, as with man, he, emulous, vies,
Heeds not the lagging sail.

Tintagel rose o'er distant leagues;
The sun,—the task, Sir knight, fatigues;
At fair Isonde's request,
The governess, scarce left to think,
Hastens to fetch refreshing drink,
But, oh! her object, missed.

Digitized by Google

The oars lay eased upon the bank:
Athirst, Sir Tristrem grateful drank:
  The flaggon, quick, returned,
Again dame Brangawaine filled up,
And gives La Belle Isonde the cup,
  Whom scorching sun-beams burned.

Unwittingly, what they partook
Kindles affection in each look;
  What meant was to insure
Marc's happiness with Cornwall's queen,
A dungeon, opens, dark between,
  Their blasted hopes t' immure.

Companion of Sir Tristrem's way,
Hodain, his dog, recumbent lay;
  The flowing liquid, watched;
Rose, licked the flaggon:—fawning, fond,
To Brangawaine and fair Isonde,
  Becomes he, thence, attached.

Digitized by Google

In Arthur's days, 'mongst Arthur's knights;
In peace or war; in bowers or fights,
  Love, guiltless, reigned and true:
Sir Tristrem's and Isonde's delights,
For ever, sacred, held the rights
  To solemn wedlock due.

Though years, revolving, might behold
  The knight, his fair, caress;
Their web of love lay full enrolled,
  In spotless faithfulness.

19.

Isonde, not long, wore Cornwall's crown,
When Marc grows envious of renown,
  Sir Tristrem, erst, acquired;
His character, suspicion tinged;
His mind became, as dark it hinged,
  With jealous fancies, fired.

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Resolves he, forthwith, to expose
The knight to danger and to foes,
  In hopes, adventures new
May rid him of the man he hates,
And crush the merit that dilates,
  Obnoxious, in his view.

20.

To veil his dark designs, he spent
Suns in the chace:—the royal tent
  Stood pitched in forest wild:—
Knights, who compose the numerous train,
When riding o'er the heathy plain,
  See spears and lances, piled.

The strangers, who, the weapons, owned,
Appear soon on the bannered ground;
  Grand tournaments commence;
Sir Tristrem, as requests the king,
Stands foremost in the martial ring,
  To joust, attack, or fence.

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Sir Lamrake, in the lengthened fights,
O'erthrew king Marc's less valiant knights,
  Then 'gainst Sir Tristrem, flies;
But ere he aim his well-poised lance,
His steed, exhausted, bars all chance;
  And, floundering, pithless, lies.

Alert, he, thundering, strode the field,
Defied Sir Tristrem's sword and shield,
  Who, halting, scorns to seize
The vantage, as the laws of arms,
Forbid, to fallen knight, slightest harms,
  Else forfeits he degrees.

21.

Sir Lamrake, fired with rage, departs;
His breast o'erflows with guileful arts;
  And in a misty morn,
He met a knight, unknown and old,
Holding to view, of garnished gold,
  A rich enchanted horn;

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Morgan le Fée, while Arthur fought
In foreign climes, it, curious, wrought;
And 'twas her foul design,
When he returned, her love, to share,
She should, his faithful Guenever,
To infamy, consign.

No female, bearing marriage vow,
Will this enchanted horn allow,
To drink, that none o'errun,
Unless, pure as when first she loved,
And true has, to her husband, proved,
As dial to the sun.

Sir Lamrake, watchful to resent
Sir Tristrem's scorn; the knight, he sent,
As touch-stone to king Marc;
For he resolved was to inflame
Him more 'gainst one of envied fame,
By open means, or dark.

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Of all the court, could only four
Drink wine, without its flowing o'er;
  The king, outrageous, rose;
Ascends his throne: his council, calls:
Exclaims, "the horn through doors and walls,
  "Does, female guilt, disclose."

He, in his parliament, next moves,
A fire of faggots rise and turves,
  For the convicted dames.
To make the sacrifice complete,
Isonde shall feel the cleansing heat,
  First of th' indignant flames.

His liegemen, manfully, withstand
Him, and to quench his kindling brand,
  Add, if he can, he may,
His own wife, in a bonfire, burn:
They will not, from their bosoms, spurn,
  Theirs, for witch Morgan Fèe.

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At opposition, more incensed,
A speech, on morals, he commenced;—
No stubborn mind would bend;
Unanimous, they, fearless, vote
The horn down Morgan's falseful throat,
Which, with their spears, they'd send.

'Tis then resolved,—king—barons, drink;
From such an ordeal none would shrink;
The horn, they, emulous, fill;
Fond to detect each other's fault;
All—king and barons, midst the draught,
The wine, unlucky, spill!*

Said he, obliged then to succumb,
"Isonde, I now shall spare:
"O'erlook th' affront, all time to come;
"Of trial by the horn, rest dumb,
"As witchcraft's vilest snare."

* Perceval de Gallois.

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22.

Bound, though remained his silent tongue,
Fell jealousy, him, deeper stung:
To prosecute his aim,
Twelve knights, his nephew, Sir Andett
Boasts; and Sir Tristrem, soon beset,
In combat, joins with them.

His valiant arm fails to withstand
The numerous, well appointed, band;
He, from his steed, is thrown:
The noble steed, slow, turning round,
Beholds his master, on the ground,
Amidst a plaintive moan.

The furious knights, around him, close:
Courageous, from the swaird, he rose;
His shield and lance, they wrest:
Disarmed, he rolls his fiery eye;
And, though resolve they, he shall die,
Them, dauntless, he addressed.

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" The jeopardy, when you recall,
" In which I, erst, stood for you all,
" Should, gratitude, inspire;
" Sir Marhause, met I in the lists;
" On homage, now, what power insists?
" Who, truage, dares require?
" The combat, you refused, I fought;
" When pierced, Sir Marhause lay;
" You promised, then, rewards, unsought,—
" Are these rewards,—to slay?"—

Awakening truth flashed o'er their soul;—
Their ruthless thoughts, they prompt, control;
Each, broken faith, repairs;
Regrets, he was advised t'embark,
On stratagem, deep planned, by Marc;
But honour, still, is theirs.

Thick falls the rain on distant hills;
Swell, in the vales, the reddening rills;
Day darkens with the flood;

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The knights, no longer, stern, bereave
Sir Tristrem of his arms, but leave
Him, for the sheltering wood.

23.

Fierce blew the blast across the plain;
Sir Tristrem rides 'midst wind and rain,
Deep pondering on his fate;
The hostile spear; the clouds which drench,
Fail for Isonde, regard, to quench,
And even Marc's deadlier hate.

Through woodland pools, as fleet he dashed,
Clapped thunder round him; lightnings flashed
Across his devious way;
On burrow, stood a rustling oak;
'Neath it, in necromantic cloak,
He spies Morgan le Fèe,

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The noble steed, that dauntless faced
The vivid lightnings, on the waste,
  The instant, she appears,
Snorts wild with fixed suspicious eye,
  And prancing pricks his ears;
While midst the storm, the knight, her cry,
  Hears, or, conjecturing, hears;

"A fellow wanderer on the heath,
  "You'll meet with flowing rein,
"Whose being hangs on lady's breath;
  "'Twas I who wove the chain."
"Hence, hagard witch," he, quick, replied,
"Yon flaming clouds, to thee, allied,
"Less, interrupt me, as I ride:"—
  She shrank beneath the tree;—
Swift as the fires, above, which glanced,
Sir Tristrem's startling steed advanced,
  As from enchantment, free.

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Long, rode he, ere the storm had spent
Its rage, o'er th' earth and firmament:
  Then light-fringed clouds, between,
Pure azure tracks of deepened blue,
Cheering affrighten'd nature's view,
  Enthrone the day serene.

24.

A statue grand of Victory stood,
Contiguous to an ancient wood,
  Whence four ways, branching, spread;
Her right hand holds a shining spear;
White robes, like meteors, launched through air,
  Her limbs, in drapery, clad.

A laurel wreath, her temples, crowned;
Her waist, a starry cincture bound;
  Her left hand, on a shield
Leans, as it massive, beaming far,
Rich emblems, bears, of ancient war,
  And, wide, illumes the field.

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The convex side was burnished gold,
Where blazed in British letters, bold,
" *The goddess who protects*;"
Within, bright silver, radiance, shed,
Where stood a white-plumed knight, and read,
" *O'erthrows the northern Picts.*"

When, to the place, Sir Tristrem came,
He, through the dazzling yellow flame,
The stranger, thus, addressed;
" That golden orb, like mid-day sun,
" Memorial, shines, of battles won,
" Which, time's swift wing, arrest."

" That silver orb," the stranger cries,
" Relates, if I dare trust these eyes,
" Of northern warriors slain:"
Sir Tristrem then, " you err, good knight;
" The dazzling flood o'erpowers the sight,
" As day's grand orb, with stronger light,
" O'erflows the starry plain."

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" What! evidence of sense reject?
" It must not be:—the more I inspect
" The polished concave, round,
" 'Tis silver, I the more insist;—
" And dare maintain, in martial list,
" The truth:"—stern Victory frowned!

Their horses turned, prompt ride they back,
That space, between, increase th' attack;
They uncouch the resting spear;
Th' imputed falsehood to defy,
Impetuous 'gainst each other, fly,
The knights, in bold career.

The shield, cause of their hostile strife,
Rings, as they gallop brave;
The trembling mould invites to life,
In vain, the warrior's grave.

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Their steeds, stunned with the dreadful shock,
Like ocean waves 'gainst mountain-rock,
  Fall on the thundering ground:
Themselves, they quickly disengage;
Valiant, on foot, the combat, wage;
  Their blows far echo 'round.

Four lengthened hours, they, equal, stood;—
  Bespangled still with rain,
Red frothy streams of reeking blood,
  The green-swaird, deep distain:
At last, they 'midst the purpling flood,
  Sink, tranced, as mutual slain.

25.

A Druid travelled near the place,—
The last of all the priestly race,
  Whom Cornwall, erst, revered;
An ancient tree, without a leaf;
The flitting shades of fallen belief,
  His wintry evening, shared.

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A sovereign balsam, he possessed,
From field and forest-plants, expressed;
And, kneeling on the ground,
He, with a father's hand, bestows
Relief on both th'exhausted foes,
And staunched each bleeding wound.

Recovering by his gentle aid;
He asks the cause why thus they bled?
The stranger, answering, rose;
" Against the truth he, vaunting, said,
" The shield of sculptured gold is made,
" Which by the statue glows."

Sir Tristrem then; " that, he denied;
" Affirmed, 'twas silver, and defied
" Me in the recent fight."—
" Ah!" said the Druid, with a sigh,
" In error both, here, might you die;
" Live, now, in what is right.

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" If, ruled by cool reflection's sway,
" Had either gone a little way,
" And viewed the other side,
" Presumption would not have awoke;
" Nor mournful stained, the verdure smoke,
" With knighthood's crimson tide.

" Both boasting knowledge, not attained;
" Nay, blind with ignorance, you remained,
" In rash opinions, fixed;
" But virtuous pride, my gallant friends,
" To rectitude, to honour, tends;
" To independence, next;

" With equal dignity, concedes,
" As she commands; hence, calm, proceeds,
" Majestic on her way;
" Tempestuous clouds of passion, rolled,
" Approach not her pure throne of gold,
" Nor quench the feeblest ray:

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" Hence, by the gods whom I adore,
" In chief, her* witnessing your gore,
" Ne'er draw the hostile blade,
" Till cause of strife,—of kindling hate,
" In reason's balance, cool, sedate,
" You have, impartial, weighed."—

They thank him for advice, and pains:—
The stranger seized the flowing reins;
Exclaims, " Sir, wondrous well,
" Support you knighthood's lofty fame;
" Ere we depart, I pray, the name
" Of my brave foe, you tell."

* The Druids worshipped none of the minor gods, as the Greeks and Romans; for which reason the Romans endeavoured to bring them to their religion; and, to a certain degree, in some instances, succeeded.

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" To laws of arms," said Tristrem, " true,
" I rode the ground first paced by you ;
" Hence, I, precedence, take :"—
The stranger then,—" Restormel halls,
" Fair lady honours, who, me, calls,
" Sir Launcelot de Lake."

" Alas !" cried Tristrem, " yonder sun,
" In sorrow, views the deeds now done ;
" His all-enlivening beam
" Ne'er shone on knight, whose valour high,
" Although you, now, first meet my eye,
" So honoured, I esteem."

Sir Launcelot, too, confessed his shame,
On hearing brave Sir Tristrem's name:
Then, bleeding, both down kneeled ;
Exchange their swords; warm friends, embraced;
Grieved, they should, blood, impassioned, waste;
They leave the purpling field.

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26.

They wend through copse, and flowery lands,
Where, now, Lanhydrock's mansion stands;
And, crossing Fawy dale;
They, climb the steep redoubt-ascent,
Whence warriors oft have, arrows, sent,
Foes, ranged below, t'assail.

The courts they enter;—Guenever
Sees clotted blood, their greaves, besmear:
Their welling wounds, she bathed;
And dressed them with her lily hands;
Brought mollients, and the staying bands,
With kind attention, swathed.

Sir Tristrem, welcomed, then, she greets;
Recounts the valour and the feats,
Emblazoning his renown;
His worship meek; his gentle heart;
His dexterous skill, at lance or dart,
In chace, or hunting-down;

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She hopes, he'll, when their wounds are healed,
  With song her cares, repay;
And strike the harp to glory's field,
  And warriors in array.

27.

Fame, busy, to king Marc, reports,
Sir Tristrem, in Restormel courts,
  The tranquil hours, enjoys:—
His murderous ire, the news exites:—
He leaves Tintagel with two knights;
  Two trusty squires, employs,
To stab him in Guenever's bower;
  Or intercept his way,
That dragged within his ruthless power,
  Unknown, he might him slay.

Mild twilight's latest glimmerings fail,
When entered they the dewy vale,
  By Fawy's murmuring stream:

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The harp's mellifluous cadence falls,
Soft from Restormel's sounding halls,
  Commixed with Cynthia's beam.

Marc hastes, his purpose, to reveal,
That they, by nearest postern steal;
  Surprize th' inconscious guard;
The mirthful concert, armed, invade;
And, in Sir Tristrem, plunge their blade,
  Assured of high reward.

Indignant, each revolting knight,
With sword unsheathed, midst gleaming light,
  Refuses to obey;
Both swear, for such opprobrious breach
Of honour's laws, they'll, him impeach:
Soon shall his plans, king Arthur, reach,
  Who, knight, dares to betray.

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More soon may waves be kept from shore,
Than they infringe the oath they swore :—
  Marc, conscious where it tends,
Rides onward to the western coast;
For worship, they declared as lost,
  He promised great amends.

Their cooled resentment, to repress,
He passed some time in Lionesse;
  And, 'midst th' Elysian plains,
They for regard, to him, they bore,
Raze, from their breasts, the oath they swore,
  And injured honour's stains.

28.

Meanwhile, fierce bands, in dread array,
Of Saxons, hold their wasteful way,
  To work Tintagel's fall.
La Belle Isonde, alone, alarmed;
King Marc, from home; the troops unarmed,
  Without their mareshal;

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Sends to Restormel, winged with speed,
  A messenger for aid:—
Sir Tristrem, on his harnessed steed,
  And Launcelot, prompt, obeyed.

As galloped they beyond the gate,
  Queen Guenever, them, hailed;
The honour they return, elate,
  With plumes, in air, which sailed.

The foe approached, at midnight hour,
When rampart, bastion, hall and tower,
  Unseen, dissolving, lay;
And magic's secret working power,
'Midst shades which scowl, and clouds which lour,
  Usurped her destined sway.

Around the shores of wavy mist,
Rolls Saxon war, with crimson-crest;
  The knights, who landmarks, knew,

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O'er mountain clouds, and vales between,
Where nought but wandering lights are seen,
  Their darkling course, pursue.

Their horses' manes, like meteors, streamed;
Their plumes, black, scarlet, fiery gleamed;
  The clouds, through which they blazed,
With thunder-glooms, fire-skirted, frowned;
From heaven-supported hills, the sound
Of arms descends;—below, profound,
  Scared night awakes, amazed.

On igneous vapours, sailing, fleet,
They, Merlin, in this region, meet;
  "Follow!" exclaims the seer;
Th' advice, through darkness they obey;
He draws night's curtain; in array,
  They rush with flaming spear.

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The lines, surprised; no quarter given,
Whelmed 'midst the misty ocean, driven,
  The Saxons down are hewed;
Fires flit, as Merlin lists, and show,
Where lurks, unseen, the broken foe;
The knights defeat, by wide o'erthrow;
  Hills with the slain are strewed.

Hoarse winds pervade the ebbing gloom,
  Death's struggling groans, they spread;
Those, who escaped their comrade's doom,
  On morning's wings, had fled.

29.

Exhausted, faint, with broken spears,
The gallant knights are filled with fears,
  The fort they will not find;
When Merlin, borne on surging clouds,
Cries, "Follow"!—they, as darkness shrouds,
  Him, swiftly ride behind.

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Though saved by them from Saxon bands,
Concealed, Tintagel castle stands;
But, when, the fosse, they reached,
In thunder he, his voice, conveyed:—
From side to side, by him obeyed,
Th' obedient draw-bridge stretched.

Black, opening 'neath a silvery sea,
The massive portal moaned;
Like ghost in clouds, who they may be,
Looks from high tower, Isonde.

. . . . . .

And soon, Sir Tristrem's crimson-plume
Meets her astonished sight;
Descends she to the ringing room,
Where they, their armour, 'midst the gloom,
Unbuckle from the fight.
Whilst Merlin in th' adjoining hall,
Awakes the lofty strain,
Of proud invader's hopeless fall,
And foreign armies, slain.

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She, heaving silent sighs, surveyed
The dinted shield, th' ensanguined blade,
  Their hands, with gore, distained:—
When hears she from the warriors brave,
Where day stands stemmed by night's thick wave,
  Great victory, they had gained.

With joy her grateful breast o'erflows;
  In heart-enlivening wine,
They drink to Cornwall's long repose:—
  "And, lovely queen, to thine!"

And precious passed the hours, I ween;
Sir Tristrem's love, for Cornwall's queen,
  Like flame on altar, burns;
Day following day beholds him bless'd;
While Marc, as disappeared the mist,
  From Lionesse, returns.

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30.

As he approached the castle gate,
Sir Launcelot hastens to relate
The dangers they had passed;
But for Sir Tristrem's, and his aid,
Tintagel might, in ashes, laid,
Have smoked, one ruin vast.

"Where is Sir Tristrem?" Marc enquires,
His eyes inflamed with jealous fires:
"Our queen has prudent done,
"With courteous favour to detain
"Both, till you hear what thanks remain
"From us, for victory won."

Ah! little did his thoughts agree
With such dissembled phrase;
Revenge boils, like a caverned sea,
Or struggling flames to blaze.

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Sir Tristrem came, in noble mien,
With fair Isonde, across the green;
More fierce rage his alarms:
Advancing, she all beauteous goes,
And longs to tell what threatened woes,
The knights dispell'd, in arms.

"They have our thanks;—we know it all:"—
He said;—and strode to a private hall;
Sat by the oaken board;
Commands the seneschal, that none
Disturb repose he courts alone,
Till morn has, day, restored.

Ere midnight passed, the knights, who went
With Marc, and foiled his dire intent,
Sir Tristrem, danger, show;
Advise, he fly, plot, to prevent;
Marc planning murder now is pent,
They from experience know.

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31.

Of hopes of safety thus bereft,
Ere dawn, he, loved Tintagel, left :—
When reached the distant plain,
His breast, with grief and hatred, burned ;
Neglect, for service great, returned,
Bewildering, shakes his brain.

For rendered good, despised, dispraised,
Which, envy and suspicion raised,
And murder the reward !
As thoughts distracting rent his mind,
Complains he to the passing wind,
Unheard by guide or guard ;
" Deeds, late performed, excite a joy,
" No ruthless tyrant can destroy :
" For Saxons, slain, who marched to burn
" Yon towers, I meet this stern return :—
" Come will the day, ordained by fates,
" When Marc will mourn whom, now, he hates,
" And heaven, in awful justice, frown,
" As he, on him who saved his crown :

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"Ye warbling larks!—the dewy morn
"Hears you,—and me, deserts, forlorn;—
"For me, no sweet flowers bloom;—
"For me, no ray enlivening flows,
"As radiant gates of light unclose;—
"Day meets me, stoled in gloom:—

"Suspended in the desert air,
"His armour, gives he, to thy care,
"Old, solitary, elm,
"To ring, as maid her love-song chaunts;—
"Sir Tristrem, now, no longer wants
"Spear, mail, or plumy helm!"

When shades of evening, round him, fell,
He laid him by a crystal well,
Fatigued:—through night, he slept;
A willow, o'er his mossy bed,
Her languid foliage, sighing, spread,
And, in the moon-beams, wept.

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Far from society, exiled,
In woods he wandered, naked, wild;
  Field-plants and berries, ate:
Poor shepherds, pitying, as they tend
Their flocks, kind charity, extend,
  As lone, by brooks, he sat.

32.

Twelve moons beheld Sir Tristrem stray:
Sometimes would reason's gentle sway,
The ferment of his mind, allay;
  And, as the calm returns,
Would he, his saddened fate, lament;
Again, he wildered, chaunting, went,
  Whilst kindling madness burns

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Sir Tristrem, deranged, sings.

"First rose of summer!—on my breast:—
Bland zephyrs emulous flew;
Their rustling wings, as on they pressed,
The meads with fragrance, strew.
First rose of summer! I inhaled
Thy virgin breath;—the zephyrs sigh;
Through ether, in confusion, sailed,
Nor, in thy hues, their plumage, dye.

"First rose of summer! circling round,
Thee, pointed spears infold;
The zephyrs fled; and flying frowned,
As lay thy leaves unrolled;
Now vagrant on expanded wing,
Revengeful crowd they hovering near;
Perfumes, from every flower, they bring,
Excepting that to me most dear.

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" A smiling morn beamed Tristrem's love;
'Midst budding branches, sang
The feathered warblers of the grove,
Cheer'd hill and valley rang:
The tempest loured; ceased every strain;
And loud th' awakening thunder pealed;
Lost 'midst the surging gloom and rain,
Poor Tristrem strays o'er waste and field.

" First rose of summer! on my breast,
Again shalt thou recline;
Though glooms may, nature, now invest,
Sweet morn again shall shine:

" Ungrateful king! the Saxon yell
Proclaims their dread advance;
When they, thee from thy throne, expel,
Think of Sir Tristrem's lance.

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"The turrets rise!—the turrets rise!—
Kind leaf of aspen spray,
Thanks; thou hast fanned the cloudy skies;
The banner, on Tintagel, flies;—
Isonde, I see;—her radiant eyes
Restore my weary day."

33.

On Cornwall's border then abode
The giant Taullers:—forth he strode,
And o'er the mountains ran;
Laid waste the fields; the forest, gains,
Where kind the hospitable swains
Protect the wildered man.

Them, he pursues: amidst affright,
Roused from his stupor, wakes, Sir knight;
He seized a branching oak;
Avoids the giant's blow;—arise,
All his courageous energies;
Great Taullers' thighs, he broke,

Digitized by Google

From his firm grasp, the brand, he wrenched,
Cuts off his head; while torrents drenched
The reeking, bloody, ground:—
"This, to Tintagel, bear," he said;
"Inform king Mure, no more the blade
"Will havoc, spread, around."

A chamber, entered by a stair,
Hewn in the living stone,
Affords Isonde relief from care,
With Brangawaine, alone.
When joyous swains, the trophy, brought,
She, pensive, that retreat, had sought;
And wakes the harp, as falls a tear,
On theme to faithful memory dear,
When day, descending, shone.

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La Belle Isonde sings to the Harp.

" O Brangawaine, remember'rest thou
The look—the voice divine,
With which Sir Tristrem spoke the vow,
That bound his heart to mine;
And promised by his knightly sword,
That nought but fate's decree
Should rend the tie—should break the word,
He plighted then to me!

" For thee,—for thee, alone, I sigh,"—
(Thou heard'st him gently own;)
" I only live;—I fain would die,
" For thee,—for thee alone!
" Thine image, from my faithful heart,
" Death only can remove:
" The silken bands shall never part,—
" The silken bands of love!"

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But, ah, the magic cup that's given
  By love's enticing god,
Sparkling as if the dews of heaven
  Its dazzling brim, o'erflow'd,—
Is drugged with fond desires, that burn
  The soul;—and, from the brink,
Unless our eager lips we turn,
  'Tis poison that we drink,—

But secret vows unspoke,—unheard,
  By lips,—by ears, below,
And wishes breath'd, and prayers preferr'd,
  The gods alone can know;
These all are borne from breast to breast,
  By sympathy divine:
And oh, my love, when thou art blest,
  The purest bliss is mine!"—

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84.

Great Taulier's sword, two youthful squires
Present, king Marc, the deed, admires;
"Who claims the honour?" he enquires,
"The mightiest giant known,
"Slain by a wanderer?—tell his name."
"A maniac:—shepherds, with it, came,
"Unfit t' approach the throne."

To find him, king and courtiers ride:—
Lone Tristrem, by a rivulet side,
Flowers, in the current, throws;
Beneath the waving ash which shades,
He starts, as tread, his calm, invades;
In frantic mood he rose:—

Scant cincture, loosely round him, draws;
Runs, fierce, his club to seize;
His nails are curved like an eagle's claws;
His hair o'erspreads his knees.

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Marc knows him not; but kindly tries
T' allure him thence; he stern complies;
To soft persuasion, yields;
Back to Tintagel, holds his way:—
To see the madman, from their play,
Crowd, children, o'er the fields.

35.

The king laughs at th' extravagance,
With which he boasts his club a lance;
Isonde flies, with affright,
To that apartment, where, before,
Sir Tristrem would, her charms, adore,
And she caress her knight.

Medicaments, and usage mild,
Him of delusion's power, beguiled;
Whilst reason's steady sway
Extended, gradual, o'er his mind;
Though, at confinement, he repined,
And longed to break away.

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Of all who laughed or pitied, chief,
Abandoning herself to grief,
Would fair Isonde exclaim,
" Alas! my Brangawaine, the star,
" That ruled my birth, thus cruel fir,
" Sheds its malignant flame:

" Alas, the day that saw me born!
" That maniac, savage and forlorn,
" When stalking round the wall;
" O my full heart!—what shall I say?
" Does, though his eye withholds its ray,
" My Tristrem's form recall!"

" As Saint John, me, shall deign to bless,"
Replies the watchful governess,
" If not your lover, fond,
" 'Tis my belief, disguise, he wears,
" Commissioned, or a message, bears,
" From Tristrem to Isonde?"

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"Alas!" rejoined the sighing queen,
"Nor who, nor what he is, I ween;
"For heaven's sake, go, and see,
"Your mind to satisfy; that, doubt,
"Your information be without,
Respecting him, to me."

36.

The cautious Brangawaine commends
Her way to Saint John, and descends
A private winding stair;
Enters the hall, that long extends,
Where many a knight his mind unbends,
Commingling with the fair.

Fronting the dais Sir Tristrem stood,
Absorbed in thoughtful, sullen, mood;
She, with a distant air,
Surveys him; slowly, then she walks;
Whilst, muttering, to himself, he talks,
And plaits his flowing hair.

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A softened step, he hears, advance;
Turns quickly round; a wildering glance,
On her, a while, bestows:—
Flies madness from calm judgment's throne;
His countenance 'midst faint transports shone;—
Away, his club, he throws.—

"Ah! messenger of hope," he cries,
"Assist!—tried friend, on thee, relies;"
"Assist!"—said Brangawaine;
"Yes!—doomed to wretchedness and woe,
"So long: shall I no respite know?—
"Shall Tristrem plead in vain?"

"That you are not," continued she,
"Else me, my eyes deceive;
"In what, with him, do you agree?
"Say, from suspense, relieve."

Digitized by Google

Then he; "remembrance has not failed,
" How, in one vessel, both we sailed,
" With Belle Isonde, the fair;
" The gracious queen with friendship's hand,
" Consigned you, on the Irish strand,
" To my protecting care.

She no less anxious for your fate,
Than that of Cornwall's bride.
Prayed every blessing might await,
When you had crossed the tide.
She climbed a cliff; a sign, she gave;
The signal dear we knew;
Our hearts embalmed it o'er the wave;
It was her last adieu.
" You must remember, how she gave
" Flaggon, to bear across the wave;
" And, as you would retain
" Her lasting kindness, she enjoined,
" It be not lost, used, or purloined,
" On shore, or azure main.

Digitized by Google

" At sea, the scorching sun induced
" Me to ask drink ;—it, you produced,
" From what you were debarred ;
" Fainting with heat I took the cup ;
" A second time you filled it up,
" Inconscious, what it marred.

" La Belle Isonde, t'allay her thirst,
" Drank, grateful; as I had, the first :—
" To such neglectfulness,
" Owe we the misery and woes,
" Which thickening black, our lives, enclose,—
" Do you remember this ?"

" No ;—not a word,"—was her reply :—
" Ah ! Brangawaine, with brighter eye,
" Have you, Sir Tristrem, seen :
" To you, alone, have I revealed
" The love you, inadvertent, sealed
" With Cornwall's beauteous queen.

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" Oh! you have heard our mutual vows;
" Have seen our spotless joy;
" That, now which my disguise allows,
" You will not, sure, destroy."

87.

His faithful words, conviction, wrought:
The royal chamber, then she sought;
He follows, and adjures
Her to assist.—She courteous smiled
Encouragement; her manner mild
Him of success, assures.

At sight of visitant so strange,
Isonde's fair charms, to paleness, change;
She suddenly complains,
That she, indisposition, feels,
Whilst joyous Tristrem runs and kneels;
Her, with his arms, enchains.

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She, struggling from him, backward, starts :—
Assumes he his dissembling arts ;
And, stationed at the door,
Accosts her with extended hands,
Whilst she, in speechless terror, stands
Upon the trembling floor.

" Isonde, alas ! ne'er such neglect,
" From one so loved, could I suspect ;
" Ah ! I have lived too long ;
" An object stand I of distrust,
" Exciting horror, and disgust,
" And frowning hatred strong.

" The faithful memory of love,
" Isonde, does more retentive prove ;
" Thine is a fountain dry ;

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" Once rose its waters in the air,
" Bespangling, round, the lilies fair,
" Refreshing earth and sky;
" Now, on its bank parched summer, bare,
" Sees all his beauties die."

" Friend," she, astonished, quick replies,
" Nor what I hear, nor what these eyes
" Behold, bears slightest trace
" Of true resemblance to the knight,
" Whom nor disguise, nor shades of night,
" Can from my mind efface."

" Fair lady!—queen!" Sir Tristrem, then,
" Affection dwelt, where now disdain;
" And I have seen the day,
" When you, your passion, proud, avowed;—
" Memorials, in remembrance, crowd;
" My favourite dog, where?—say:—

Digitized by Google

" I gave you Hodain; for my sake,
" In him do you still, pleasure, take?"—
She said, " he is at hand:—
" Go, bring him in, dear Brangawaine:"—
From door, where he had listening lain,
Forth Hodain, bounding, fawned.

Soon as he saw, he recognized,
His master,—not to him disguised;—
Ne'er animal expressed
Such joy;—he sprang upon him;—howled;
At fair Isende, reproaching, growled,
Whose looks, no joy, confessed:—

He struck his fore-feet on the floor;
He licked his hands,—his dress;—
Astonishment, the queen feels more,
To see the dog caress.

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No stranger, hitherto, had shared
His fondness; nor t'approach him dared:
  His nature, wholly changed,
By voice, so foreign to her ear,
Makes, to her sense, the scene appear,
  As if all stood deranged.

38.

As Hodian leaped on Tristrem's waist,
His hand, upon his head, he placed;
  And says, "the dog, I fed,
"Remembers still a master kind;
"Whilst, for my constancy, like wind,
  "Has your affection fled.

"When, 'neath a flowering thorn, I cut
"Rose buds, and in the fount them put,
  "Whose crystal stream conveyed
"Them, blushing 'neath your chamber wall,
"T' inform you, at day's fragrant fall,
  "Where, blissful hope, me, laid;

Digitized by Google

" An enemy, who saw me there,
" T' inform king Marc, made it his care;
" And, in the moon-beam bright,
" He, jealous, came, beneath a yew,
" T' anticipate the interview,
" With your incautious knight.

" As through the trees, you, eager, pass,
" You saw his shadow on the grass;
" And trembling, back, returned:
" Enraged, he searched for me, but missed:
" Upon your death did he insist,
" When, from his presence, spurned.

" No means I left, untried, t' assuage
" His ire;—your knight dispelled the rage
" Of Cornwall's vengeful king:—
" A jewel, then your finger, graced;—
" Isonde! on mine, you, grateful, placed
" *This* gold enamell'd ring."

Digitized by Google

A pensive look, on it, she cast;
Her hands she clasped; and sighed, " at last,—
" At last, my Tristrem's slain;
" Were he alive, none else could wear
" That token of remembrance dear:—
" All, you pretend, is vain;
" My hopes, long, perished on his bier,
" Will never bloom again!"

Her faith, no longer, can he try;—
But, 'midst joy flashing from his eye,
For practised arts, atoned;
And, in his natural voice, exclaims,
" Once more, commingle mutual flames
" Of Tristrem and Isonde!"

When she, her knight's loved, accents, knew,
Like lightning, to his arms, she flew:—
In bliss, each silent tongue
Lay;—whilst, unto his throbbing breast,
Her heart, from sorrow, seeking rest,
With dear affection, clung.

Digitized by Google

King Marc, in th' adjoining chamber, watched;
As they embrace, his brand, he snatched;
And, furious, on them, rushed;
Deep, plunged it in Sir Tristrem's side,
Whence, o'er the floor, life's rapid tide,
Through steamy vapour, gushed.

The vengeful tread; the piercing shriek,
Bring hopeless aid;—'midst bloody reek,
Is brave Sir Tristrem borne:—
And, on a rush-clad floor, is placed,
Whilst quickly is his dress unlaced,
By those around, who mourn.

39.

Isonde, as sense affrighted fled,
To death's dark chamber, pale, is led,
Amidst a stifled moan:—
Montreal's kind countess, on the floor,
Kneels by him, lifeless in his gore;—
His spurs, she buckles on,

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The queen, herself, upon him, threw;
Kissed, from his brow, the icy dew;
Her trembling hand, applies,
Unto his heart:—alas! that fire,
Which glowed for her, death bids expire;
And her embrace, defies:
The throne of love and fond desire
Lay silent, 'midst her sighs.

Again, she pressed him to her breast;
His lips were cold as clay;
Then calmly to the world of rest,
Her spirit passed away!

40.

Morn scarce dispelled the shades of night,
When, by the feeble rays of light,
A packet, sealed, was found,
With Tristrem's sword:—these, bear, two squires,
To Marc:---his brows hid caverned fires,
As he, the cord, unbound,

Digitized by Google

And read;---" By Marc, his uncle, slain,
" Sir Tristrem, now, relieved from pain,
" The secret cause, reveals,
" Of purest love;---though full of blame,---
" That leaves Isonde in spotless fame;
" And, with his blood, now seals.

" By him conducted o'er the tide,
" Her mother, for the youthful bride,
" Love-potion, had prepared,
" Which, with her king, as seasons glide,
" Might, 'midst their joys, be shared.

" When noon blazed o'er the placed main,
" Athirst, I eased the oars:
" Unwittingly, dame Brangawaine,
" The fatal liquor, pours:---
" I drank;---and, oh! La Belle Isonde;---
" Death for our error has atoned!"

Digitized by Google

Marc's flaming eye-balls, sorrow quenched;
His tears, Sir Tristrem's scroll, which drenched,
  Were spring's first drops, distilled
From winter's dark and sullen glooms,
Willing t'awake the vernal blooms,
  Which wintry colds had killed.

Brave knighthood's blade before him gleamed,
  By which, Sir Marhause fell;
Which, Cornwall's honour, oft redeemed;
Around his throne, protection, beamed;
  Would, gathering storms, repel:---
His melting mind, o'er every scene
  Of past remembrance, flows:---
Resolves he, knight and faultless queen,
  Together, shall repose.

Digitized by Google

41.

Tintagel chapel, side by side,
  Contained the lovers' tombs;
From Tristrem's sprang, in vernal pride,
  A plant, with purpling blooms:

Along the humid wall it crept;
  Luxuriant tendrils, threw,
Where fair Isonde, 'mong earth-worms, slept,
  While morn, it, pearled with dew.

Oft as rude hands, the funeral wreath,
  Would venture to molest,
T'embalm the mouldering dust beneath,
Fanned by Aurora's fragrant breath,
  Fresh blossoms, it, invest.

Digitized by Google

42.

Ye, who have known the happiness
Of love,---enjoyed a mutual bliss,---
O, spring's first offerings, strew;
O bathe, with tears, the ashes fair
Of the most tender, constant, pair,
Whom chivalrous Cornwall knew.

And ye, whose bosoms, formed of snow,
Repel affection's melting glow,
In wintry fetters, chained,
From scene so sad, so touching, turn;
Be not the silence of their urn,
By your approach, profaned!

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XXIII.

Merlin and the Wood-Cutter.

None mourns Isonde and Tristrem more
Than Merlin:—by Tintagel shore,
  In melancholy's gloom he strayed;
As solace for his poignant grief,
Love kindly flies with prompt relief,
  Instead of magic's feebler aid.

Vivienne, a damsel he had taught
Enchantment, his fond glances, caught:
  He, ardent, supplicates her hand:—
To give his cheek a fresher bloom,
The woods of Moray waft perfume;
  His silver beard, the breezes fanned.

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" My parents," she, dissembling, said,
" Oppose;---that they no more upbraid,
" Instruct me, how I safely may,
" Them, lull to sleep; effectual, bar
" Suspicion;---soft as beam of star,
" Then swift pursue thy welcome way."

Enraptured, from his wizard cell,
He hastens with a sovereign spell:---
Inconscious seated in her bower,
She with it, in oblivion, steeps,
Through night, his sense; and, faithless, keeps
Him in her unrelenting power.

When he awoke in morning's beam,
She said, " await me, by the stream
" Remurmuring to the hoarse cascade,
" Where honey-suckles scent the air,
" And mountain-ash, and beeches fair,
" Coruscant, form a sylvan glade."

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Far through the glooms of Moray wood,
With th' enchantress, he, his way, pursued;
  Perfidious, in a dripping cave,
She, him, confined:---no ancient roll
Records, escaping her control,
  He ever burst the ruthless grave.

Tintagel's prophet, thus betrayed,
Through years, his spirit, unallayed,
  In solemn warnings, frequent, rose:
Scared shepherds, still, in moonless night,
Start at the sound; see glimmering light
  That, from his dreary dwelling, flows.

The deepening snow, and frost severe,
A poor wood-cutter fill with fear;
  The scanty bread, his family eat,
Upon his daily toil, depends:
He, shivering, to the forest, wends,
  Through drifted wreaths, and pelting sleet.

Digitized by Google

The biting cold benumbs his hands;
'Midst tinkling ice he pallid stands;
  Deep in the snow his hatchet falls;
A moan he utters at the loss;—
Whilst ruin, want, his thoughts, engross,
  "Merlin!"—a voice behind him calls.

He looked; and hears, in deeper tone,
"Treasure lies hid 'neath yonder stone;
  "After one year, do thou return."—
His wife, soon as he met her eye,
"Left work?—the starving children cry;
"There is no bread, nor means to buy,
  "Nor stick within the door to burn."

The stone from its position rolled,
They find a sum of glittering gold:—
  His sudden riches to conceal,
The woodman, daily, faggots, cut;
Nor alters, in his humble hut,
  His mean attire, or homely meal.

Digitized by Google

A manored land he saw for sale;
Rank on his family to entail,
  The wide inheritance he bought:—
When poor, him, friends nor parents owned;
The lordly gate, now, daily, moaned,
  As fawning crowds, acquaintance, sought.

The year expired; unseen he rode,
To wait at Merlin's lone abode:—
  "Speak, firm my lasting promise stands."
'Honours I beg to rich domain;
'Undignified, unknown, remain,
  'Devoid of title, manored lands.'

"It shall be granted, as is prayed;
"Humble, as when thy hatchet strayed,
  "Return within a twelvemonth's space."
Raised to a judge, he now presides;
Grave, worshipful, weighs, and decides,
  Impartial, each debated case.

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At th' appointed time, again he stood;
While Merlin questions from the wood,
" What wish unsatisfied remains?"
' Could I behold my daughter wed
' A peer; my son, a canon, made,
' My heart, the highest bliss, attains.'

" 'Tis granted:—come on th' annual day,
" If wish remain still to convey:"—
Now shrinks his worship from the task;
He approached the wood in haughty pride;
Shouts, ' irksome 'tis so far to ride;
' No favour more have I to ask.'

" Away!—the honours I conferred,
" From arrogance, should have deterred;
" For deep ingratitude, returned,
" Shalt thou a scanty pittance gain,
" 'Midst drifted snow, and falling rain:—
" Away!—by Moray's prophet, spurned."

Digitized by Google

His fortunes sink :—his faded eye
Beholds the canon, countess, die ;
  The payment of his land, withheld;
The arm of power, him, dispossessed :
Nor, longer, robes of power invest
  The Justice whom remorse expelled.

Reduced to poverty, he sought
The hamlet where, he whilom, wrought :
  O'erwhelmed with weight of years and shame;
His palsied hand, worn hatchet, took ;
Lopped leafless branches, by the brook,
  To feed his lonely cottage-flame.

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XXIV.

Mount St. Michael, in Normandy.

Day's ebbing waves, a radiant gleam
Of amber, shed on Tiber's stream,
When entered, on their steeds of foam,
The messengers of mighty Rome.*

The fathers hear, with haughty pride,
How Arthur, their decree, defied;
Send heralds 'long th' imperial roads,
T' invoke the aid of kings and gods.
Assembling armies soon unite,
And march t' enforce their ancient right.

* See page 259.

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The ships, which, Britain's warrior's, bore,
Next morning, reached the Norman shore.
Scarce, Arthur saw his lines arrayed,
When to his tent was news conveyed,
A giant of enormous size,
Had made duke Hoel's niece his prize.
The king meets, ere mature his plan
To rescue her, a husbandman,
Who said, " the monster has o'erpowered,
" Seven years, our country; and devoured
" The commons' children; oh! ere long,
" None will remain to mourn the wrong.
" Late, when our duchess went abroad,
" And, with her suite, attended, rode,
" He rushed; of guards, made no account,
" And led her to yon hoary Mount.
" Her veins with blood of Cornwall flow;
" She was your cousin, sir, you know.
" Have pity, as a king renowned,
" And burst the chains with which she's bound."

Digitized by Google

Two valiant knights, with sword and shield,
Attend their sovereign, o'er the field.
When clouds of night obscure the skies,
Above the Mount, bright flames arise.
Below, he bids the warriors wait,
Whilst he approached the castle gate.
He climbs, and sees a widow shed
Tears, copious, o'er a grave, new made;
By her, with Calliburn, he stands,
When, pale, she, with uplifted hands;
" Unhappy thou!—raise not thy breath,
" Else tortures dire, expect; and death:
" The giant, hideous, will the flower
" Of thy brave lines, this night, devour:
" Of late, he slew twelve noble kings,
" And with their beards and precious rings,
" His mantle, purcelled. Hoel's niece,
" Beyond more pain, here, sleeps in peace;
" And me, her nurse, what horrors wait!
" Fly, Arthur, fly; nor court thy fate."

Digitized by Google

" Nay," he replies, " I must advance,
" And with him, fearless, break a lance."

The giant downwards rolled his eye,
Whilst gnawed he, fierce, a human thigh;
His broad limbs, at the fire, he baked,
As maidens three, the live-coals, raked;
And on three broaches, turned, like teal,
Three children, for his evening meal.
King Arthur, at th' appalling sight,
Shouts, " demon, arm thee for the fight."
He rushed tremendous; 'gainst the wall,
Dashed, ringing, Arthur's coronal;
Upon his shield, repeats the blow,
Whilst, echo, all the shores, below:
With Calliburn the monarch rushed;
Him, stabs;—gore, down the mountain, gushed;

His steely club, away he throws,
And staggers with the king to close;

Digitized by Google

In his arms, him, caught; they, wrestling, clung;
And weltering fell; and, struggling, wrung;
O'er one another, dreadful, rolled;
Nor would king Arthur quit his hold;—
Who, when the beach, their progress, stayed,
Calls, to smite off the giant's head.
The trophy, on his club when placed,
Rejoiced the country, erst, laid waste.

XXV.

Upon the western rocky side,
Where waves a grove in summer's pride,
Fair temple of Apollo stands,
And fills with awe the neighbouring lands.
The priests, who at the altar wait,
And priestesses, t'unravel fate,
In snowy robes, by holy fires,
Events, show, as the god inspires.
The husbandman prays, suppliant, there,
Success may crown his annual care,

Digitized by Google

The harvest failed, or waved in gold,
As these enchantresses foretold:
The voyage prospers on the main,
Or hopeless fails, as they ordain:
With human victims, they, appeased,
From danger, supplicants, released:
Now, multitudes, continuous, flock,
And congregate on slope and rock;
And, from the flaming altars, rise
Clouds of burnt offerings to the skies.
The giant slain, their terrors cease;
Religion's rites proceed in peace:—

While, grateful, they the god adore,
A crowded sail approached the shore.
Along a river's bed, the main
Flowed to refresh the wooded plain.
The anchor cast;—a foreign band,
In sable stoles, walked o'er the strand.

Digitized by Google

From Ireland, sword and shield, they brought,
With which Sir Tristrem, whilom, fought.*
The leader of the pious few,
The sacred weapons, holds to view,
Uncovered, while the whispering breeze,
To fan his hoar locks, quits the seas;
And hymns th' archangel;—and his train,
In chorus, tread the wave-ploughed plain.

Hymn to St. Michael.

Saint Michael! heaven's brave warrior-power,
By thee rebellion's bands, o'erthrown,
Mourn, as they think, how 'midst the flower
Of angels, their pure banner shone.

* See page 311.—"L'ecu etant en forme ovale, "garni de petites croix aux quatres parties; l'epée "ayant la forme d'une petite dague."—(*Hist. du Mont S. Michel.*)

Digitized by Google

Great captain! all th' ethereal hosts,
  Obsequious, thy commands, obey,
Embark from light's refulgent coasts,
  To shed, o'er earth, eternal day.

Of paradise, chief guardian thou,
  Whose bowers, the blissful spirits, wait;
While happiness, with starry brow,
  Sits, smiling, in the rosy gate.

Received by thee, through fragrant meads,
  Souls, safe from foes malignant, range:
Thy hand, victorious general, leads
  Them, ever on, to grateful change.

Spheres, leaning o'er their urns of gold,
  Will, joyous, through th' ethereal plain,
Hail th' infant tide of honour rolled,
  To thee, from shores thy votaries gain.

Digitized by Google

Expectant, whilst we suppliant gaze,
For thy descent through ether blue,
In heathen fanes, proud altars blaze,
Receiving honours, to thee, due.

XXVI.

A rushing sound descends the sky;
They look;—and see a banner fly,
Of fiery red, deep fringed with white,
Composed of lambent-streaming light.
On wings of wind Saint Michael came,
His right hand waved a sword of flame:
Then he, in heavenly accents, spoke;
"I, henceforth, consecrate this rock:
"On it, preserved, my sword and shield,
"Through time, will, consolation, yield;
"Afford protection from the storm,
"And miracles, renowned, perform."

Digitized by Google

Saint Aubert,—such the sage's name,—
Who chief from favoured Ireland came,
As revelations, signs, direct,
Resolves, an abbey there t'erect.

Two shapeless rocks, enormous, frowned,
Where 'twas proposed the fane to found;
And as they obstinate defy
All power which human means apply,
Saint Aubert,—bishop now ordained,
Mourns o'er their efforts thus restrained.

Th' archangel, at his prayer, commands,
He bring a babe in swaddling bands,
T' apply its foot against the rock:—
The touch, the mass, that instant, broke;
Which tumbling down th' affrighted steep,
Sunk in the plain in endless sleep;
Displaying, ne'er to be effaced,
Clear vestige where the foot was placed.

Digitized by Google

Materials when, for building, brought,
A water spring, in vain, was sought:
Oppressed with thirst; nor mortar, made,
Th' architect, th' archangel, prayed.
The guardian of the sacred hill,
Shows shady place which cowslips fill:
The bishop, there, his pastoral crook,
Struck, and forth rushed a bubbling brook.
Hence, at religion's holy call,
Superbly rose the abbey wall.

Meanwhile St. Michael, glorious, flew,
Around, his favourite hill, to view;
Recoiling, 'neath th' illumined track,
Clouds, from Apollo's shrine, fled back;
And, o'er his abbey, surging, form
A lake, like midnight in a storm.
A fiery dragon, through the gloom,
Leapt, roaring, from its pitchy womb;

Digitized by Google

Attacks St. Michael;—torrents, cast,
To stop his progress as he passed.
Launched lightnings, from his brandished blade,
The sacrificial clouds, invade;
Dispersed through air, or stealing, slow,
They wander 'round the shores below.

The dragon, as his dwelling fled,
Descended on the mountain's head.
St. Michael, armed with kindling ire,
Pursues:—earth, heaven, are lost in fire:
The listening rocks with terror shake,
The crowds to flight themselves betake.
The combatants; Apollo's fane,
With dying fires, alone remain:
The holy men, who still invoke,
Stand hid amidst the rolling smoke.

How long, how desperate, they fought,
No words can paint; conceive, no thought:
Of living flame an ocean waved,
Whilst they, within, each other, braved.

Digitized by Google

For conquest as they mighty strove,
Bolts, thundering, scathed Apollo's grove.
The heaving main, tumultuous, rose,
And one proud wave, the fane, o'erthrows;
Trees, temple, altar, sacred ground,
Vanish amid th' abyss profound.
Th' expanded gulph, still roaring, yawned,
Till hurled by strong St. Michael's brand,
The fiery dragon, writhing, spent,
Down with the place devoted, went.
Of six rich leagues, with verdure, clad,
And sylvan scenes, umbrageous, spread,
The mount dismantled stood bereft;
And, as now seen, piled rocks were left.*

* The above allegory, indicative of the conversion of the heathen to Christianity by Baptism, has been, imperfectly and improperly, transferred, as a monkish legend, by some historians, to St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall. The monastry of that Mount was, at the Norman Conquest, annexed as a cell to the Abbey of Mount St. Michael in Normandy, by Robert, Earl of Cornwall, from a regard to his mother-country.

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His banner, crimson-velvet lined;
A snowy fringe, the hem, confined;
This, hangs he, on the lofty tower,
Memorial of the deathless hour.

Then, to the realms of lasting day,
Th' archangel held his radiant way.
Some splendent feathers, from his wings,
To earth the dreadful combat brings;
The fugitives, with awe profound,
Were gathered from th' unworthy ground;
Deposited within the fane,
They, to this day, revered, remain.
To pious monks the charge is left,
Who boast of what they stand infeoffed.
From far, flock pilgrims to be shown,
What through the heaven of heavens had flown.
If faded, worn, they lose their grace,
Fresh *partridge feathers*, them, replace!—

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XXVII.

King Arthur's death and funeral.

King Arthur, 'midst his men of war,
Beheld the vision from afar.
To guard th' angelic sword and shield,
Duke Hoel, he directs, to build
A sacristy, where round the steel,
May ages crowd with pilgrim-zeal.
Then he, as *Gaufride's* page relates,
Marched bravely through the Gallic states:
But, ere he could the frontier gain,
Had passed the Alps the Roman train.
Valiant, to spurn the foreign yoke,
He rushes to the battle-shock.
Th' imperial eagles, beaming far,
Announce the world's advance to war.

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Brave Cador, duke of Lionesse,
Whilst all her sons, heroic, press,
In Britain's van, the onset, bore,
As rocks stem waves on Cornwall's shore.
The shouts, the slaughter, pools of blood,
Where lay the slain, and warriors stood;
The dying groans of those who fell,
The dreadful scene of horror, swell.
The king, as Roman arrows showered,
Thinks, his brave Briton's shrink, o'erpowered:
The fortune of the day to turn,
Advanced he with his Calliburn.
The atmosphere, it, flaming, spread,
Man, horse, whole squadrons, lifeless, laid.
So dreadful, he, it, valiant, wields,
The foes are gossamer of the fields.
The Roman host, defeated, flies,
Like clouds dispersed o'er wintry skies.

Victorious, whilst he o'er the plain,
Contemplates legions, wounded, slain;

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A courier, through the mangled field,
On steed of foam, brings letter, sealed.
He, who, the world in arms, had wrecked,
By th'intelligence, stands, speechless, checked;
Mordred usurps the throne, and wears
The British crown, amidst the peers.
King Arthur quickens his return;
His bands with ardent valour burn;
And, rapid as they numerous land,
For victory is the battle planned.

The armies meet,—some tomes agree,
'Twixt Sarum and the southern sea.
But *Cooper*, Winton's bishop, writes,
(Credulity, his page, indites,)
"They fought on Glastonbury plain,
"Where Mordred fell, by Arthur, slain."
Yet Cornwall, this, as fiction, views;
Monks write for ignorance to peruse;
Hence, we attend the rebel car,
With *Carew*, Cornwall's morning star.

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"Flanked by the stream, near Camelford,
"In hostile arms, lay Britons moored;
"And *struck* was the final blow,
"'Twixt Arthur and his treacherous foe.
"The *slaughter-bridge*, as proof, remains,
"Of blood that deluged Cornwall's plains:
"Old folk, a *stone*, through circling years,
"Show;—it King Arthur's name, still, bears."*

XXVIII.

The world, by this tremendous field,
In ominous convulsions, reeled;
Leapt thunder from his throne;
Red lightnings, at his call, awoke;
And o'er the skies, 'midst lurid smoke,
In awful uproar, shone.

Tenacious of King Arthur's name,
Far distant shores dispute the fame,
By his blood-drops, acquired;

* *Carew's* Survey of Cornwall. See notes at the end.

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While through the mass of Britain's sons,
Belief, unshaken, constant runs,
  He has not yet expired.

To hope, the struggling natives cling;
Commit to fame's swift flying wing,
  Their noble king is saved:
As welcomed spreads the joyous sound,
Inspired, new warriors marshal round;
  And Saxons, still, are braved.

Fond Britain, such ideal bliss,
From her wrung heart, could not dismiss,
  Through many a bloody year;
Still hoped she, her victorious son,
Who, twelve great fields, o'er Saxons, won,
  Would, glorious, re-appear,
And fill the stalls war, vacant, made,
In the round table, where, arrayed,
  Stand, slain knight's mail and spear.

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The natives, armed on Cambria's hills,
More soon than yield belief that fills
  The genuine British mind,
Would see him in his thundering car,
Rush through the clouds, inspiring war,
  Like an impetuous wind.

To join him on bright glory's field,
All, who can boast, or spear, or shield,
  In emulation, vie:—
The wardens of a frontier tower
Perceive him, 'midst a sleety shower,
  Changed to a *raven*, fly.

The warriors halt;—enact a law,
None, 'gainst the sacred raven, draw,
  Henceforth, the fatal bow:
Thus, Arthur, metamorphos'd, rest,
Enjoyed, long in his airy nest
  From subjects liege, below.

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Even foreign climes, secure, confide
In Arthur's arm, so often tried,
  And magic-tempered sword;
He, who dares of his fall relate,
Meets, from th' incredulous crowd, that fate,
  Doomed for the most abhorred.

In evil hour, a minstrel lands;—
The harp—his kingdom—in his hands;
  Bretagne pours forth her throng,
As none, like Cornwall's bards, the wire,
Can clothe in pure celestial fire;
  None, so excel in song.

The chieftains, on a grassy mound,
Listen, as rose the tuneful sound;
  He chose a plaintiff theme;
Sings, how brave Britons nobly fell;
How heaps, on heaps, of warriors, swell
  Ensanguined Camel's stream;—

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"Like flitting waves on storm-tossed seas,
"Plumes drifted o'er the quivering lens,
"White as December snows;
"And shivered spears, and dinted mail,
"And rifted helms, the sighing gale,
"In scattered lines, oppose;"

Responsive as awoke the chords,
Indignant rise Bretagne's fierce lords,
And spurn the credulous lay.
The soft, harmonious, music, drowned,
Falls, to distrust, and passion's sound,
A weak, unpitied, prey.
The hoary bard they stone to death,
Ere strains, winged by his vocal breath,
Approach the ear of day.

Guided by History's purer beam,
When Arthur fell by Camel's stream,
We view his princely frame,

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By angels, mourned, who left their spheres,
To bathe the wounds, with heaven's own tears,
  Of the slain son of fame:
They, then, from heaven's seraphic choir,
First to the saint-defended shire,
  On wings ethereal, came.

In silent sympathy, they bore
Him, shrouded, to Tintagel shore,
  And in a barge, where rows
Of living sapphires shone, him, laid;
While by his side, his wonderous blade,
  Like sleeping lightning, glows.

To Somerset's calm coast, they bring
The loved remains of Britain's king;
  Thence, to Avallon's vale,
Him bear, as eve, in dewy car,
Descended from her silver star,
  Suffused with tears, and pale.

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Th' archbishop, shunning Saxon ire,
  From Canterbury, fled,
Preceded by the vocal choir,
  In snowy vestments, clad,
Receives the corpse: their wings of fire,
  O'er it the angels spread.

Of the round table, valorous knights,
Their dinted shields from bloody fights,
  In the cathedral, hang;
In hooded cowl and sable cloak,
At matins, peace to his soul, invoke,
  At vespers, requiem, sang.

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XXIX.

Olavus.*

Before the time of SNORRO *and* SAXO, *the only histories of the Danes were the songs of their ancient Bards. The following portion of Cornish History is nearly a literal translation from the Icelandic prose of Snorro, which has never been noticed by any Cornish writer. The event took place, An. Dom.* 993.

1.

Olavus, son of Norway's king,
With scalds, his deeds of arms, to sing,
The Hebrides, laid waste;
Depopulated Ireland's shore;
Thence, favouring gales, his vessels, bore,
Him Cambria to infest.

* *Johnstoni* Antiquitates Celto-Scandicæ, sive series rerum gestarum inter nationes Britannicarum insularum et gentes septentrionales, ex Snorrone, &c.

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Enriched with spoils, his hostile train
Now navigate the western main,
  Like wolves intent on prey;
The archers drive t'embattled holds,
Flocks, from the hills and bleating folds
  Of Lionesse, away.

2.

  Near Scilly, whilst his squadron rides;
From fame he hears, in th' isles resides
A prophet, whose unerring view,
Of future things, is hailed, as true.
  From curiosity,—desire,
To try the prescience of the sire,
One of his train, in stature, tall;
In gracefulness, surpassing all,
He sends, arrayed in royal dress,
That he, a king, himself, profess.
  Rumour, through every land, proclaimed,
In form, in mien, in stature, famed,

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Olavus, far-excelling, shone,
Above all kings the times had known.
He, who was sent, approached the seer;—
"I am a king" scarce reached his ear;
When from his lips this answer flew,
"Thou art not;—to thy king be true."
He silent stood:—returns, the man;
States how the seer disclosed their plan;
Olavus' breast, impatience fires;
Far all his doubts had fled;
He goes to find whom heaven inspires,
Whose words with truth are clad.

3.

The prince approached; conversing, asks
Him to remove the veil that masks
The path he, strange, pursues;
And whether fates, access, prepare,
That he, a royal kingdom, share;
Or lot of varied hues.

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The hermit feels, through all his labouring soul,
Prophetic impulse; swayed by heaven's control,
Rejoins;—"a glorious monarch shalt thou rise,
"Thy noble deeds shall fill the earth and skies:
"To sacred faith;—regeneration's spring,
"Shalt thou, believers, in succession, bring:
"No words, thy important service, can express;
"Nor will th' advantage, reaped by me, be less:

"By this prove my unerring word;—
"Returning to thy ships, a horde
"Of foes, will thee ensnare;
"With them engaged, some of thy train,
"Lost by the combat, will remain
"Pale corpses in the air.

"Though death may not thee with them mix,
"A lethal dart will thee transfix;
"Back to thy vessels from the field,
"Wilt thou be carried on thy shield.

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" Seven times shall night thy couch surround,
" Ere thou recover from thy wound.
" Then, to complete my full account,
" Wilt thou be bathed in sacred fount."*

4.

The prince his way to his vessels bent:
A hostile band themselves present:
Hence, sanguinary conflict rose;
The hermit's words, th' event, disclose.
To his ships, Olavus, from the field,
Was carried on his bloody shield.

* The holy well in Scilly still retains its celebrity, though its efficacy may be impaired.—The convinced heathens resorted to wells to show their conversion; and were baptized to obtain regeneration. Mr. Moyle, of Blake, in his letter to Mr. Naylor, of St. Martins, Anno 1711, learnedly proves, that churches began to be erected after the middle of the third century. As far as circumstances would permit they were founded near the baptismal founts. The ecclesiastical architect, in some places, built the church only, and left the tower to the people; *et vice versa.*

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The seventh day, after midnight's reign,*
Relieves him from his anxious pain.
Experience, now, Olavus, taught,
The hermit's words with truth were fraught;
The foresight whencesoe'er acquired,
Such knowledge he believes inspired.

5.

The prince, oft, courts an interview:—
Conversing on old things and new,
He chiefly wished to know
The source, whence to the prophet's mind,
That wisdom comes, which, unconfined,
Sees time's hid secrets grow.

* "The day after midnight" is usual with writers of that period. In the most ancient French Romance of Sir Tristrem, known, (Tristan Roman,) we find, "*the day after midnight*, the Saxons arrived "within two English leagues of Cintagel." We still use *se'nnight* and *fortnight*.

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The hermit then;—" whate'er I pray,
" The God of Christians will display."—
He, to the prince's knowledge brought
Great miracles th' Almighty wrought:
Olavus, moved; taught, to believe,
Consents, baptism, to receive.
From sacred fountain, with his train,
Regenerate he emerged from stain.

Him, Scilly isles, long after, viewed,
With true religion's faith, embued.
Priests, learning's sons, attend the Dane,
When he embarks to plow the main.

6.

'Twas autumn, when to Cornwall's shore,
The favouring breeze, Olavus, bore:
Peace, in the port, him, signalized;
Cornwall was Christian; he, baptized.

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A herald through her bounds was sent,
Convoking ducal parliament,
By Gyda, Cornwall's queen:
Her brother, Ireland's sceptre, swayed;
Between the crowns, alliance, made,
Had, by the marriage, been.

Jarlus, the king, was, now, no more:
From Ireland, ship, Alfinus, bore;
In war,—in single combat, famed;
At Gyda's love his hopes, now, aimed;
This answer she makes known;
"The queen, by cautious judgment, led,
"Will choose whom she prefers to wed,
"From peers who grace her own domains;"—
Hence, they, arranged, as she ordains,
Assemble round the throne.

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7.

In costly robes Alfinus came,
With many more, (now lost to fame,)
All splendidly attired:—
Olavus came in raiment plain,
Meant as a shelter 'gainst the rain;
O'er which, long cloak of hoary grain,
Him to protect, conspired.

He with his train, thus humbly drest,
Stood, at a distance from the rest:
Gyda, advancing, each, surveyed:
Her scrutinizing eyes pervade
The manly countenance, to find,
Within, a corresponding mind.
Observant, she approached his place,
Contemplating the prince's face:
Enquires his country and his name;—
"Olavus;—o'er the seas I came."

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"'Mongst all the nobles, I inspect,
"If glow thy breast with mutual fire,
"Thee for a husband I elect,
"Sole object of my fond desire."*

Then he;—"I accept thy plighted vows;"
Asks how to name his destined spouse;
Her race, and lineage?—"Gyda;—reigns
"My sire, o'er Ireland's wide domains;—
"Jarlus, who Cornwall's sceptre swayed,
"By marriage, me his consort, made;
"Since his decease, I rule alone,
"Queen regent of an ancient throne:
"Many for love of me have pined:
"I have, wedlock, hitherto, declined."

* The literal Latin version of the Icelandic is, *Tum Gyda, "si me conjugem cupis," inquit, "te "mihi eligam maritum."—Respondet ille, se non recusare, quærens simul mulieris hujus nomen, genus, atque prosapiam.*

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8.

Of youthful years was Cornwall's queen;
Of spotless beauty; noble men.
They, then, conversing frequent meet;
When matters stand arranged complete,
The manly prince, so meanly clothed,
Preferred to all, the fair, betrothed.

Alfinus burns with deadly ire:—
The custom of the chivalrous shire,
Was, when a rival failed,
By battle, disappointed hope
Should, prompt, with fortune's favourite, cope,
In sable plume, and mailed.

On battle then, he, stern, intent,
A challenge to Olavus, sent:—
They appoint the place,—the day;
Agree, twelve, on each side, resent
Th' affront which 'twixt them lay.

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Ere armed the combatants had met,
  Olavus gave command,
His men, by th' example he may set,
  Must view their conduct planned.

Alfinus rushed with brandished blade,
  His antagonist to slay;
The king's huge battle-axe, it, made,
  Leap from his grasp away.
Repeated blows him so astound,
Alfinus falls upon the ground,
Whom, as he lay, Olavus bound.

None of his men, defeat, evade,
Covered with wounds, all, prostrate laid,
  And bound, are dragged away,
As captives to the royal tent,
Where, with their king, the victors spent
  A hospitable day.

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Olavus, afterwards, commands,
Alfinus leave the duchy lands;
Nor ever to return,—his seized
Possessions, hatred, then appeased.
This done, he to the altar led
Gyda, for whom so many bled.
In Cornwall he, in chief, resides:
Sometimes for Ireland, crossed the tides.

9.

There, when he once prolonged his stay,
His ships round shore pursued their way,
As need required, to drive and kill
Cattle from neighbouring plains or hill;
He through the country sends a band,
Who, numerous flocks, bring to the strand.
A rustic following begs full sore,
Olavus would, his cows, restore;

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The gracious king commands; the swain
Shall, all his cows, receive again,
If he, distinguish, can,
Them 'midst the drove, and not detain
Them, as they, hastening, ran.

Tracing his footsteps, faithful hies
The rustic's dog of wonderous size,
The guardian of his flock,
Which 'midst th' affrighted oxen goes,—
More than five score, the drove, compose,—
Obedient as he spoke;
And traverses the whole, alert;
Selects, and, careful, keeps apart
All those, the rustic calls his own,
Which, by a similar mark, stood known.
The dog, such his sagaciousness,
Seemed not truth's limits to transgress.

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Olavus of the swain enquires,
If he will sell what he admires?
With willing mind the swain consents,
And Vigius, to the king, presents,
Who, for the guardian of the fold,
Gives, in return, a ring of gold,
With promised favour, when, again,
For Ireland's shores he crossed the main.

END OF PART THIRD.

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NOTES.

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NOTES.

In the Preface, it is said, " *The dragons* " *are generally overcome by saints, and* " *drowned in waters; the obvious meaning* " *of which is, that the heathens were con-* " *verted to Christianity by Baptism.*"

The following are proofs;

Les premiers missionnaires Chrétiens, qui sont venus en Bretagne, avoient à combattre les Druides et leurs sectateurs, qui, malgré les dieux de Rome établis dans les villes, s'étaient maintenus dans les campagnes. On sait que le serpent jouait un grand rôle dans le druidisme; lorsque son culte commença à s'éteindre, on donna, sans donte par dirision, le nom du *reptile* aux prêtres qui l'adoraient.

St. Efflame, débarqué à Palestine apperçoit un épouvantable dragon qui se retire, à reculons, dans une caverne. Le saint veut le combattre; à la vue du signe de la croix, imprimé sur son bouclier, le monstre est mis en fuite, et va cacher sa honte dans la mer.

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St. Pole arrive dans l'isle de Batz, voit un serpent qui y fait de grands ravages, il lui met l'étole sur le col, et lui commande de se précipiter dans la mer; le reptile obeit.

Une religieuse va trouver St. Méen, pour le prier de chasser un énorme serpent qui avait établi son repaire dans son héritage; au moyen de son étole, l'abbé traîne le serpent, et le jette dans la Loire.

St. Armel est peint avec un dragon qu'il tient lié de son étole, parce qu'il a vaincu un grand serpent qui désolait le pays, et qu'il lui a commandé de rentrer dans la riviére de Seiche.

Il ne faut pas beaucoup de pénétration pour appercevoir que ces sont autant d'allegories des conversions des anciens Druides; cette disparition dans les eaux figure le baptême.

Page 64.

Alfred, Abbot of Beverly, Yorkshire, *obiit*, 1128. —An exact register of seventy "glorious" monarchs, as Bishop Nicolson calls them, who ruled Britain from Brutus to Julius Cæsar, is prefixed to Gilbert's History of Cornwall.

Nennius, Abbot of Bangor, flourished in the 7th century. He translated into Latin, the British History, composed by his name-sake, *Nennius*, brother to Cassivellaunus, who had the honour to die by a wound given by Julius Cæsar's own hand.

Giraldus Cambriensis was cotemporary with Geoffry of Monmouth, who lived under King Stephen; and who was made Bishop of St. Asaph, in 1151.

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Page 66.

The Saxon Chronicle.—Chronici Saxonici compilator, anonymus est. Is qui ultimam operi manum imposuit, claruit circa annum 1154, in quo utique desinit. Continet rerum Britannicarum et Anglo-Saxonicarum annales, a Christo nato usque ad tempora Henrici II. Diversis temporibus, nec ab uno auctore scriptum est.

The Saxon language had overspread England in the year 500. It continued pure till the reign of Stephen. In the reign of John, about the year 1200, the Saxon was fermenting into English. The chief English poets from the conquest 1066, for three centuries, or till 1366, wrote solely in French. That language was used at Court, and even by the middle ranks of society. To speak French was the great badge of good breeding. The learned wrote in Latin, and the lower orders used Saxon. At the close of the reign of Edward III. (crowned, 1327; died, 1377,) our legislative proceedings, were first given in the English language. It is said in the report of the Lords' Committee, on the privilege of Peers, that the Prelates, Dukes, Earls, Barons, and all the Commons, had, at length shown the King the mischief arising from the laws, customs and statutes of the realm, not being known to them, "because, they were impleaded, shown, and judged "in the French language, which was little known in "the kingdom; and the King, with their consent, "willed, that all proceedings should henceforth be in

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"the English language." Notwithstanding this declaration the French language continued, for some time, in use by those of higher condition. But as soon as Edward III. opened the inveterate enmity between England and France, the French language ceased to be popular in England. Romances in French were the sole literary amusement, until Chaucer began to ridicule them; and those Romances which had delighted the ladies were translated into English; that is, into English springing from Saxon as we find it in Chaucer.

Pages 82—83.

St. Michael's plains, extending wide,
Wafted their fragrance to the tide,
Florence of Wor'ster writes, "six miles,
"South from his Mount's grey rocky piles."

Florence, a Monk of Worcester, wrote the earliest history in the twelfth century. Obiit, anno, 1119.

He says, "the Mount was originally enclosed within "a very thick wood, distant from the ocean six miles, "affording the finest shelter for wild beasts."

Its old Cornish name is *Carreg Lug en Kug*, i. e. the hoary craig in the wood.

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Page 84.

What western tracts owned Cornwall's throne,
Glow in the page of Harrison.

William Harrison flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and was cotemporary with Holinshead. He was chaplain to Sir William Brook, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Bishop Nicolson says, "he, "with great pains and good judgment, collected a "*description of the island of Britain, with a brief* "*rehearsal of the nature and qualities of the people* "*of England, and such commodities as are found* "*in the same.*"

Page 95.

Silura was her name renowned,
With glittering domes and temples crowned.

Solinus, (cap. 22,) applies "Silura" to the country lying west from Land's-End. His words are, "Silu-"ram quoque insulam ab ora quam gens Britanna "Dunmonii tenent, turbidum fretum distinguit."

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Page 108.

Poor colony of souls ne'er lay,
In purgatory, long, as they.

There are apartments in purgatory for kings, noblemen, merchants, and tradesmen; for ladies of quality; for gentlemen and gentlemen's wives, and for poor common people. The eight departments answer to the eight degrees of the intense fire, that of hell being only four degrees. That of purgatory, though more devouring, is but for a time, from which souls may be freed by the suffrages of masses; that of hell is for ever. The poor people only endure the least degree, as they cannot afford the same number of masses as the rich. Infinite goodness has placed them in a place of less suffering in purgatory. The second degree being greater is for gentlemen, and so on to the eighth degree of all, which is reserved for kings and princes. Many poor tradesmen's wives, desirous of honour in the next world, ask the friars, whether the souls of their fathers, mothers, or sisters, can be removed from the second apartment, (reckoning from the lowest,) to the third, thinking, though the third degree of fire is greater than the second, the soul would be better pleased in the company of ladies of quality: and this is done easily if they give the friars the same price for a mass, as ladies of quality give. No soul of a woman can be placed among those of men.

Erasmus, (Lib. 22. p. 1529, Edit. Basil.) says, a country curate fastened candles on the backs of crabs,

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and set them a crawling up and down the church-yard in a dark night. In the morning, after he had taken them in, he persuaded the people that they were poor distressed souls consuming in purgatory, which wanted masses and alms.

"Human policy never invented a more powerful engine for the arbitrary government of mankind than the doctrine of purgatory.

"The duration of that state was entirely subservient to the will of the priest. It was he alone who pronounced or could explore, whether the dying individual would have to endure a hundred, a thousand, or tens of thousands of years in penal fire."

"The anxiety of all the great and wealthy laity, to have masses said for their souls, either from love of pomp, or from an alarmed feeling, as to the other world, appears in their wills; and was perpetually raining down money on some of the religious classes." (*Turner's* History of England, vol. 1. pp. 192. 353.)

Page 108.

A massive cauldron stood of tin:--
On snow-white webs, to it cast in,
The purpura's blood, which boiling, mixed,
Was, by metallic virtue, fixed.

A story is current that tin, as a mordant, was unknown in London, and that the usage of tin vessels was adopted by Mr. Crutchy Bankside, who had mar-

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ried a Scotch woman. This lady had often told her husband, that his scarlet was not equal to one she could dye: he set her to work: she dyed a skein of worsted in a sauce-pan: she used the same materials as her husband, but the colour was far better. She did not know that it was caused by her using a tin sauce-pan, but her husband did, and made his fortune as a scarlet dyer.

Page 116.

Learned Diodorus you have read.

Diodorus Siculus, who mentions the port from which tin was exported, lived in the time of Julius and Augustus Cæsar. He wrote the History of Egypt, Persia, Syria, Media, Greece, Rome, and Carthage. Of his forty books, only fifteen are extant, with a few fragments. His history was the labour of thirty years. His style is simple and unaffectedly correct.

Sir Christopher Hawkins, Bart. *(Observations on the Tin Trade of the Ancients,)* quotes from Diodorus, "those Britons, near the Land's-End, "prepare the tin, and carry it into an adjacent island, "which is called *Ictis*. Here, the merchants buy "it, and transport it to the coast of Gaul, from "whence they convey it over land, on horses, in "about thirty days, to the mouths of the Rhone."

Sir Christopher shows, that the isle "Ictis" is St. Michael's Mount.

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Samuel Bochart confirms the opinion that the Greeks procured tin and lead, either from the Phœnicians, the Veneti, or from the city of Narbonne, to which city these metals were carried through Gaul, by a journey of thirty days. His words are, "Græci stannum et plumbum comparabant, vel a Phœnicibus, vel a Venetis, aut Narbonensibus, ad quos per Galliam ferebatur, terrestri itinere triginta dierum."

The above clearly indicates that the Greeks and Romans obtained the tin of Cornwall through the Veneti, and from thence, by a land carriage of thirty days to Narbonne, in France.

Page 120.

Like Cæsar with his Latin roll,
He braves the deep with dauntless soul.

At Alexandria, when attacking a bridge, Cæsar, by a sudden sally of the enemy, was compelled to seek safety in a little boat. Several precipitating themselves into it, he leapt into the sea, and swam two hundred paces to the nearest ship, holding in his left hand, above the water, his Commentaries, "libelli ne madefierent." *(Sueton. J. Cæsar, 64.)*

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Pages 123—124.

" Three thousand years have circled round,"
Polwhele writes, " since Phœnicia found
" The Syllen isles."

The date of Melcarthus' voyage seems to be confirmed by a passage in Strabo; who says, that Phœnician ships passed the Straits, and entered the Ocean, 1200 years before Christ.

In the year after Christ, 1635, as some people were ploughing by the burrows, at Stonehenge, they found so large a quantity of excellent pewter, as at a low price they sold for £5.—These pewter plates, says *Richardson*, the tourist, might very possibly have been tablets with inscriptions; but falling into such rude hands, they could no more discern the writing than interpret it.—" No doubt," says *Dr. Stukely*, (whose shrewd conjecture settles the matter,) " this " was some of the old British *Stannum*, which the " *Tyrian* Hercules, surnamed *Melcarthus*, first " brought *ex Cassiteride insulâ*, or Britain, which " Hercules lived in Abraham's time, or soon after!"

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Page 127.

Those colonies our fathers led,
When they from Joshua's vengeance fled.

Sanchoniathon says, the Canaanites were a colony that came out of Egypt. They stuck to the old and simple form of religion, whilst the Egyptians embraced new ways. The Canaanites were supposed to have left Egypt, about 300 years before Joseph.

The ancient national name of the Phœnicians, was Canaanites, that is, merchants; that of Phœnician seeming to have been imposed upon them by their neighbours, either from their affluence; or the ancient Greeks, with whom they had great intercourse, called them so, importing, Edomites, or *red men*. The first appellation lasted so late as the days of St. Austin, in the fifth century, who says, if you asked a peasant in his diocese, in Numidia, what countryman he was, he answered, *Chanani*, which the good bishop thought a maimed word, though it be the proper term for a Canaanite. *Phœnicia* is derived from the Hebrew *Phanak*, delicate vivit; thence *Phenakin*, splendide viventes:—*Φοινιος*, ruber, sanguineus; whence, in Latin *Pœnus*; and in Greek *Φοινισσω*, rubefacio, cruento.

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Page 127.

The Baleares show a zeal,
Congenial with our common weal.

Baleares, dictæ a Baleo, quodam Herculis comite ibi relicto. This Hercules was the commerce of Phœnicia. The *comes relictus* was the establishment of a colony.

Page 128.

Caution, which, th' Arvad pilot, arms,
To sleep, the storm of ocean, charms;
Us to Gadira, safely, brings.

The Phœnicians were accustomed to make establishments on islands near continents, to carry on their commerce. They had safely established themselves on two small islands called Erithra, which were afterwards called Gadira, or Cadiz. In the city of Gadira was a temple built to the Tyrian Hercules, where his worship was celebrated, as at Tyre. "Le temple d' Hercule à la ville de Gades etoit situe au levant qui designoit soleil levant:—sur les autels brule un feu continuel, et l'on ne voit dan le temple ni image, ni statue d' aucun dieu; il n'est rempli que de la majestie et de la crainte de la divinité. La dernière assertion mèrite d' etre remarquée. Il n'y a que le culte du feu, qui n' admitte pas des statues."—Navigators were there accustomed to offer sacrifices, as they supposed themselves to be at the end of the world.

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The priests were the only persons allowed to enter into the sanctuary of the temple. They wore a white dress of linen, and had a cap in form of a cone on their heads. They wore long robes while they offered incense; and according to usage, purple robes, when they immolated victims; went barefooted, with their hair cut short; and observed celibacy.

The pillars of Hercules at Gadira were eight "*aunes d'epaisseur;*" on them the expense of building the temple was engraved.

In ancient times, fire was always employed in the rites of religion: it consumed the burnt offerings of the Patriarchs; was kept continually burning in the Jewish tabernacle; was looked upon as the origin of life, the soul of the world, the symbol of the deity; and considering it as the visible sign of an invisible Being, it has, from time immemorial, been actually worshipped by the Persians, and other Asiatic nations.

Fire was so generally considered as the image of life, that lighted torches were usually placed, amongst the Greeks and Romans, in the hands of the newly married; and, at their deaths, extinguished torches were placed upon their tombs.

In the temple of Ceres a fire was kept burning a year and a day before it was renewed; and the office of the Hydranos or Baptizer was to pass things throuh the fire.

Originally, the fire-pillars, or altars, were on the tops of hills, and other high places, in the open air. The sacred fire being frequently extinguished by rain, or

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storms, and consequently the holy offices of religious worship interrupted, Zoroastres, the reformer of the Magian ceremonies, directed, that, wherever altars were erected, temples should be built over them, that the sacred fires might be preserved. The congregation always approached these fires on the west side, having their faces towards them, which were the representation of the rising sun. The *sanctum sanctorum*, in which was the *Shecinah* of the divine presence, was at the west end of the temple of Jerusalem; and all who entered to worship God, turned their faces towards the west; Ezekiel, 8. 16. "About five and twenty men stood between the porch "and the altar with their backs toward the temple "of the Lord, and their faces toward the east, and "they worshipped the sun." These men had turned their backs upon the true worship of God, and had gone over to that of the Magians.

Herodotus, (Lib. 1. p. 35,) affirms, that the Persians of his age had no temples. *Dinon*, who flourished after the time of Alexander, says the Persians sacrificed in the open air. *Cicero*, (De Leg. II. 10.) says, that Xerxes, by the instigation of the Magians, set fire to the temples of Greece, upon this principle, that the universe was the temple of the gods, who ought not to be confined within walls. From that persuasion the Persians abstained from the use of images. Some writers, (among whom is Mr. *Moyle*, of Bake, Cornwall, in his letters to his cousin Dr. *Prideaux*, on his "Connection,") affirm, that the earliest account we have of *temples* among the Persians, is under Tiberius Cæsar.

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Page 128.

Gadira, all her sacred place,
The thought of earthly things t' efface,
With glass, in rich Mosaic, paves;

It is the opinion of many historians that the Phœnicians found out glass. They paved the floors in mosaic, with coloured glass, and according to an ancient tradition in the Koran, the floor of the palace of Solomon was paved in Mosaic with glass, which resembled water. It is told of the queen of Saba, who was doubtless very handsome, that when she came to see the King, she thought the pavement of glass was water, and tucking up her clothes, she exposed her beautiful feet to the eyes of the King. It is probable, from this sort of green glass, the column, which designated the moon in the temple of Tyre, was made.

Page 129.

T'exhibit attributes to sense,
Conferring virtue, eloquence,
Towers sun-browned statue in the air,
Bald,—the remaining hairs are grey;
His furrowed features, 'midst a ray
Of wisdom, rise, bespeaking care.

The description of Hercules, "*cute rugosa et in* "*acerrimum colorem exusta,*" shows that he came

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from a distant and burning climate. Whether you personify him as an individual, or consider him as the type, or representation, of the Phœnicians, it appears that the people of Spain received their learning, their architecture, &c. from a foreign people.

The Phœnicians were men of deep invention, and the greatest merchant-adventurers, and planters of colonies, in the world. They had the incontroverted honour of benefitting mankind with *five* of the chief inventions that raise and polish human life, *Letters*, *Astronomy*, *Navigation*, *Military discipline*, and *Architecture* of towns, or civil polity. Supported by *these*, no wonder they were masters wherever they sailed: and whether did they not sail in the three parts of the then known world?

In the earliest times they formed the common bond of intercourse among the nations; colonies flourished from the extremity of Africa to the most distant climates of the north; they incessantly ran from one corner of the world to another, carrying with them wealth, the sciences, the arts, and civilization.

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Page 131.

Thence, by the stars, our friendly guides,
We voyage far the pathless tides,
To distant Gallia's western shore;—
The ores metallic veins produce,
Th' inhabitants, expert, reduce; &c.

The Phœnicians visited the coasts of Gallicia, to trade for tin, which they drew from that country, as well as from the Cassiterides.

The people of western Gaul invented the working of metals, and particularly of tinning copper; so that the ornaments of horses in cars were tinned, and looked like silver. Philostratus says, they put gold, silver and other metals on copper, coming out of the fire, or by the means of fire, so that the whole made only one body. They offered the spoils taken in war to the god Vulcan, whom they worshipped.

Page 133.

To cleanse the soul from what defiles,
Their dead they burn on funeral piles;
Death as a passage dark they view,
Conducting to another state,
Where deified, the good and great,
Hymns, supplications, fond, pursue.

All the islands near Britain, or on the coast of France, were either deserted, or inhabited by Druids

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and Druidesses, and consecrated to some divinity; some, near Britain, were called by the names of heroes, or Genii. The Britons burned the bodies of the dead, and with them whatever they had that was dear, or most valuable to them. They believed that death was only a passage to another life; and, instructed by them, the Gauls also believed in the immortality of the soul, (which belief distinguished them from other nations,) and cast into the funeral pile the arms of the defunct, and whatever was most dear to him. They cast into the fire the bonds of debtors, in order that the departed spirit might demand the payment in the next world. Before and after their conversion to Christianity the Gauls burned the bodies of the dead.

They worshipped Mercury as the inventor of all the arts, and whom they supposed to have governed Gaul, at the time Joseph was in Egypt, about 1700 years before Christ. They particularly honoured Apollo, whom they called Bellenus, from the Celtic word, *Belenus*, pale-yellow, white, or blond. In Armorica white was called "melen" and "melin," by changing the b to m.—Bellenus was the principal god in Armorica. The Druids were the priests of Bellenus. The gods, denominated the sea gods, were derived from Phœnicia.

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Page 153.

These deities, whose glorious sway
Extends through night and busy day,
Were Baal and Ashtoreth named:
The noblest objects of the eye,
From serving them, by the Most High,
Could scarcely Israel be reclaimed.

Judges, 2. 13. And they forsook the Lord, and served Baal and Ashtoreth.

Page 153.

The powerful Monarch, who had reared
The Temple, where assembling, feared,
The tribes, creation's sovereign Lord,
Enslaved by sense, alas! was seen
'Midst worshippers of Sidon's queen;—
Ashtoreth he confessed,—adored!

Sidon was called "the mother" of Tyre; and stood about eighteen miles north from it.

1 Kings, 11. 5. Solomon went after Ashtoreth the goddess of the Sidonians.

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Page 154.

The first Phœnician, who unfurled
Sails, on the pathless, watery, world,
Was Usous:—*by precaution, led,*
To shores, remote he venturous steered;
To fire, to wind, he altars reared,
As, wide, religion's conquests spread.

Usous.—see *Sanchoniathon.* "Great use is made "of him in clearing several *historical* and *philoso-* "*phical* passages of the *Old Testament*; and he is "generally taken for the *faithfullest* and *antientest,* "and consequently the most *useful heathen author* "that was extant within the memory of learned "ages."—"As for his *age,* he is pretended equal "to *Abibalus,* to whom he dedicated his *Phœnician* "*History.* Abibalus, by the *Phœnician* records, is "supposed to be the father of Hiram, cotemporary "with David and Solomon, and who was the Archi- "tect of the Temple." (Discourse concerning *Sanchoniathon's Phœnician History,* by *Henry Dodwell,* M. A. some time fellow of Trinity College, *near* Dublin, in Ireland, an. 1681.)

"Suivant une ancienne tradition de Sanchoniathon conservée par Eusèbe, *Usous,* le premier Phœnicien qui osât se confier aux vagues de la mer, consacra deux pierres brutes, ou deux colonnes, au feu et au vent, et ordonna de les adorer, et de leur sacrifier le sang des animaux tués à la chasse. Ces sont la nos

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colonnes dans le temple d' Hercule Tyrien; le feu est le Soleil; et la Lune a été regardée par l'antiquité entière, comme ayant engendré les vents.—Il n'y a aucun doute que les deux colonnes, les cones du Soleil, et de la Lune, ne fussent erigées come symbols des deux divinités nationales des Phèniciens, dans tous les autres temples qu'ils fondèrent dans leurs colonies."

"Aussi dans les temples Carthagenois, dans lesquels le dieu national de Phèniciens etoit adoré, on trouve des colonnes de cette espece."

The Romans believed that the Tyrians were the first navigators. Thus Tibullus, (L. 1. Eleg. 8. v. 20.)

Prima ratem ventis credere docta Tyros.

Appian, (Lib. de Hispania,) says, " The Phœnicians from the earliest times, on account of commerce, occupied some parts of Spain, and had a colony at Tartessus. There, the temple of Hercules was built by Phœnicians; and to our times, God is worshipped there, according to the Phœnician rites; and that God is called the Tyrian Hercules."

" Les Phèniciens parcourerent les mèrs les plus lointains sous la conduite de leur chefs Hercules, d'ou vient que nombre de Caps portant encore ce nom; sur les côtes de la Campanie etoit le cap Hercule, la rade Hercule sur celles de la Ligurie, le promontarie d' Hercule dan la Mauritanie. Ptolomée place un cap d' Hercule sur les cotes d' Angleterre, et il n'est pas invraisamblable que celui d' Erque, en Bretagne, previenne du meme nom."

Hercules was worshipped by the name of Golion or

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Goles: one of the gates of a city in Spain was dedicated to Goles. Hence, we discover the meaning of the oath of the common people of Cornwall,—aye, and of Gentlemen,—when they say "By Gólles!" that is, "by Hercules."

Page 155.

Phœnicia's faith he propagates,
Till, in proud temple by the Straits,
Heraklean pillars rise adored.

Among the Tyrians themselves the name Hercules was unknown. There, the Deity was called *Melec Kartha;* or *Melkart*, which signifies the king or lord of the city, meaning the sun, which the Greeks changed into *Heracles*, and who, from a similitude which they found in the worship of the Tyrian Divinity, with that, with which they worshipped their Hercules, called the Tyrian God, *Hercules Tyrius.*

The Phœnicians were of the race and of the religion of the Sabeans, as were originally all the Arabs. The worship of Hercules, (to use that name,) was principally at Tyre, the most ancient seat of commerce, from whence the Tyrians introduced the worship of their Deity to all their distant colonies, of which Strabo says, they had 200 in the islands and on the shores of the Mediterranean sea. On an ancient medal found in the island of Thasus, Hercules is represented bending a great bow; as such was the sun represented, of which the arrows were as the rays of the sun. In the temple at Tyre there

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were two columns, the one of massive gold, which has always been the symbol of the sun; and the other of green transparent glass, (smaragdus, Herodotus, Lib. II,) that gave a great light in the night, and which represented the moon. Obelisks and columns, with the Egyptians and Phœnicians, were the most ancient figures of the Divinity. Two pillars were the symbols of the national divinities of the Phœnicians, and were set up in all their colonies.

Were not the two pillars *Jachin* and *Boaz*, which the Tyrian architect, Hiram, erected in the Temple of Jerusalem, under the eye of king Solomon, a similitude of those standing and worshipped in his own city? Were they not then, in the Holy Place, converted from a profane to a sacred purpose before the assembled tribes of Israel?

Page 155.

From Gades, like refreshing rain,
The doctrine spread o'er fruitful Spain,
Ere Greece could boast a nation's name.

The Phœnicians and Egyptians were a much more anciently cultivated people than the Greeks; and the fables of those were carried into Greece, where they were greatly enlarged; and the most genuine histories were turned into fables.

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Page 156.

Even o'er Pyrene's mountains, darts
Phœnicia's light, diffusing arts,
Among the hordes of barbarous Gaul.

Samuel Bochart, in his Phaleg. supposes the ancient language of Gaul originated from the Phœnician language. Boxhornius, in his Origines Gaulóises, thinks the Celtic comes from the Scythian language; and supposes the Celtic was one of the original languages, and was common to Spain, Gaul, Germany, and Great Britain.

"Gallorum Hercules, virtute et consilio præstans dessuetos unum in locum congregavit, eosque ex ferocitate quadam ad justitiam atque mansuetudinem transtulit, et invento divino et humano jure mœnibus sepsit." The Gauls acknowledged they owed to Hercules their eloquence. Portius Cato says, the Gauls excelled "*in re militari, et argute loqui.*" Hercules, here, means Phœnician discipline.

Page 156.

Such worship how could Cornwall gain?—
Of ship escaped the stormy main,
She 'midst the sacred cargo sees
Three grains of wheat, &c.

The strange ship brought a cargo of religious worship, viz. three grains of wheat and a triad of bees. The first denotes the worship of Ceres, or the ark;

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the next, the female attendants, or priestesses,—as Ceres is represented as the ark and the bees as her priestesses.

Under the representation of these hierophants we have some account of the earliest religion of our Celtic ancestors, which appears to have been a depraved copy of the patriarchal religion.

Coll and his mystical sow present the picture of a novel system. This had some correspondence with the former in the memorials of the Arkite superstition; but it included the deified patriarch as united with the sun. The superstition of the ancient Britons consisted of two systems blended together: the Arkite theology, or the history of the deluge, with an idolatrous commemoration of Noah, of his family, and of his sacred ship:—the other, the Sabean idolatry, or the worship of the host of heaven.

Under the allegory of the sow is meant the Ark; this was probably the first Phœnician ship, its cargo being things of religious worship. The Britons consecrated lakes as symbols of the deluge; and small islands were considered as emblems of the Ark, or mystical sanctuary.

Mr. Davies surmises, that the horse of Neptune was a mistaken emblem;—that ἵππος was a float or ship, the same as *ceto*, for ceto (the ark) was denominated ἵππος, the ceto, or whale.

The *leek* was a Druidic symbol employed in honour of Ceres. The Druids were a branch of the Phœnician priesthood. During the funeral rites of Adonis at Byblos, leeks and onions were exhibited in "pots with

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other vegetabes, and called the gardens of that deity." The *leek* was worshipped at *Ascalon*, (whence the modern name of *scallions*,) as it was in Egypt. Leeks and onions were also deposited in the sacred chests of the mysteries both of Isis and Ceres, the *Ceudeon* of the Druids. *Porrus*, a *leek*, is derived from the Egyptian god Pi-orus, who is the same as the *Baal Peor* of the Phœnicians, and the *Bel* or Belenus of the Druids.

This may illustrate Juvenal's expression, when speaking of the Egyptians;

O sanctas gentes quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis Numina?—(*Sat.* 15, *v.* 10.)

It may also induce one to think that the wearing of *leeks* on St. David's day, did not originate at the battle between the Welch and the Saxons in the sixth century, but that its origin lies in the remotest antiquity.

Page 157.

The cargo of religion, sent,
O'er ocean, gained the world's assent;
The allegoric sow became
Sacred to earth's kind fostering power,
Ceres,—who, that she blessings shower,
Through harvest, saw her altars flame.

To the Phœnicians the world owed the knowledge of those *Mysteries*, so justly renowned in ancient

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times; and which, properly speaking, constituted the essence of religion. In the "Eleusinia," by Meursius, every thing, connected with them, is brought together. They were originally celebrated in Egypt, —the parent of sciences.—When the Greeks had been rescued from barbarism, they wished that the beneficent deities, to whom they attributed the discoveries that were most useful to man, should preside over their religious worship. These august functions were, especially, committed to Ceres, who had introduced laws, and taught the practice of agriculture. The Mysteries, instituted at Eleusis in honour of that goddess, soon obtained a conspicuous celebrity. They guarded religion against the errors of imagination: and having explained what was to be understood by the multiplicity of gods, they ascended to the Supreme Intelligence, symbolized by the sun, and from whom they were but an emanation.

The Mysteries, says *M. Le Clerc De Septchenes*, illustrate the origin of several institutions still practised among ourselves. After the candidate had been sufficiently exercised by a long fast and a series of austere observances, he was led into a chapel on the banks of a river, where he was plunged into the water as an emblem of regeneration. This ceremony *Tertullian* compares to that of Baptism. The candidate was even presented by a kind of introductor, who performed the office of a father, and may be called by the name of Sponsor. The priest, who had the care of the preparatory lustrations, was called the *Hydranus*. The supreme pontiff was called *Hierophanta*.

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A victim was then sacrificed, which was generally a sow with young. When the aspirant entered the interior of the temple, among other ceremonies, he washed his hands at the entry of the portico, this was emblematical of the purity of the soul; and that no spot might remain, he made confession to the Hierophanta.

The ancients believed firmly, that without initiation there was no chance for salvation, if we may venture to use the expression; in other words, he could not be admitted to Elysium. The neglect of it was looked upon as sacrilege. Some waited till the hour of death before fulfilling this duty; undoubtedly, that they might be pure when they appeared in the sight of the terrible Judge: many Christians too, in the primitive church, deferred baptism till their last moments. In pursuance of the same idea children were initiated in their cradle.

One of the chief articles in the accusation of Socrates whom the Oracle declared the wisest of men, was that he had neglected initiation.

Clemens Alexandrinus exclaims thus against the nightly Mysteries: "Extinguish these fires, O "criminal Hierophanta! and thou, who carriest the "mysterious torch, dread to kindle these lamps; "their flame will declare the crimes it discovers." Yet the fathers of the church themselves borrowed many of the ceremonies they endeavoured to degrade. "The usage of the church," says St. Cyrillus, "is "not to discover its mysteries to the gentiles, espe-"cially those which concern the Father and the

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"blessed Spirit. It is even shy of talking of them to the catechumens." The Christians, at that time, called the Sacraments *Mysteries* and *Orgies*. The priest was the mystagogue, and the eucharist, a true initiation.*

The same Clemens Alexandrinus exclaims again, "O Mysteries, truly sacred! O pure light! At the "light of torches the veil that covers God and Heaven "falls off. I am holy, now that I am initiated. It is "the Lord himself who is the Hierophanta. He sets "his seal upon the adept, whom he illuminates with "his beams. These are the orgies of my mysteries! "come ye, and be received!"

Thus the Mysteries of antiquity scarcely changed their form when Christianity became the prevailing religion. We may affirm, that afterwards they never ceased to exist. We see them shining in great lustre through the darkness of the middle ages.—At the revival of letters they acquired new lustre. They acquired an influence over the still barbarous manners which they no doubt contributed to soften by inculcating, particularly, principles of a refined morality. The ceremonies with which they are attended in the Church of Rome *prove to this day* from whence they drew their origin. They seem to have retained their magnificent decorations and ancient observances, only to demonstrate, that in the midst of revolutions which have swept away so many nations from the face of the earth, men, since the establishment of societies, compose but one great family.

* Casaubon, exercit. ad Baron. annal. parag. 16.

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Page 156.

To stagnant pool; to barren rock;
To peaceful rill; to spreading oak,
At first, the suppliant Arkites bowed.

We find "the Arkite" mentioned, Genesis 10. 17, as descended from Canaan; and afterwards were the families of the Canaanites spread abroad. The same genealogy is given, 1st Chron. 1. 15. The Arkites, in the days of King David, were in high condition, "when Hushai the Arkite, David's *friend*, was come unto Absalom, Hushai said unto Absalom, God save the King;" &c. 2d Samuel, 16. 16, 17, 18, 19.

The first plantations of religious colonies were usually in desert isles, or impassable morasses, either for security, or mystery.—Icolm-Kill, Landisfern, Ely, Coryland, and Glasstonbury, are instances of this. —Westminster was founded in the isle of Thorney, (from the Saxon Thornege,) a morass, in old writings called "*in loco terribili dicto Thorney.*" Leland calls it *spinarum insula.* St. Michael's Mount was an exact Landisfern, or Holy-island.

The Britons worshipped the moon in lakes, and stagnant waters, or on the borders of lakes and rivers, and in woods. *Bryant* and *Faber* think, that Noah was worshipped in conjunction with the sun, and the Ark in conjunction with the moon, and that these were the primitive and symbolical divinities of the

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heathens. Dionysius Perieg. v. 565, informs us, the rites of Bacchus, or Noah, were daily celebrated in the British islands. The god Hu, to whom Britain was dedicated, was the same as the Celtic Bêle or Belenus, Apollo or the Sun, described as the god of victory, the king who rises in light and ascends the sky. The bull, the lion, and the serpent, were the emblems of his worship; and also the eagle. Three cranes on a bull represented the three officiating priests. The ancients used to represent Easter by a bull. Astronomy gave birth to a religion that consecrated its labours. The establishment of this worship is as ancient as the times in which the *bull* possessed the vernal equinox; and the *lion* the summer solstice; that is, about 2500 years before the Christian era. These two signs were of great account in the theology of ancient nations; the first especially, which announced the renovation of nature. Its worship was connected among the Greeks, with all their fables; and Virgil, when he teaches his countrymen the precepts of agriculture, recalls to their minds the rank, which it formerly occupied; for in his Georgics, this sign comes with its golden horns to open the year:—

Candidus auratis aperit quum cornibus annum
Taurus.—*Geor. Lib.* I. *v.* 217.

The representation of animals made a great part of the mysteries of the sun:—the serpent or the dragon was considered as an attribute of the sun; wherefore the dragon is made to represent the heathen worship; or is said to be the devil. The veneration paid to the

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serpent is conspicuous in the theogony of every people. It had altars in Egypt, in Phœnicia, in India. From the sacred precincts of Epidaurus, it was transported to the banks of the Tiber. (*Valer. Max.*) It was every where invoked by the sick; and was every where the emblem of health.

Because it every year changes its skin, it was thought to be regenerated. Thus, it was an emblem of the sun, who is annually restored to new life; and whose oblique course was represented by the wreathings of a snake.—(*Macrobius.*)

The sanctuary of the god Hu, or the Bacchus of the Druids, was an ox-stall, where the god presided as a living animal, or as the image of a bull. The keeping of the sacred oxen belonged to the priests of Bacchus. The shrine of that god was drawn by oxen. The festival of Bacchus was in May, and the Bacchanalians feasted and with revelry, moving sideways, in imitation of the dragon; and with nightly songs in the bosom of lakes, or bogs; and with extravagant dances, crowned with wreaths of ivy, they circled round an enclosure of large stones. The rites of Bacchus were daily celebrated in Britain, at the rising and the setting of the sun. "On faisoit un fracas de tambours et de cymbales, les hurlemens de la troupe bachique surpassoient encore le bruit des instrumens."

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Page 158.

The eastern nations knew but one
Depository, where the sun
Of science lodged his hallowed beams;—
The priesthood;—

In the infancy of the world, the sciences, of which some vestiges had been preserved amidst the revolutions that had ravaged the globe, returned to embellish the abode of man. To preserve them in perpetual remembrance, and to transmit them to future generations, they were made objects of public worship. Religion became the august deposite to which all discoveries were consigned. Of astronomy, mathematics, the laws of nature, and of social duties, she formed the most magnificent tablature that genius has ever conceived. Transplanted into those opulent regions, once the seat of arts, though now desert and forsaken, man can judge by the sight of the ruins that surround him, what must have been the beauty, the grandeur, and the symmetry, of the fabric. The fables of after ages include a sublime system of religion—a religion which was invented before intolerance restrained the noble vigour of imagination.

Conceived on the banks of the Nile, it passed over to the plains of Asia. The Phœnicians,—the chain of connexion between nations,—carried it over the earth. In the east it became the dread instrument of despotism. There the priests, the sole depositories of science, reserved to themselves the privilege of

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thinking, and exacted from the rest of the people a blind obedience.

It was otherwise in those fortunate countries, where liberty, newly born, allowed the mind to exert its native energy. The colonies that introduced it into Greece were composed of merchants and of soldiers, whom chance or the prospect of gain had conducted to a savage coast. There the eastern Deities were made known in gradual succession: and the muse of poetry with a divine enthusiasm invaded the religious traditions. She extracted from the noble mythology of Phœnicia those brilliant colours with which she enriched her pictures. Whilst imagination roved without control amongst old fables, and adorned her sunny regions with new, Homer appeared!

Page 160.

As ages slow, progressive, rolled,
Earth saw the Arkite faith unfold
In sects of wide-extending fame.

"Gallos antequam de literis quicquam vel in Latio, vel in ipsa certe Græcia audiretur, sub Druidibus, aliisque philosophis excelluisse." *(Solon.)*

"Græci literas multo tardius quam Galli acceperunt. Jam ex his quæ hactenus aducta sunt, perspicuum esse potest, regnasse in Gallia antequam Græcia florere inciperet, quatuor præstantissimorum genera philosophorum; nempe Samotheorum, Saronidarum, Druidarum, et Bardonum, simulque ab antiquissimis illis Gallis cultas fuisse cujusque generis disciplinas."

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Page 161.

The Druids far above the rest,
Astrology, and charms, professed;
To them the healing art belongs;
The laws of morals they define:
They even assert a power divine,
T' avenge an injured nation's wrongs.

Diogenes dicit. "Apud Germanos quoque, atque Gallos esse aiunt, qui Druidæ nominantur, i. e. divinæ humanæque philosophiæ periti, religionumque curatores." Sicut autem vocabulum *Druides* Gallis et Germanos commune fuit, ita et *Dry*, magus.

Alfricus in Glossario Saxonico-Latino, Saxonas in Britannia magos suos suâ linguâ vocasse *Dry*, testatur. Ab hoc *Dry*, Græci initio formarunt Δρυις.

H. Boëtius a Fynnano rege Scotorum Druides institutos tradit!

The Gauls called the Druids "*Senes*;" and the Druidesses, "*Senas*." "*Galli* senas *vocant*:" Hence, some etymologists say, that this is the root of the Latin "*senex*."—Their altars were of two kinds; the one horizontal; the other inclining. *Dolmen*, a rock deity, signifies, in the Bretoon language, a stone "posée de niveau ou en table" placed horizontal: *dol* signifies a stone; and *an*, a temple.

Mela says, when the Druidesses celebrated the mysteries of the moon, they transformed themselves into all sorts of monsters; that is, they took on them-

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selves the figures of animals, and had the names of those symbolical of the moon; among these was the dog.

The priests, who governed all, put on the figures of the animals worshipped as symbols of the sun; and which under the form of a serpent was adored till the *sixth* century.

Davies in his "Mythology" says, "it is related in the Welsh MSS. that the red bony giants, or the Phœnician red-coloured merchants, introduced the worship of the sow, or Ceres; and that under the allegory of the sow, is meant the Ark; and that the tale of a sower ship coming to Cornwall, meant the Phœnician ship, which brought a cargo of religious worship—(see page 446)—and it was Cornwall that introduced into Wales and other parts of Britain and Ireland, the fire-worship brought by the Phœnicians." The Druids were a sect of that religion.

Page 162.

One power, invisible, supreme,
Was, of all prayer and praise the theme;

The Druids worshipped only one God, and symbolized him by adopting the sun, moon, and stars. Though one God was worshipped by the initiated, the people worshipped him in different forms and representations similar to the Romans. The divinities of the Druids were mostly connected with the history of the deluge.

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The sun, or the great patriarch, was the origin of all—of Osiris, Bacchus, Cronus, Philo Adonis, Hercules, and of Erque of the Celtic nations. As the inventor of arts and conductor of travellers he was Mercury, or Agmius of the Celtic people; as the solar divinity he was Bel or Apollo; as king of heaven he was Jupiter; as dispensor of battles he was Mars; as ruler of the waters he was Neptune; as giver of wine he was Bacchus.

Page 163.

In long succession, through them came
That learning, Cæsar *gave to fame,*
When landed on Britannia's coast.

Ad hos magnus adolescentium numerus disciplinæ causâ concurrit.—*(Cæs. Com.* Lib. VI. c. 13.)

Page 165.

A stony bourne they circled round.

It is said the priests danced within an enclosure of stones, moving sideways, in imitation of the dragon or serpent. This means they danced within a "Round;" of which there are remains in Cornwall. Monsieur *Le Compt Gebelin*, in his work entitled "Le monde primitive comparé au monde moderne," endeavours to prove that the *minuet* is the dance oblique, which the priests of Apollo performed in their temples. He

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says; "the diagonal lines, and the two parallels, described in this dance, were intended to be symbolical of the Zodiac, and that the twelve steps of which it is composed were meant for the twelve signs, and the months of the year." This gives a sublimity to the art of dancing.

Page 166.

The shrine, two patient oxen drew,
In May:—when it appeared in view,
His annual festival began.

Gebelin observes, "the first of all years, and the most ancient that we know of, began at the month of June: thence the very name of this month, junior, *the younger*; while that of the preceding one is May, major, *the ancient.* Fires were kindled about midnight on the very moment of the summer solstice. This was a religious ceremony of the most remote antiquity. These *feux de joie* were accompanied with vows and sacrifices for the prosperity of the people and the fruits of the earth. They danced round the fire; and the most active leaped over it. They made their sons and daughters, together with their cattle, pass through it. Each on departing took away a firebrand; and the remains were scattered in the wind, which was thought to expel every evil."

"In Cornwall, particularly," says *Dr. Borlase,* "the people went with lighted torches, and made

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their perambulations round their fires:—they went from village to village, carrying their torches, and this is certainly the remains of a Druid superstition."

Annually, on Midsummer eve, fires are lighted on the heights in Cornwall. In the mining districts a verdant branch is fixed to the highest wood-work of the steam-engines, which remains for weeks, and carries back the mind to the commerce of Tyre; and directs the eye to the first and the most sublime objects of heathen worship,—the host of heaven.

The spires on cathedral and church towers, are supposed to be in imitation, or to have had their origin in the worship, of the host of heaven. *Sic itur ad astra.*

Thus, the worship of Baal or the sun, symbolized by the Midsummer fires, has not, during the lapse of so many ages, entirely disappeared. Its continuance in Christian countries was owing to the Roman Catholic priesthood who, artfully yielding to the superstitions of the natives, grafted Christianity upon Pagan rites, in order to gain and keep up an establishment.

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Page 167.

Hence, Rome's Decrees, in after times,
Prohibiting, as heinous crimes,
Men, women, to parade, as beasts;
T' erase the thorns she strove in vain;
Among the Catholic states remain
Old Druid types, at Christmas feasts.

Such was the origin of customs which have been handed down through ages.

The Christmas players, throughout the Christian world, perpetuate a faint representation of the Druidical Saturnalia. We may infer the corruption of Christianity, in the middle ages, from the attachment of the converted barbarians to their ancient Pagan customs.

Boniface complained of German priests, who would continue, although Christians, to sacrifice bulls and goats to the heathen idols.

About the beginning of every year, it was a favourite and general practice, for people to dress themselves in masks, as women, as monsters, and as the animals that were deemed the signs of the sun, and to dance and sing, and leap about, in order to commemorate the birth of Mithras, or the sun. To celebrate his auspicious return, when arrayed in all his splendour he opened the gates of the year, some put on the entire skin of the beast they meant to represent; some, only the head; and thus pretending to be transformed into the animal, they acted like it.

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The Druidesses put on the figures of the animals that were dedicated to the moon when they celebrated the mysteries of the moon, as did the Druids, in like manner, when they celebrated the mysteries of Mithras or the sun.

At the summer-solstice, when the sun in the most elevated point of his course, seemed to enjoy the contemplation of his glory, they honoured him with customs that are called "dæmoniorum ludos et "nefandas saltationes."

The clergy joined in the gross immortalities, and connected them with the religion they professed. Hence, the feast of the subdeacons, or drunken deacons, or the feast of fools, as it was called, was celebrated by some on new-year's day; by some on the twelfth day; by others in the week following.

These licentious festivities were called the December liberties; and they generally lasted through the chief part of January. *Beletus*, who lived in 1182, says, that Bishops and Archbishops joined with their inferiors in the sport. *Du Pin* writes, the Council of Paris in 1209, forbade Archbishops to attend the feast of fools.*

At the feast of asses the office of the church was performed during the whole of the night, and consisted in singing, in full congregation, the most ridiculous medley of songs that can be conceived: and, in the performance of so long a service, wine was distributed

* In hac etiam synodo quidam Aristotelis libri, seu Physici, seu Metaphysici, prohibiti et exusti sunt.

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in no sparing manner, together with rich puddings and pies.—Query,—was not this the origin of Christmas *mince-pies?* Interludes, not of the most decent kind, were performed in the churches. The singing and dancing were concluded by throwing a pail of water on the head of the grand chanter. (See *Turner's* History of England.)

Probably the custom, in some villages, of carrying the greatest drunkard in triumph, after the parish feast, or other feasts, and pumping water on his head, may have originated from the ancient but heathenish ceremony of throwing a pail of water on the head of the chief musician. In allusion to this, he, who remains the longest at a parish feast, is in some places, called "a *wet* one."

Page 168.

The robes, the goddess which infold,
Are white, with sandals, formed of gold.

Porphyry, cited by Eusebius, has preserved an oracle of the moon. This divinity declares in what manner she ought to be represented. "Vous "donnerez à ma statue l'air, les traits et la mine de "Cerès, tenant toutes sortes de fruits; mes habits "seront tout blancs et mes souliers d'or."

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Page 170.

By herbs, they charmed, on fateful days,
(Th' auspicious hour the moon displays,)
They would themselves to beasts transform;
Could, souls of death-wrapt babes, revive,
And bid the moon, on earth, arrive,
To flog dissenters to conform.

The Capitularies of *Charlemagne*, page 798, call these women Lamies or Faries: say, they eat men; went into houses during the night; searched bread-baskets; overturned cups and saucepans; carried away children; lighted candles in the night, and troubled those who were asleep.

Burchard, the canonist, gives a collection of the decrees against women in his time, who, transformed into troops of Demons, went in the night, riding on *broomsticks*, making great and long courses in the air, having Diana at their head, whom they were obliged to follow and blindly to obey.

The Statutes of the church of *Conservans*, of the 12th and 14th centuries, mention, that women were accustomed to ride by night with Diana, and to inscribe their names among those who passed for goddesses,—witches.

John of Salisbury says, that these women (Noticulæ) assembled councils, where a president arbitrarily sat; that they kept feasts; employed ministers for different functions; punished some; elevated and rewarded others; that they delivered

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barber's shears, as *Clemens Alexandrinus* says,* took care of the *Energumenes*, or men vexed with the devil, who came to the churches in great companies. These Exorcists received from the hands of the bishop the book in which the exorcisms were written, which they were to commit to memory; that, by the earnest invocation of the name of Christ, they might repress Satan's furies. They had power to impose hands on those who were possessed with demons, whether baptized, or not.

The sign of the cross though made by a Jew, infidel, or pagan, was of force to drive the devil from one.†

Pope Alexander ordained that holy water should be tempered with salt, and used *ad fugandos dæmones*, to drive away devils.‡ Driven thus from earth they occupied the air.

Pope John 14, about the year 970, issued a Bull for the baptizing of bells "to cleanse the air of devils." The baptizing of bells was only permitted to the Bishop's suffragan, because it was of a more principal kind than that of infants; priests and deacons could baptize them.

The tongue of the baptized bell made the ears of the affrighted demons ring with "Raphael Sancta "Margareta ora pro nobis."—"Gabriel Sancte ora "pro nobis."—These prayers are on bells at St. Michael's Mount.

* Lib. 1. Pædagog. cap. 12.

† Bellarm. de imaginib. sanct. cap. 30.

‡ Platina in vita Alexan.

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In Luther's time the princes of Germany complained to the Legate "that at the time of baptism, godfathers of the richer sort, after the suffragan, take hold of the rope, sing together, name the bell, dress it in new clothes, and then have a sumptuous feast."*

During the French revolution, four of the bells of the cathedral St. Louis, Versailles, were destroyed. On the 6th January, 1824, four new ones were baptized. The King and the Duchess d' Angouleme were sponsors. The inscription, varying the name and number, on each, is,—"Je suis la première de quatre Sœurs, qui ont été offertes à Dieu, &c. J' ai été bénite, &c. et nommée MARIE par Sa Majesté Louis XVIII. Roi de France et de Navarre, et par S. A. R. Madame, Fille de Louis XVI. Duchesse d' Angoulême, &c."

The four sisters were suspended in the centre of a platform under a square canopy of crimson silk with broad gold fringe and surmounted with plumes of ostrich feathers. The eldest wore a superb petticoat of embroidered gold brocade, over another of silver tissue festooned at the bottom, and fastened with white satin rosettes, so as to exhibit the end of the clapper, peeping out beneath. The others were arrayed in plain gold brocade over a silver tissue. During the ceremony no splendours in the grand ceremonials of the church were omitted. A white satin ribbon being passed from the iron tongue of each bell

* Gravam. Cent. German. Grav. 51.

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Page 172.

The priestesses inspire such dread,
The people think, their daily bread
They give, and flocks to graze the ground.

Strabo says, the Gauls are of opinion, that as the number of the Druids encreases, the earth produces its fruits in greater abundance.

Page 173.

Transformed to stone, these maidens nine
Stand, shrivelled, in a lengthened line,
On high St. Columb's heathy waste.

On the downs leading from Wadebridge to St. Columb, and about two miles from it, is a line of stones, bearing north-east, by south-west, i. e. the way the ancients placed the bodies of the dead. This monument is generally called "the nine maids." These maids, in whom the deluvian lore originated, must be ultimately referred to the *Gwyllion*, certain prophetesses of mythology, who gave the first presage of the deluge, by their nightly songs, in the bosom of lakes, that is, in their sacred islands. They patronized music and poetry, and pretended to foretel future events. From these fabulous models a sisterhood of priestesses, or pretended priestesses, were early established, and continued down to the *sixth* century.

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Gwyllion, the name of these damsels, is the plural of Gwyll, which, in its present acceptation, signifies a night wanderer, a fairy, or witch. They are represented as children of the evening, probably, because it was their office to celebrate certain nightly orgies.

Mr. Roscarrock thus writes to *Camden*, the historian, "Understanding, good Mr. Clarenceux, "that your *Brittayne* is ready to come forth, I "thought fit, in a small shew of our ancient love, to "give you notice of two escapes in the last edition. "The one in *Cornwall*, where you make *S. Colum-* "*banus*, a man, to give name unto *S. Columbes*; "whereas in truth it taketh name of *Columba*, a "woman-saint, who was a virgin and martyr, whose "life I have in my hands translated out of Cornish.

"Yours,

"NICOLAS ROSCARROCK."

"*Naward, Aug.* 7, 1607."

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As witches, though these maids were viewed,
By the prevailing mode, subdued,
Females of rank partook their feasts.

"La divinité de l' isle de Sain, (Saintes,) etoit la Lune. Les Druidesses etoient des vrais sorcéres, parmi lequelles etoient Banne la femme du Roi de Thuringe, aussi la mere du tyran Maxienne, et plusieures autres."

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Fontenelle, who lived in the last century, says, he believes, that demons were to a certainty, concerned in enchantments and in magic; and attributes oracles to the impostures of men.

"*Eusebe* rapport que Porphyre assure que les mauvais demons sont les auteurs des enchantemens, des philtres, et des maléfices; qu' ils excitent en nous la plus part de nos passions; que leur corps aëriens et spirituels se nourissent de suffumigation de sang repandu et de la graisse de sacrifices."

He supposes that the demons "ne se mêlent pas des oracles;" and he adds, "je declare que sous le nom d'oracle je ne pretend pas comprendre la magie, dont il est indubitable que le demon se mêle."

Page 173.

The council of Aussere *forbade*
Wild strolling troops, in masquerade;
"If, in a stag's, or heifer's, skin,
"Any, on new-year's-day, be found,
"Three years shall sackcloth, them, surround,
"As penance for the crying sin."

The words of the Decree are these, "Si quis in "Kalendariis Januarii in cervula et in vitulo vadet, "tribus annis pæniteat, quia hoc Dæmoniorum est."

Aug. de temp. Serm. 215, says, "Cervula turpe ludi genus." St. Astere and St. Asarie disapproved

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of the people disguising themselves in masks, on the first of January.

Page 174.

Charlemagne's Capitularies.

Carolus Magnus Pipini regis, filius, natus est, anno 767. Exeunte anno 800, Imperator a Romanis acclamatus est, a Leone papa unctus ac coronatus. Anno 805, *Capitularia* sua *Ecclesiastica* edere cœpit. Anno 813, Synodorum canones accurate expendit, et ex iis *Capitulare* contexuit in xxvi distinctum Capitula. Obiit anno, 814. ætat. 67. Dubium pietate an majestate illustrior. Singulare est, tam doctum principem *scribere* nescivisse, inquit Eginhardus.

Page 174.

Burchard *the canonist.*

Burchardus, gente Germanus, post 30 fere annos, in pastorali munere fideliter exactos diem extremum clausit, anno 1005. Pluribus ante obitum annis, extructa sibi cella in sylva, pietati et otio literario se totum dedit. Hoc in loco, magnum illud *Decretorum volumen* aggressus est in xx libros distributum.

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Page 176.

The incantations, largely, used,
When seeds are o'er the soil diffused,
Are vain illusions, wizard charms.

Father *Paul, (History of the Council of Trent, anno,* 1546,) says, "Of enchantments was much said, and many remedies proposed to root them out. Among enchantments, some put, carrying the Gospel about one. In this catalogue were numbered Masses, said in some countries upon red hot iron; upon boiling water, or upon cold; the conjuration of dogs to make them not bite; of serpents to make them not offend."

For several ages, on the consecration of a new Bishop, it was a custom to consult the Bible by divination.

When *William* the second Norman Bishop of the diocess of Norwich was consecrated, the Bible opened at "*non hunc sed Barabbum:*" (John 18. 40.) By which it was divined that he should not long continue, and that a thief should succeed him. Accordingly he died soon after, and *Herbertus de Lozinga,* another Norman, succeeded, who was chiefly employed by King *William Rufus* in simoniacally selling all ecclesiastical benefices. At his consecration, the Bible opened at the words of Christ to Judas, "*Amice, ad quod venisti?*" (Matth. 26. 50.) He repented of having been a *thief* and a *traitor* to Christ and his church; and to expiate his crimes, he translated his

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chair from Thetford; and founded the cathedral of *Norwich*, in 1096.

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——Some lurking seed,
Prolific, of the Druid creed,
Lay scattered round;—and oft, would blow,
Luxuriant weeds, o'er flowers below.

The witch, the conjurer, the juggler, the necromancer, and the astrologer, received such high patronage, that the clergy, to connect all that they hoped and feared with Christianity, introduced their saint-worship. Astrology and witchcraft had gained an ascendancy which the new theory was formed to dispossess from the mind. To link the miraculous agencies of saints and relics with the Christian religion, was to establish a competition which precluded the predominance of magical superstitions.

The superstition of the clergy, in the mean time, was excessive, because they were ignorant. In 1287, the Synod of Exeter declared that ignorance was the mother of all vices. It therefore enjoined every Archdeacon to enquire diligently what rectors, vicars, or priests suffered an "enormem defectum" in literature. Every priest was free from this "enormous defect," who knew the ten commandments, and had ability to explain the seven mortal sins, the seven sacraments, and the creeds.

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Yet such was the exorbitant power and insatiable ambition of these expounders of the seven mortal sins and the seven sacraments, that, in the beginning of the reign of Edward III. the house of Commons alleged as a grievance, that no one was permitted, by the ecclesiastical courts, to prove a Will, without giving to the church one-fourth, or one-fifth, of the property, as a ransom for the rest; and they required the abolition of this abuse.

Page 200.

Of those who owned a patriot's flame,
Uther Pendragon *shines in fame:*
By Merlin's aid, (ne'er father owned
The seer, though ages, feared, renowned.)

Merlin—"Grand enchanteur qui, selon nos anciens Romanciers, naquit en Angleterre, du commerce d'un demon avec une fille vierge."

Merlin's mother, says Geoffry of Monmouth, the daughter of the king of Demetria, confessed that Merlin was begotten by a spiritual creature,—which may be an excuse for not disclosing the name of the father, or to mitigate her fault.

Buchanan, (Historia Scotorum,) calls Merlin "homo audax et malificus."

Merlin was a Wiltshire man: *Heywood* fixes the place of his birth; saying, "the town or city called Caer Merlin, which signifies Merlin's town, or Mer-

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kn's Bore', is no doubt the same as that which we call, at this day, Marlborough."

Page 203.

Botreaux brave lines, th' attack, withstand,
In hopes that Irish aid may land.

Botreaux castle stood about three miles east from Tintagel. Its site is still pointed out, immediately above a mill covered with ivy.

Page 203.

Tintagel! day's pure ocean light
Ne'er rolled o'er such poetic height.

The ruins of Tintagel Castle lie five miles, north west from Camelford, and about twenty-one, in the same direction, from Launceston. On entering a small valley, on the left of Trevena, they appear at a distance of about two bow-shots. They are principally on the main land; the eastern wall, facing the valley, is seventy paces long; the area, within, about thirty broad; a neck of rocks separates them from what is called "the Island," which was formerly entered by a draw-bridge. This peninsula is a mile in circumference. It contains remains of ancient fortifications. Sheep feed on it, which are valued for the fine flavour of the mutton. There is king Arthur's chair, &c.

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Rushes grow upon the top of it. About a mile east from it there is another peninsula of less magnitude, and the narrow isthmus by which it is entered, is on a level with its surface. Separating this from the fields, on the south, is a wall, the lower parts of which, consisting of argillaceous slate-stones, are black as the ruins of Tintagel. The stones are worn and waved by time, and bear every appearance of having been a part of ancient fortifications.

Page 207.

Their chequered sides appeared, afar,
Of azure blue, and cinnabar.

The stones of Tintagel castle are now a brownish-black. They are argillaceous slate, which is the prevailing stone of the country. If lime was the cement, it is decomposed. The cinnabar coloured stones are a red porphyritic elvan which abounds in the argillaceous slaty strata; and intersects them in veins. The azure blue and cinnabar, therefore, may be supposed to be alternate rows of elvan and clay-slate; as is the case in many old castles. Shakespeare mentions it at Poictiers.

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Page 207.

The wondrous fabric, twice a-year,
From nature's face would disappear.

It was called Tintagel, i. e. Chastel fier, (fairy,) from the following peculiarity:—

"Chastel fais fut dit à dreit,
"Car tous fais la an, se perdeit."

In the original romance of Sir Tristrem, it is always called "Cintagel."

In the year 1245, Richard, earl of Cornwall, entertained his nephew, David, prince of Wales, at Tintagel, when the latter rebelled against the king.

Among our public records, we have the writ de scrutando Piers de Gaveston (the favourite of Edward II.) latitantem in Devon, Cornw. Somerset et Dors. against the form of the ordinances of the nobles and king. He lurked sometimes in the king's palace, sometimes at Wallingford, and sometimes in Tintagel Castle. Edward had endowed him with the whole earldom of Cornwall.

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And, gradual, he acquires the look,
And lineaments of Cornwall's duke.

Utherus Pendragon Rex Britanniæ, assumpta præstigiis magicis mariti specie, matronæ stuprum intulit, et Arthurum suscepit.—(*Camden's Britannia*, p. 157. Ed. 1600.)

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Here followeth the genealogy of king Arthur, from *Speed*, as quoted by *Silvanus Morgan*, in his "Sphere of Gentry, B. 2."

"Joseph of Arimathea lieth buried at Glassenbury. His sister Eurgain had issue by her husband Josue, who had issue Syarkles, who had issue Manoel, who had issue Lambor, who had issue Amlaugh, who married Guen princesses of North Wales; who had issue the lady Igrene, duchess of Cornwall, who was wife of Uther surnamed Pendragon, descended from the blood of the Romans, and were the father and mother of king Arthur, who was one of the nine worthies."

In the romance of Iwain and Gawin, king Arthur is represented as follows;

"Of all knyhtes he bare the pryse:
"In werld was non so war ne wise,
"Trew he was alkyn thing:
"Als it byfel so swilk a kyng."

Page 230.

Buchanan *writes, th' assembled peers,*
Him, crowned, at th' age of eighteen years.

Iniit regnum Arturus, decimo octavo ætatis anno nondum expleto. Sed, ut ei animus supra ætatem erat, ita animo excelso nunquam successus defuit.—(*Buchanani* Hist. Scot. p. 82. fol. Edit. 1715.)

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Page 241.

Braced on his arm, like kindling star,
Pridwen, *his shield invites the war;—*
With Calliburn, *his sword renowned,*
Avallon's gift, his thigh is bound.

"Artur possédoit une épée magique momme Escalibor, à qui nulle arme puvoit resister. Pour enseigne il avoit un dragon à acier qui vomissoit des flammes."

"*Escalibor*" signifies, to cut steel. That renowned sword was made in the isle of Avallon, as Geoffry of Monmouth testifies.

"*Pridwen*" is derived from "pryd," beauty; and "wen," a female.

Such was the custom, in those days, to describe things, and even persons: this was before surnames were invented to distinguish persons and families. Additional names or qualities were given from the 10th to the 13th century.

We find, *Ex Egilli Skallagrimi Saga*, that king Adalstein presented Hakon prince of Denmark, with a sword, the hilt of which was gold; but the steel was much more excellent; for with it, Hakon cut a mill-stone through the middle; wherefore that sword was, afterwards, distinguished by the name of *Kvaernbitur*, i. e. *molæ sector*.

It is to Joseph of Arimathea, according to veracious chroniclers, that England is indebted for her red cross.

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John Hardinge tells us, in his 48th chapter, how Joseph converted king Arviragus, and gave him a shield of the arms that we call St. George's Arms, which arms he bore ever after; and thus became that arms to be the king's arms of this land, long before St. George was gotten or born.

These, however, we are assured, were not king Arthur's arms. King Arthur, that mighty conqueror and worthy, had so great affection and love to this sign, that he left his arms which he bore before, wherein was figured three dragons;* another of three crowns, and assumpted or took to his arms, as proper to his desire, a cross silver in a field vert; and on the first quarter thereof was figured an image of our Lady with her son in her arms. (See *Boswell's* works on Armorie, folio 22.)

It seems King Arthur had a great variety of banners.

"His chief banner of goules was to see,
An image of our Lady of gold enthroned,
Crowned of gold as fresh as it might be;
His other banner was of the Trinity;
Of gould and goulis of St. George was the third;
The fourth was Brutus' arms knoven and Kyd;
The fifth banner of goulis three crowns of gold;
The sixth of goulis, a Dragon of fine gold."

(Hardinge.)

Others say, he had thirteen crowns of gold on azure.

* Regium illud apud Anglos vexillum Draconis (ab Uthero Pendragon) habens cum capite aureo effigiem, quod vicinis expertum, et paganis sub Richardo primo in ultramarinis gentibus terribile fuit, auctor est *Geruasius Tilburiensis.*

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Page 242.

Prayers to the virgin, then, he made;
And rushed, tremendous, with the blade.

Early were our rude forefathers taught to believe the Virgin Mary to be the queen of heaven, the sovereign lady of the angelic hosts, the empress of the world, the flower of virgins, the star of the sea, the way of the wandering, and the fountain of mercy. She was invoked by these titles, in the 14th century, in England. The alarmed conscience of dark ages, whenever awakened by the recollection of wrong and cruelty, turned with awe from a neglected God and a despised Saviour, to implore a compassionate lady, as the haven of safety. The Archbishop of Canterbury ordered, (in the 1st year of Richard II.) his clergy to supplicate, (devotissime exorent,) "the Almighty God, "and his mother the glorious Virgin Mary, and all "the saints (sanctos) and saintesses (sanctas) of God, "with a pure heart and a devout mind, in their "prayers." (See *Turner's* Hist. of England.)

The usual rules for making saints seem to have required that fifty years should have first elapsed. That was a convenient interval for the loss of all contradictory evidence, and for the growth of a sufficient quantity of traditional accounts.

The power assumed by the Pontiff of creating saints was one of the boldest invasions of the rights of the Supreme. The Pope's bull placed the dead individual in that high character in heaven, that to him mortal

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prayers were to be addressed. Saints were sometimes more especially canonized by a bishop for his province or diocess. Churches were built in their names; their holy days, yearly remembered; their relics were preserved and adored.

This may account for the number of "Saints" in Cornwall. Sixty parishes are named after them; besides many obscure places.

Archbishop *Turpin*, in "The History of his own times," says, that by a prayer repeated three times by Roland, the champion of Charlemagne, the walls of a city fell to the ground, on which the Christians entered, and the pagans were all destroyed.

Dr. *John White*, in his Preface to "The Way of the Church," thus records the Popish Latin Prayer, called the creed, in constant use with common Catholics, in Queen Elizabeth's days.

"Creezum zuum Patrum onitentem creatorem ejus
"anicum, Dominum Nostrum qui sum sops, Virgini
"Mariae: Crixus fixus, Ponchi Filati aududiteers,
"morti by sonday, father a fernes, scelerest un judica-
"rum, fivis a mortibus. Creezum Spirituum Sanctum,
"Ecli Catholi, remisurum, peceaturum, communio-
"rum obliviorum, bitam et turnam againe!"

How did Cornwall address the Saints?

The *Ave* of old women to the Blessed Virgin ran thus, "Avi Mari gratia plinum dam-sti-cum, bene-
"dittatu in mulabs Yeth benedictus frictus frentris
"tui sweet Jesus, Amen!"

Had Charlemagne's champion repeated these prayers three times, would they have had the efficacy to bring down city walls?

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Page 244.

A valiant youth sailed in her train.
When she, from Latium, crossed the main;
Sir Launcelot de Lake his name,
Destined for future deeds of fame.

Mr. Whitaker says, the name of Launcelot is an appellative truly British, and significative of royalty." "Launce" being a Celtic term for "a spear," and "Leon," "Dod," or "Lot," importing "a people:" he was therefore a British sovereign, and since he is denominated Launcelot of the Lake, perhaps he was king of Cheshire, and resided at Pool ton Launcelot, in the hundred of Wervall.—*(Hist. of Manchester.)*

The above strange etymology requires, that we add; On the French playing cards, one of the knaves bears the name of *Launcelot;*—a proof of the distinction of that person.

Sir Launcelot de Lake had three bendes of gold on a silver shield.

Page 263.

SIR TRISTREM.

The most ancient English romance is Sir Tristrem, which owes its origin to Cornwall,—to the Royal Castle of Tintagel; yet no Cornish writer has, during the long period of 700 years, as far as is known, attempted to modify it to the taste of his own times.

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The earliest notice we have of it, is, that about the year 1120, *Rusticien de Puise* translated it from Latin into the French language.

Sir Thomas Learmont of Ercildown, a village on the Leader, two miles north from its junction with the Tweed, composed a poem called "Sir Tristrem," about the year 1270.

Sir Walter Scott says, *(Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,)* that Sir Thomas was the author of "Sir Tristrem."—It is evident that Sir Thomas Learmont did no more than form a modified abridgment in metrical numbers of the romance of 1120, but far different from that which I, with much diffidence, have composed in 1826.

The following is an extract from the preface to the history of Melodias King of Leonis in Britany;—"Know ye, that many noble and learned men have "translated this work from the Latin language into "French. Master Luces of Jaques was the first who "began it; likewise translated he into French the "history of my Lord Tristrem, but not so fully as he "ought to have done. For though he well began the "history of my Lord Tristrem, he did not declare all, "but the greater part of the actions of Sir Tristrem. "Afterwards Master Gasses le Blond, who was related "to King Henry, devised the history of Sir Launcelot "de Lake, as mine was from the Latin into French."

In the history of Sir Gyrone le Courtois, translated by Rusticien de Puise, and preferred by Francis the First of France, to all other histories, is the following passage; "Seniors, emperors, kings, princes, dukes,

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counts, barons, knights, viscounts, citizens, and all the nobles of this world, who have a desire to enjoy the reading of romances, take this, and let it be read by you, page after page, that you may hear of the wonderful adventures, which happened to knights-errant, in the time of king Uther Pendragon, and of his son king Arthur; for this book was translated for king Edward of England, when he served under our king in attempting the conquest of the Holy Land, by Master Rusticien de Puise."

Although the French editor is mistaken in the name of the king of England when the translation was made, or misled by the vanity of asserting that the king of England served under the king of France, the translation was in all probability made for king Henry Beauclerk, a name sufficiently significative of his love of literature, while he resided and kept his court at Gisors in Normandy; and who, as well as Louis, king of France, equally brave, enlightened, and magnificent, received with honour those of other nations, who distinguished themselves by talent or knowledge; and who engaged poets to come to their courts, and minstrels to sing romances.

Besides Sir Tristrem, the romances of king Arthur, Sir Launcelot de Lake, Merlin, and others of the round table, were collected, in Britany, from the fabulous chronicles of Melchin and Telesin, Englishmen, and translated about the year 1120 from Latin into French by Rusticien de Puise.

As French was the sole polite language for three centuries after the conquest, the poets and minstrels

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of England wrote in that language; and several translations or copies were doubtless made of the histories of the knights of the round table; some more, some less ample, as may be seen in the manuscript-copies in the British Museum, the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh;* and in other Libraries. Translations were made from them into German, of which a copy by Godfry of Gottenburgh is in the Advocates' Library.

Edward I. permitted the revival of chivalric exercises, which his father had discouraged. In 1280 the baron Mortimer held at Kenilworth, a round table of 100 knights, and as many ladies, to which knights flocked from several countries, to try their prowess. (*Wals.* p. 13.)

A desire of emulating the feats or the fame of the renowned Arthur, incited Edward III. to keep a round table of knights, in imitation of this favourite hero of romance. "Erle Mortimer kept the round table of knights in Wales for a pride, in figure of Arture." *Chron. Pet. Coll.* 2. Lel. col. p. 476.)

Caxton, in his edition of the history of king Arthur, says, "Thus endeth this noble and joyous book entitled *La Mort d'Arthur*, which book was reduced into English by Sir Thomas Malory, knight, and by me divided into twenty one books, chaptered, emprinted, and finished in the Abbey of Westminster, the last

* *Tristan Roman*, Norman French, in the Advocates' Library, is a folio vol. in two parts of 150 leaves each; the first contains 172 chap. the second 143. The M. S. French folio in the same Library is scarcely legible. It is entitled, *La Grant Istori de Mon Signor Tristam.*

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day of July, in the year of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV, 1485.—Caxton me fieri fecit."

Page 270.

To hunt; to hawk, at purple morn;
To wake the chace with early horn,
Was graceful Tristrem skilled;
To clothe the harp in heavenly fires;
Or lead sublime the vocal choirs,
As minstrel, he excelled.

Sir Tristrem wrote a Book on Sports; I give the beginning of it, as translated by the Earl of Salisbury, master of the hounds to Henry the Fourth:

"All such disport as voideth idleness,
It sitteth every gentleman to know;
For mirth annexed is to gentleness,
Wherefore among all others, as I trow;
To know the craft of hunting and to blow,
As this book shall witness is one the best;
For it is wholesome, pleasant, and honest.
And for to set young hunters in the way,
To venery I cast me first to go,
Of which four beasts be, that is to say,
The hare, the hart, the wolf, the wild boar also:
Of venery forsooth there be no more,
And so it showeth here in portraiture,
Where every beast is set in his figure."

The book is full of curious old cuts.

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Sir Tristrem's accomplishments must be acknowledged to have been of the highest order, especially, as he could make a book. During the dark period in which we are engaged, reading was a rare accomplishment indeed. It is said in *l'histoire du Preult et Valliant Chevalier Perceval de Gallois*, "qu'il ne sçavoit pas lire, mais, bien en avoit ouy parler."

"*Bertrand du Gueselin*, le fameux connetable de France, ne savoit pas lire."

In the Partidas, reasons are assigned why it is proper that the son of a king should be taught to read and write.

Horns were in ancient times used instead of trumpets. The heroes of romance generally excelled in blowing the horn. *Turpin*, ch. 23, says, that Roland, the champion of Charlemagne, blew his horn so loud, that Charles heard it at a distance of eight miles:—"Sonum tamen Carolus trans montem ultra octo milliaria exaudiverit." The ancient custom of blowing the trumpet seems to be kept up, as it has been said in a modern publication, that "the trumpeter attending the escort notified the king's arrival at the castle (Windsor) by the sounding of his trumpet, as is usual on the approach of the king."

The clergy indulged so much in hunting and hawking that they were often forbidden by the church, but with little effect. The council of Agda, in 506, issued this decree, canon, 55, "Episcopis, presbyteris, diaconibus, canes ad venandum, aut accipitres, habere non liceat."—The council of Macon, in 585, can. 13, issued the following, "Ubi Dei assiduitas canti-

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"lense, monstrum est, et dedecoris nota, canes ibi "vel accipitres habitare." *Demetrius*, one of the oldest writers on falconry, desires sportsmen to say their prayers before they go out to the field.

Page 277.

Rose Tristrem 'midst his uncle's cares;
For knighthood, prompt, himself, prepares:
The morrow crowns his joy:
He scarce received the accolade;
The spurs; the courage-firing blade,
When longs he, it, t' employ.

"The accolade" was the ceremony used in knighthood by the king putting his hand about the knight's neck.

Gold spurs were the sign of knighthood. Esquires were only entitled to silver spurs. Sir Tristrem had a gold lion armed and tongue de guellis, on a green shield.

Sir Marhause of Ireland had argent à un fesse de cinq pieces, sur tout un lion de guellis armé de synopé.

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Page 278.

In Moray forest, spread a plain,
Where chieftains, erst; or chieftains, slain,
Had, ancient feuds, effaced.

The extensive forest, through which Tintagel castle could be approached, was called "The Forest of Moray." Old men speak of the roots of the trees; and say, the beams of the neighbouring churches were hewn from it.

To corroborate this, in the folio prose "Tristan Roman," in Norman French, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; Part II. fol. 67, we are told, "The Saxons spread themselves along the river; king Marc is informed in Cintagel, that he had a thousand more enemies than he had yesterday, who are arrived at the entrance of the forest."—That chapter has for its contents, "*Cōment les Sesnes fendrīt en Cornouaille et tenōiet en telle paour et crainte le roy et les Cornouaillois qls ne scauoient qu faire.*"

Page 286.

Before the king, he courteous kneels;
Presents a letter which he bears;
Secured with five green royal seals.

The Saxons brought in the use of green wax, before which time, parchments, &c. were sealed with lead.

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Page 302.

A fiery dragon ravaged far,
Ireland's devoted isle, &c.

"Un terrible serpent rendoit les pays entierement désertes et inhabitables.

"Les gens d'Eglise marchoient devant portant le croix, la banniere, lumieres et reliques, faisant tres-affectueuses oraisons; enfin des laiques suivoient avec lances, piques et javelons."

(Histoire du Mont S. Michel.)

Page 306.

The priests, tall torches, relics, bore,—

Tatianus, who lived about the year 170, says, *faces præferri solitas principibus;* that torches were wont to be carried before princes, in the festivals of their gods; and this heathenish custom was adopted by Christians. The ancient Eliberine Synod in Spain, an. 305, decreed, "Cereos per diem placuit in cœmeterio "non accendi;" it seemeth good unto us that wax-tapers should not be lighted in church-yards by day.

Page 308.

The poinard, from his forceful throw,
Sinks in its arching breast; &c.

The destruction of this dragon is allegorical of the conversion of the heathen to Christianity. Many of the "Saints," who are worshipped by the church of

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Rome, and allowed a place in the calendar of that of England, are represented as having, in divers ways, overthrown dragons.—(*See the beginning of the notes.*)

That the zealous, but illiterate, Roman priesthood believed literally in dragons, there is no doubt; hence, the silly legends, still held sacred by the Papal See.

We can only reach great events, such as the conversion of barbarous nations from gothic ignorance, through the medium of bold poetical sketches; some of which are worthy of the allegorical genius of antiquity, which gave a figurative existence to all the moral and physical attributes of the universe. These metaphors, without being understood, have been transmitted through ages, disguised with monkish absurdity. "St. George and the Dragon" are thus recommended;

"Why should we boast of Arthur and his knights,
Knowing how many men have performed fights?
Or why should we speak of Sir Launcelot de Lake,
Of Sir Tristrem de Leon, that fought for Lady's sake?
Read in old stories, and there you shall see,
How St. George, St. George, he made the dragon flee!"

Old Ballad.

"St. George is usually painted on horseback, and "tilting at a dragon under his feet; purporting, that "he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the "Apocalypse." Such are the absurd sentiments of the Rev. *Alban Butler*, who wrote the "Lives" of the Saints, in 12 vols.

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Page 310.

The stoled priests, with pious care,
To the cathedral, now, repair,
And, on the altar, place
The consecrated sword and shield;—

Pope Leo I. anno, 443, ordained that Catholics should worship God toward the west, to distinguish them from the Manichee-heretics, who worshipped the sun, praying toward the east. By the constitution of Pope Vigilius, about the year 550, the priest was prescribed to pray towards the east.*—See p. 436.

The παροικια, (parish) at first, contained the citizens and all the borderers, who repaired to the cathedral. The clergy were restricted to grave habits. St. Jerome says, "Caput suum non radunt, sed tondentes attondebunt capita sua; nec rasis capitibus, sicuti sacerdotes Isidis atque Serapis nos esse debere."† i. e. "They shall not shave their heads, but polling they shall poll them; neither should we shave our heads like the priests of Isis and Serapis." Under these names the Egyptians worshipped the sun and moon. They were not suffered to wear their hair long, like wantons and barbarians, *(quod luxuriosorum et barbarorum est,)* but were commanded to poll the whole head, leaving only a circular crown in the lower part.‡ Clemens Alexandrinus§—see page 468—says, ac-

* Binius, tom. 1, fol. 992, & Durant. de ritib. Lib. 5, c. 2.
† S. Hierome on Ezek. c. 44.
‡ Concil. Carthag. 4. Can. 44. § Lib. I. Pædagog. c. 12.

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cording to Dr. Field's translation, "The haires are to "be cut off, not with the rasour, but with the bar-"bour's sheares." But St. Jerome insists, that the skin be covered. This operation of tonsure, in which we discover the primitive model of *bishops' wigs*, is enforced by eight fathers and two councils.*

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem!

Pope Euaristus, about the year 115,† first assigned smaller congregations to presbyters: these portions were called "Tituli," because God was entitled to them. The principal were called baptismal churches, because baptism might be administered in them. To these the bishop went and preached alternately, accompanied by great, and drawing greater, multitudes. These solemn assemblies were called "Stations," because all stood at prayers, like mighty armies keeping watch, and ready to encounter their furious and formidable enemies—the Druids.

The tithes, which were formerly in the hands of the bishop for the maintenance of the clergy, were now paid to the respective presbyters. The right of receiving sacred tithe, *clientelæ titulo*, was, with the consent of the whole clergy, made over by certain princes, to knights for defending the Christians against the heathen.‡

The monks, who had cloister-lands, obtained from

* Viz.:—Dionysius, Epiphanius, Jerome, Athanasius, Palladius, Augustine, Isiodore, and Bede; and the councils of Carthage and Toledo.

† Platina de vita Euaristi.

‡ Duarenus de Sacris eccles. minist. et benef. L. 7, c. 4.

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Pope Alexander 3d (soon after 1160,) that they should be tithe-free. With the exception of chivalrous knights, no lay-man ever enjoyed what the church claimed exclusively as her own,* till the suppression of the monasteries, when others seized the proportion of tithes in their possession, and hold them to this day.†

Page 329.

Their horses turned, prompt, ride they back,
That space between increase th' attack;
They uncouch the resting spear;
Th' imputed falsehood to defy,
Impetuous 'gainst each other, fly,
The knights, in bold career.

The distance two knights took to ride in combat was that "*d' un trait d' arbalête.*"

The lances were of ash or elm, and very slight. The great art was to parry the stroke by the shield, and particularly to keep the seat, otherwise they ran the risk of being overthrown, and cast to a distance, and "*brisé par la chute.*" The swords were the length of the arm, and three inches broad at the point, so that they might not pierce through the mask; and were so heavy that it was necessary to lift them with

* Pope Anastasius decreed, "Whoever withholds or gives away tithes from the church, where he received the sacrament of baptism, let him be accursed."

† Dr. Field on the Church, B. 5, c. 29.

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both hands. The shield was often of wood, covered with leather, and of a square form, and surrounded with an iron ring, or gold, or gilt, from which the swords often struck sparks.

Page 335.

The courts they enter ;—Guenever
Sees clotted blood, their greaves, besmear :
Their welling wounds, she bathed ;
And dressed them with her lily hands ;
Brought mollients, and the staying bands,
With kind attention, swathed.

When it was intended to receive a person of distinction, it was the custom, not only for the servants, but for the mistress of the house and her daughters, to go to meet the knight, and to take hold of the bridle and stirrup, as he alighted; to take off his arms, and to give him suitable apparel, which was always kept in castles for such occasions.

It formed a part of the education of young ladies of quality to learn a little of the use of medicine, and the practice of surgery, particularly of the treatment of wounds. This was often of use to their fathers, brothers, or husbands, when they returned wounded from combats, or from Tourners. Their delicate hands were often employed in rendering the like services to strange knights, who arrived wounded at their castles.

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Page 358.

La Belle Isonde sings to the Harp.

The song is the composition of FRANCIS HINGSTON, ESQ. ST. IVES. The following is the original:—

Ma Branguien, ma tant fidelle amie,
Rapelle-tois Tristan, son doux maintien,
Quand il disoit, "Fors la parque ennemie,
"Ma chere Ysault, ne rompra mon lien;
"Bien asservi dans tant doux vassallage,
"Vas, tois Tristan ne desire que toi;
"Si lorsque je quiers, c'est pour l'enfaire hommage,
"Si vivre veux, c'est pour garder ma foi."
Boire amoureaux, c'est trompeuse magie;
Desirs brulans, c'est flamme de tes yeux;
Nos veux secrets, c'est douce sympathie;
Nos doux liens, c'est bien l'œuvre des dieux.

Page 375.

Vivienne, a damsel he had taught
Enchantment, his fond glances, caught:
He, ardent, supplicates her hand.

There were two sorts of fairies; good fairies; and bad, or witches,—women instructed in magic, as Morgan la Fèe, Vivienne, and the fairy of Burgundy. All these were educated by Merlin. These witches had the demons at command.

A mass was said every year in the Abbey of Passy, founded by St. Louis, to preserve religion from the power of fairies.

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The belief in fairies prevailed so generally over Celtic Europe, that Joan d'Arc, in 1430, was questioned, on her trial, whether she had not assisted at the dance of fairies near the village of Domremy. Of that haunt of spirits we are informed; "about half a league from Domremy was an ancient wood; below it stood a majestic beech tree; it was called "the "beauty of May;" "the tree of the ladies;" and "the fairy tree." Near it bubbled a flowing spring, whose waters were drank by those who had been debilitated by fever, and who, when able to walk, used to take exercise under its favourite shade. It was believed that fairies had moved round the revered tree, with songs and mysterious dances. A knight was traditionally recorded to have been seen under its boughs conversing with one of these beings. The villagers believed that it was on account of their sins, that the fairies had ceased to be visible. Ever since, the priests, in their Whitsuntide perambulation, had been accustomed to stop under this mystic foliage, chaunt some prayers, and read the Gospel of St. John. One good woman declared to Joan of Arc, that she had seen fairies in that place."

The castle of Piron, in Lombardy, was supposed to have been built, (like Tintagel,) by fairies; likewise the castle of Lusignan, in Poitou, was thought to have been erected by the famous Melusine, a beneficent fairy, who transformed herself every Saturday into a serpent.

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Page 370.

When he awoke in morning's beam,
She said, "await me, by the stream
"Remurmuring to the hoarse cascade."

There is a beautiful waterfall about two miles south-east from Tintagel. The water from a great height, glides in a curvilinear course down the almost perpendicular rock, which is completely covered with a delicate olive-coloured moss. Several feet below the rock where the spectator stands, the water falls perpendicularly into a circular basin. The rock is argillaceous slate; and protruding circles show how it has been worn by the attrition of the agitated pool. It is called *St. Nathan's Keeve.*

Page 388.

Hymn to St. Michael.

Bishop *Patrick* writes, that in the old Roman missal, and in the Sarum missal, St. Michael is invoked as a "most glorious and warlike prince,—"chief officer of Paradise,—captain of God's hosts, "—the receiver of souls,—the vanquisher of evil "spirits,—and the admirable general."

Among the most solemn feasts, ordered to be kept by the clergy of England, with great reverence, was that of St. Michael in the Mount.*

Tertullian† told those who kept it, "your belly is

* Ex Concil. Oxonieus. sub Stephano.
† De jejunio adversus psycichos.

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your god; your paunch the altar; your cook the priest; the fatty fume of your meat the holy ghost; your love, (to St. Michael and all Saints,) boileth in your kettle; who is holiest among you but he that feasteth most?"

Then followed a *Fast*: "A man filleth himself "with marmolets and suckets and preserves and fine "cakes and sugared wines, only he forbeareth flesh: "he hath kept a fast to God; and this is satisfaction "for his sins."‡

Page 396.

To guard th' angelic sword and shield,
Duke Hoel, he directs, to build
A sacristy, where round the steel,
May ages crowd with pilgrim-zeal.

"Les ensignes furent reçues avec révérence, et gardées jusqu'a présent, et sont montrées aux pélerins en mémoire du Saint Archange qui a combattu le vieil serpent et le dragon invisible."

(Histoire du Mont S. Michel.)

Bishop Hall, in his "Triumphs of Rome," mentions a red velvet buckler to have been preserved in a castle in Normandy, which St. Michael wore in his combat with the dragon.

Bishop Patrick, who wrote subsequently, viz. in 1674, says, "St. Michael's dagger and shield were "to be seen at the beginning of this age; and in

‡ Dr. Abbott's answer to Dr. Bishop's Epistle to king James I, Sec. 8.

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"1607, the bishop of Avranches had forbidden his "shield to be any more showed; but who knows but "some of the succeeding bishops may have been "better natured, and not have denied this gratifica-"tion?"

Page 399.

And "strooken" was the final blow,
'Twixt Arthur and his treacherous foe.
The "slaugher-bridge," as proof, remains,
Of blood that deluged Cornwall's plains."

Carew says the battle was fought, An. Dom. 525.

Geoffry of Monmouth writes, "The renowned "Arthur being mortally wounded, was carried to the "isle of Avallon, and gave up the crown of Britain to "his kinsman, Constantine, the son of Cador, duke "of Cornwall, in the 542d year of our Lord's incar-"nation."

Camden says, "Lelandus Arthurum Hectorem nostrum ibi cecidisse scribit. Fragmenta etenim (ut prodit ille) armorum, annuli, aenea equorum ornamenta, nonnunquam ab agricolis ibi eruuntur."

(*Britannia*, p. 157. Edit. 1600.)

The *slaughter-bridge* consists of two or three, long, rude, stones, laid over the stream Camel, little more than a mile to the north-east of Camelford. Near this place, formerly, stood the "stone," bearing Arthur's name. About 70 years ago, it was removed by Lady Dowager Falmouth, when making improvements

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there. It now lies, a short distance, up the stream, under a rock of argillaceous slate. An ash tree is growing at its south-west end. It is a rude block of granite, nearly rectangular, and nine feet nine inches long, and two feet three inches wide.

Milton had purposed to write a poem on Arthur. His design is mentioned in his *Mansus*, inscribed to Giovanni Baptista Manso, marquess of Villa, (a great friend of Tasso's,) who showed him many civilities at Naples.

" Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdera mensæ,
Magnanimos heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit,)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub marte phalanges."

Again, in his *Epitaphium Damonis*,

" Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam—Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam *Arturo* fatali fraude Iogernen,
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus."

Page 403.

The hoary bard they stone to death,
Ere strains, winged by his vocal breath,
Approach the ear of day.

This is related by *Alaunus de Insulis*, who was born An. Dom. 1109.

Commentarios in Merlini prophetias scripsit: natione, Flander: *Doctor Universalis* dictus est.

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Page 404.

To Somerset's calm coast, they bring
The loved remains of Britain's king;
Thence, to Avallon's vale,
Him, bear, as eve, in dewy car,
Descended from her silver star,
Suffused with tears, and pale.

Bale, in his "Acts of English Votaries," attests this fact: "In Avallon, anno, 1191, There found they "the fleshe bothe of Arthur and of hys wyfe Guen-"ever turned all into duste, wythin theyr coffines of "stronge oke; the bones only remaynynge. A "monke of the same abbeye, standyng and be-"houldyng the fine broydinges of the wommanis "heare, so *yelowe as golde* there stil to remayne. "As a man ravyshed, or more than halfe from his "wittes, he leaped into the graffe, xv fote depe, to "have caught them sodenlye. But he fayled of "his purpose. For so sone as they were touched, "they fell all to powder."

FINIS.

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N. B.—To elucidate the text more fully, several authors have been consulted since the list, at the beginning, was printed. Their names are given in the Notes.

ERRATA.

Page 61, for "OF ALBION,"—read *Brutus.*
90, for "palid,"—read *pallid.*
173, for "pennance,"—read *penance.*
306, for "unlifted,"—read *uplifted.*
366, for "Hodian,"—read *Hodain.*
450, line 12, for "upo,"—read *upon.*

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